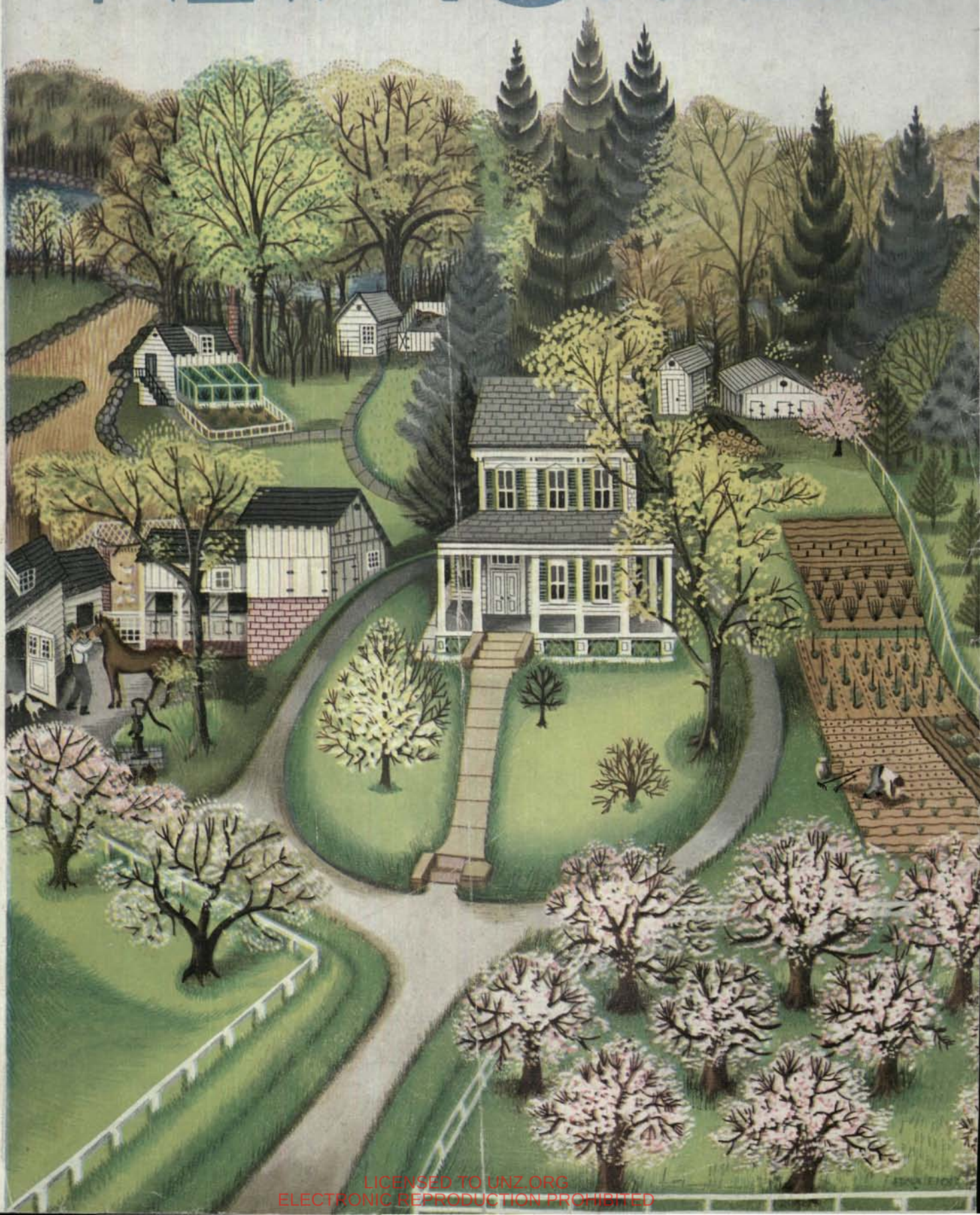
PARK COLLEGE LIBRARY
JAN 29 1945

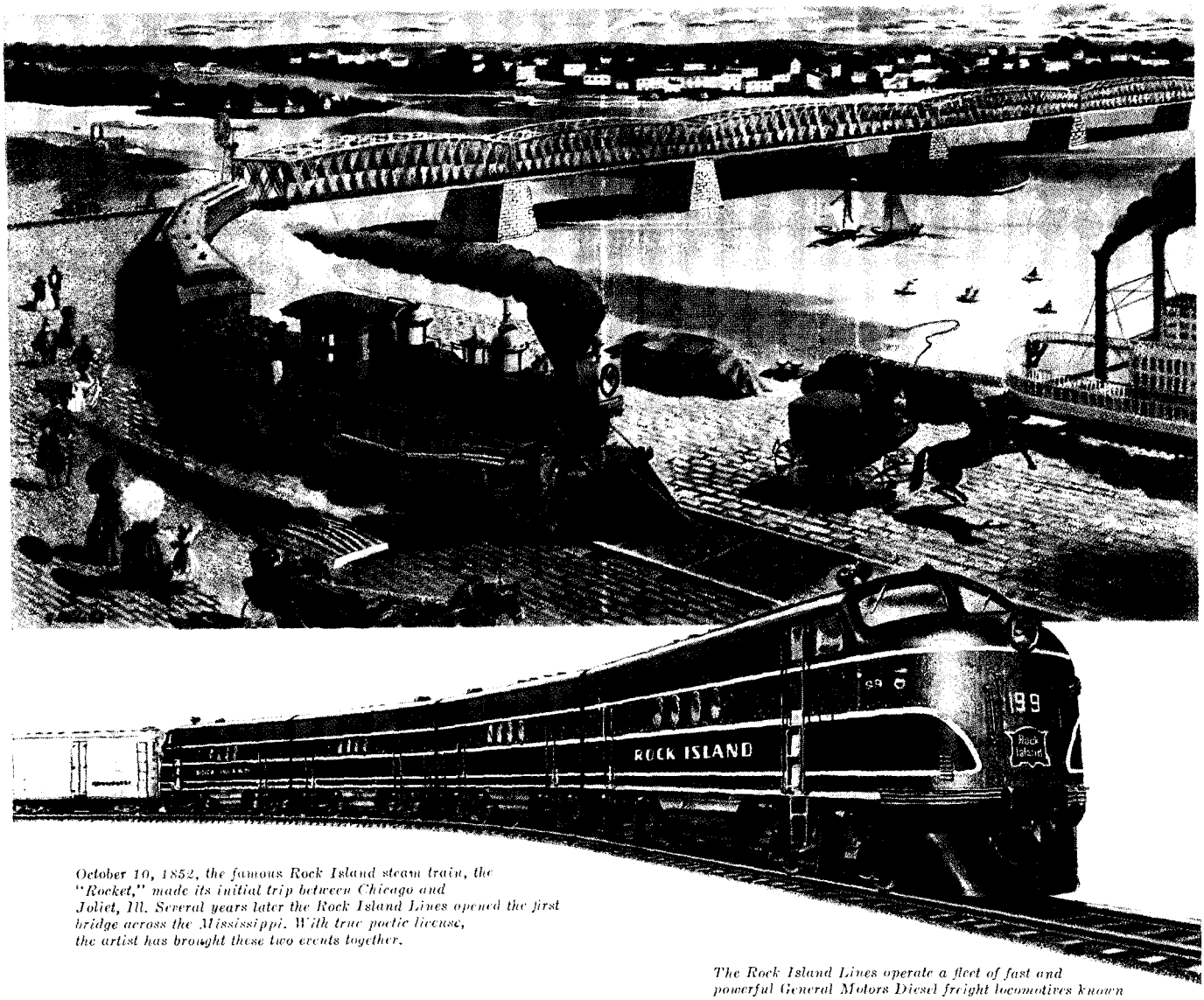
* May 12, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



October 10, 1852, the famous Rock Island steam train, the "Rocket," made its initial trip between Chicago and Joliet, Ill. Several years later the Rock Island Lines opened the first bridge across the Mississippi. With true poetic license, the artist has brought these two events together.

The Rock Island Lines operate a fleet of fast and powerful General Motors Diesel freight locomotives known as the "Hercules." They are fitting railmates indeed to the General Motors Diesels which power the new and modern Rock Island "Rockets" of today.

GREAT THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN TRANSPORTATION

When people discuss travel you'll often hear mention of the big, powerful Diesel locomotives that are hauling so many of America's crack trains.

You may, or may not, know that by far the greater number of these new and modern locomotives are built by General Motors. Railroad men know it. And they will tell you, too, how these amazing GM Diesels have changed all previous ideas of speed with comfort and safety for passengers; how they have effected economies and efficiencies beyond all previous railroad experience.

It may be your good fortune to ride behind one of these passenger Diesels on your next railroad trip. Or, perhaps you have seen one of these powerful freight locomotives pulling a mile-long loaded train. If so, you'll know why it's a great new day for railroading—with even greater days to come.

ON TO FINAL VICTORY
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . . ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** *La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES . . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

ENGINES . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

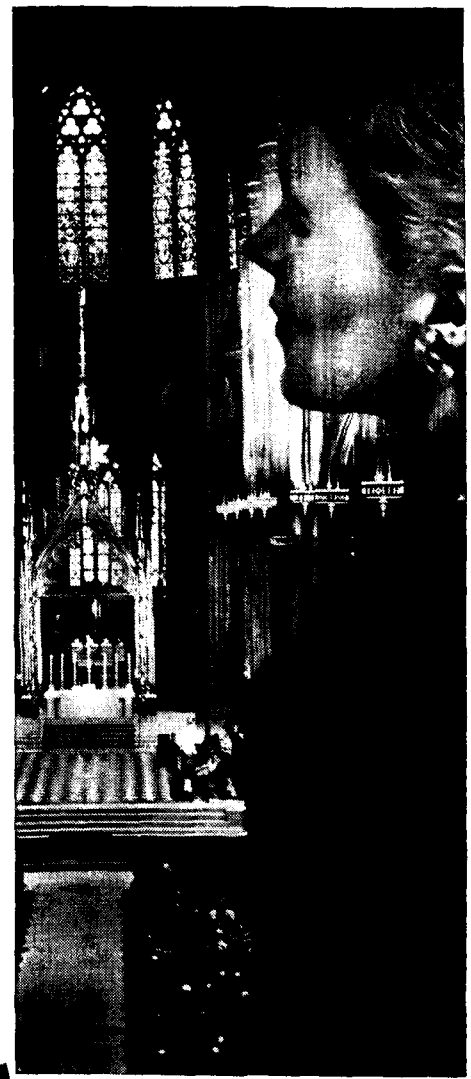
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE SAW MOUNTAIN SNOW TURN TO GOLD... THE OTHER STOOD IN A GREAT CATHEDRAL

You'd recognize the song if you heard it. But for you it would paint a different picture—one out of your own memories or your dreams.

That's what music does... grows into each of our lives in different ways. What matters most as you listen to the kind of music *you like best* is that you hear it at its *best*. So your enjoyment of music will be far richer when FM comes into your life. For FM will bring you music and all radio programs virtually without interference or static.

Stromberg-Carlson FM will reproduce music for you as you are used to hearing it only in the presence of the musicians. With high and low notes and overtones, lost by some FM sets! With beauty that will come to you at its best in both FM and standard broadcast reception, as Stromberg-Carlson's 50 years of fine tradition step ahead in combination with new electronic developments.



TONE GLORIOUSLY TRUE AND CLEAR... in both FM and Standard Broadcast reception and reproduction of records—this was the difference people found in a Stromberg-Carlson before the war. When production can begin again this important *difference* will stand out even more. For the beautiful instruments we will offer over a broad range of prices will more than live up to what you expect when you turn to Stromberg-Carlson for the best.

For the main radio in your home...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 13, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—In spite of a brilliant comedy characterization by Jean Dixon and expert help from people like Catherine Willard and Neil Hamilton, George Kelly's new play about a domineering woman is likely to disappoint many of his old admirers. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Moves on Mon., May 14, to the Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 19.

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 12.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A brief return engagement of the Oscar Hammerstein II version of Bizet's opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sat., May 19.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Blue Holiday—Ethel Waters and Josh White heading an all-Negro vaudeville revue, with songs by Duke Ellington and Al Moritz and dances staged by Katherine Dunham. Directed by Moe Hack and produced by Irvin Shapiro and Doris Cole. Opens Fri., May 18. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

Martha Graham—With her company: "Salem Shore," "Appalachian Spring," and "Deaths and Entrances," Mon. Eve., May 14. . . . "Salem Shore," "Herodiade," and "Letter to the World," Tues. Eve., May 15. . . . "John Brown," "Appalachian Spring," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Wed. Eve., May 16. . . . "Mysterious Adventure," "Herodiade," and "Letter to the World," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "John Brown," "Appalachian Spring," and "Deaths and Entrances," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Mysterious Adventure," "Appalachian Spring," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Letter to the World," "Herodiade," and "Appalachian Spring," Sat. Eve., May 19. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

Valerie Bettis—With her group, in "Theatrics,"

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	76
THE CURRENT CINEMA	71
LETTER FROM ANZIO	53
LETTER FROM GERMANY	46
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	75
OF ALL THINGS	65
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	62
A REPORTER AT LARGE	42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R P[redacted] N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. T[redacted] ector. Vol. XXI, No. 13, May 12, 1945. Entered [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wish Farm Journal wouldn't come on opera nights"

Culture has its place—but Mr. Wellington has a deeper interest. Like the two and one-half million dirt farmers who make up 99.999 per cent of FARM JOURNAL's subscribers, his heart is in the land. His Broad Acres-on-the-River owes much of its success to the guidance of this greatest of rural magazines and the latest agricultural information has an appeal which Lohengrin can never supplant.

• • •

No FARM JOURNAL reader is ever unaware of "value received." FARM JOURNAL's timeliness with news—with information on what makes for good farming and good farm living—with pointers for the well-being and convenience of farm households—all these draw attention and hold it. And FARM JOURNAL advertising pages, too, telling of desired things, both personal and general, find ready readership—and response on market day. Why *shouldn't* FARM JOURNAL be, as it is, the largest, most influential rural magazine?

FARM JOURNAL
AND *Farmer's Wife*

OF THE *First Four* GENERAL MAGAZINES
One COVERS THE RURAL MARKET

[redacted] PATTERSON *Publisher*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Facts and Figures," "Dramatic Incident," "And the Earth Shall Bear Again," "The Desperate Heart," and "Daisy Lee." Sun., May 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room will close on Tues., May 15, and the Garden, which, though cool and pleasant, is as underground as the Queens subway, will open on the following night. Jules Lande's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras will make the switch from Room to Garden.

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—A pre-curfew collection of entertainment—Irene Bordoni, reminiscent but still quite wonderful; Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic, Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly. No dancing, and no need for it.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—*Jimmy Savo being practically a whole show in* himself. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's rather too stylized band.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny; Josh White, his guitar, and his solemn voice; *and accomplished piano playing by* Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Edmond Hall's orchestra for dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dick and Gene Wesson, who seem to impersonate most anyone, will be in the stately Cotillion Room until Tues., May 15, when Wally Boag, the old balloon man, takes over, aided by a motley rout of dancers, magicians, and whatnot. Stanley Melba's orchestra will keep on dispensing its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is once more flouncing about in the Persian Room, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternating on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—The accomplished music of Cedric Wallace's trio and Garland Wilson at his piano; songs by Monica Boyar and the Deep River Boys. No dancing.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—**A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's** orchestra and Noro Morales' **rumba band are on** hand for tea dancing every afternoon and stay on through the evening.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician, some acrobats, and Nat Brandwynne's pleasant orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy *old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but* really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): sort of rowdydow, but it has Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco to help you forget. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets on Fifth Avenue. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a medium-dismal show. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Sammy Kaye's orchestra (opening Mon., May 14). . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON,** 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave., at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' cheerful trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett, a stranger in town these days, breaking in his new band; Al Casey, the sombre bassist, breaking in a new trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and Stuff Smith collaborating in a new band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9801): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 19.

ART

ARMY ART—Work by men of the Second Service Command of the Army of the United States: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

ARNOLD BLANCH—His first show in four years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20.

JAMES EDWARD DAVIS—Abstract paintings, in some of which plastics are used for spatial effects, and several *plastic mobiles*: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

SARA BERMAN-BEACH—Recent oils: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

JEAN DE BOTTON—Decorative paintings and a mural, "America at War": Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

ARTHUR G. DOVE—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 17.

WERNER DREWES—New abstract and non-objective oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

MAX ERNST—New paintings and sculpture: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

EUROPEAN—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 15. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Utrillo and Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

JOSEF FOSHKO—Landscapes, portraits, and Biblical subjects: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 17.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safe-keeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

ORONZO GASPARO—Pseudo-naïve paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

PAUL GAUGUIN—Woodcuts and a few paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

GLARNER—A Mondrian follower's first one-man show: Kootz, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

GROUPS—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: oils, watercolors, and sculpture by members of the Artists' League, an outgrowth of the United American Artists, C.I.O. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 26. . . . **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57: Philip Evergood, Moses Soyer, David Burliuk, and others of the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12. . . . **SALMAGUNDI CLUB,** 47 5 Ave., at 12: the seventy-fifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 P.M. (also Tues. through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

RANDOLPH JOHNSTON—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

EARL KERKAM—New oils: *Bonestell*, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

BERNARD LAMOTTE—Water colors and drawings of France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 18.

FRANZ LERCH—Landscapes and portraits in a restrained Expressionist manner: *Lilienfeld*, 21 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

MAX LIEBERMANN—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

CHARLES LOCKE—American landscapes-with-figures, echoing French rococo and neo-Classic pastoral painting, and also our native Romantic: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

MOLLY LUCE—Farms and picnics, exaggeratedly realistic: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

LUIS MARTÍNEZ-PEDRO—Drawings, concerned mainly with West Indian myths, by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 26.

ANDRÉ MASSON—New work, including several lithographs: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

CLAUDE MONET—A large exhibition of his work; a benefit for the children of Giverny, where Monet lived: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through Sun., May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

WOLFGANG PAALEN—The usual techniques by this rebel Surrealist, plus smoke paintings, space-objects, and other novelties: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 20. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

DORIS ROSENTHAL—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

LOUIS SCHANKER—Ten abstract oils: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

JOSEF SCHARL—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

THE STEIGS—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by seven members of the family, including William, and photographs by an eighth: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

BARBARA STEVENSON—Oils in which Rouault's influence is, at times, evident: Marquié, 19 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'LL BE "ON THE BEAM"—

There's a Ford in your future!

It's a picture that will have to wait. America has an important job to do before your smart, peacetime Ford can be produced.

. . . But when your new Ford does arrive, you'll be proud of it. For it will be big and roomy—have plenty of "go". Its styling will be youthful, beautiful. Inside and out, it will be rich appearing—with many refinements. Naturally, it will be thrifty and reliable—as all Ford cars have been for more than 40 years.

. . . Yes, exciting new fun is in the offing for you. For some day the necessary word will come through. And we'll be ready to start our production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be devoted to the needs of final Victory.

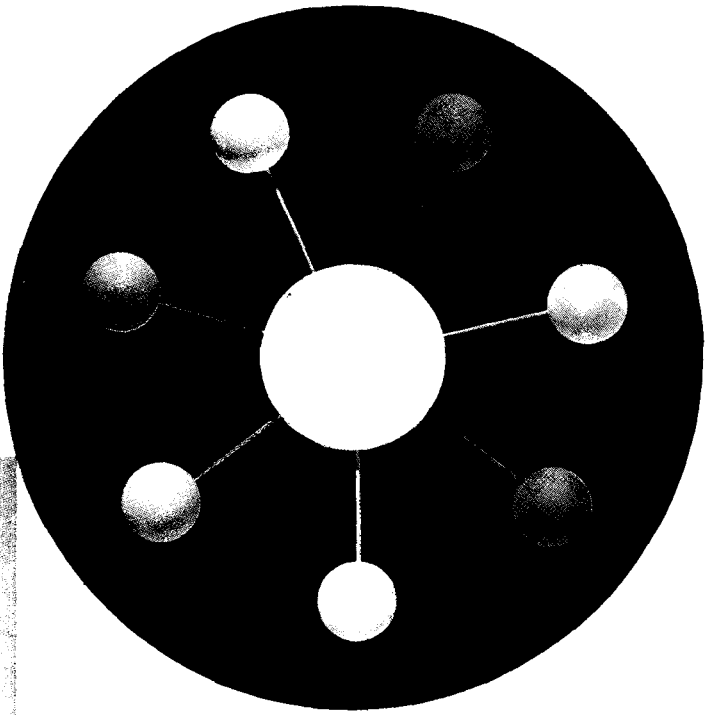
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

"THE FORD SHOW". Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E.W.T., 1:00 P. M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A. M., P.W.T.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1945 JACQUELINE COCHRAN



Chromoblend ...the
blended-at-the-counter
powder base... makes this individual,
richer, deeper-toned foundation cream
completely yours. Worn with
Jacqueline Cochran's lighter shades
of face powder... your
skin tones seem to acquire
the naturalness of an inner, warmer glow!

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 19.

scapes. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 16.

MUSIC

AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL—A series of programs of contemporary music, sponsored by Columbia University: the N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Howard Hanson, Sat., May 12, at 3 P.M.; the Walden String Quartet, Sat., May 12, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., May 13, at 4 P.M.; "The Scarecrow," a chamber opera, Mon., May 14, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, conducting a program by such musicians as James P. Johnson, piano; Bobby Hackett, trumpet; Cozy Cole, drums; and Sidney Bechet, clarinet. Mon., May 14, at 8:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA—Conducted by Dean Dixon; soloist, Regina Resnik, soprano. Fri., May 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY—"Carmen," Wed. Eve., May 16. . . . "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "Aida," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 19. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

CHAMBER OPERA—"The Scarecrow," by Percy MacKaye and Normand Lockwood, sponsored by the League of Composers. Thurs. and Fri., May 10-11, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 12, at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

ORGAN MUSIC FESTIVAL—The American Guild of Organists presenting a series of recitals at the following churches: St. Thomas, 5 Ave. at 53, Thurs., May 10, at 5 P.M.; Grace Church, B'way at 10, Fri., May 11, at 12:30 P.M.; and St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46, Fri., May 11, at 4 P.M.

LITURGICAL MUSIC—New compositions by Darius Milhaud, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Leonard Bernstein, and other modern composers, presented by Cantor David J. Putterman and a choir. Fri., May 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Park Avenue Synagogue, Park at 87.)

VARIETY PROGRAM—Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Kipnis, bass; Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; and others; in a program sponsored by the Hunter College Faculty Club. Fri., May 11, at 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri., May 10-11, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat., May 12, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 13, at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Mon. and Tues., May 14-15, at 2:30 P.M., Wed., May 16, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., May 18-19, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs., May 10, at 8:30 P.M., and Fri., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sat., May 12, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., May 13, at 1:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Mon., May 14, at 2:30 P.M., Tues., May 15, at 8:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., May 16-17, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., May 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., May 19, at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

GARDEN EXHIBITION—The annual tour of the City Garden Club, a benefit for the Seamen's Church Institute and for landscaping naval hospitals: the gardens of Mrs. Albert Lasker, 29 Beekman Pl.; Mrs. Edwin Feigenspan, 37 Beekman Pl.; Miss Katharine Cornell, 23 Beekman Pl.; Mrs. Ives Washburn, 411 E. 57; Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, 207 E. 61; Mrs. John Elliott, 220 E. 62; and China House, 123 E. 65. Tues., May 15, at 2:30 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.)

FLOWER SHOWS—At the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, Bronx Pk.: twenty acres of azaleas, hawthorns, and other spring blooms, with, beginning Mon., May 14, a miniature railway to take you around. . . . **HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY**, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor): tulips and other cut spring flowers. Wed., May 16, from 2:30 to 9 P.M., and Thurs., May 17, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—American and English eighteenth-century furniture, silver, and china, owned by the late Katherine Dunham Bennett and others: Thurs., May 10, at 2 P.M. . . . Books from the library of the late Florence Guggenheim and others: Mon. and Tues., May 14-15, at 2 P.M. . . . Chinese objects of art owned by Mrs. Goodhew Livingston and others: Thurs., May 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Modern paintings, including work by Vlaminck, Pissarro, and Degas, from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee and others: Thurs., May 17, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish, Alger Hiss, and Virginia Gildersleeve, in the twelfth in a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 12, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 13, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . The WQXR orchestra, Leon Barzin conducting, Mon., May 14, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . *N.B.C.* Symphony, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 12, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 12 and 19, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., May 13, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

COLONEL BLIMP—Roger Livesey in a very effective biography of a professional British soldier. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 17.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

DARK WATERS—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 11-13.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband, with considerable ingenuity. The cast is headed by Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 10. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., May 15-16.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., May 14-16. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17.)

MURDER, MY SWEET—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., May 11-14. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., May 12-14.)

THE SILVER FLEET—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., May 17.)

THE THREE CABALLEROS—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues.,

for Gardenia Loveliness

Wear a smart Hickory Girdle. See your silhouette take on those sleek lines of youth. Hickory works magic for your figure—so controlling, yet so comfortable. You can always trust Hickory—the trade-mark that has stood the test of time. Ask for Hickory Girdles and Panties at all fine stores—always higher in quality than price.

You will also enjoy an exquisite Perma-Lift brassiere — America's only bra with "The Lift that never lets you down"—Another Hickory Success

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto

HICKORY

Juniors

THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORTH

PERFUMES

Worth knowing . . .

Worth remembering

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 12-15. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., May 15-16. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 16-19.)

THUNDER ROCK—The British offer a sharp improvement on a fantasy that failed on the stage here. With Michael Redgrave. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Mon., May 14.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., May 15.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 10.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 10.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., May 16.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., May 12-14.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 10.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., May 16.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., May 11.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, through Fri., May 18.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler story about spies in Turkey. With Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., May 11.)

KITTY FOYLE (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., May 11-14.)

LIFEBOAT (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 10.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 13-14. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., May 13-15. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., May 15-16.)

SAHARA (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 11. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., May 13-15.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 11. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., May 16.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 13-14.)

TOPPER (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 15-17.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MAY 10 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 11-13: "Moana" (1926), documentary film, directed by Robert J. Flaherty. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 14-17: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . FROM FRI., MAY 18: "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER,
1813—1883

"In him the Romantic Movement of the 19th century found its completest musical stage expression. His genius adopted the harmonic intensities of Beethoven, and, making them yet more intense, applied them to myth and legend."

Adapted from "The Oxford Companion to Music," by Percy A. Scholes

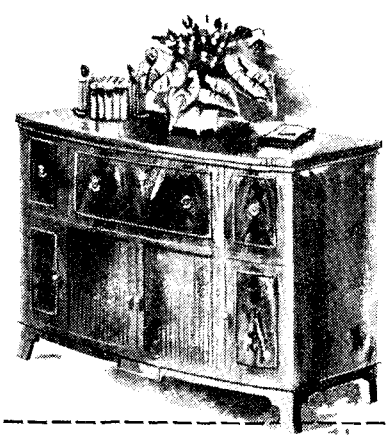
All that the composer wrote . . . and the artist played

comes to you undimmed and undistorted on a SCOTT

Golden note upon golden note, the great composers—like triumphant architects—built their towering symphonies of sound. And they expected that you, rapt and listening, would hear *each* note and *each* instrument in its own voice . . . as indeed you will upon a Scott.

For the miracle of the Scott is that it interposes no barrier and no space between you and the artist. By record or radio, as a symphony soars into reality in your home, you hear a "living performance," unmarred by reproduction.

During more than twenty years, Scott technicians have devised uncanny ways for recreating music so that no single golden note is dimmed. Their success has sent Scotts into more than 154 countries, the honored companion in a multitude of homes. Happily for you, a leading music or department store near you will be ready, when war restrictions are ended, to let you HEAR the Scott's own testimony of its amazing performance. Then you will know, if music has a place in your life, that there is only *one* instrument for your listening pleasure.



THE WORLD'S FINEST RADIO **SCOTT**

E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.

4456 RAVENSWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.,
Dept. 7H5, 4436 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please send me your new booklet on radio, "Achievement Through the Years."

Please put my name on your announcement list.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arbecue
onanza
Breathes there an ex-small boy who doesn't love wieners cooked on an outdoor grill? Or a hostess who hasn't found this happy way around maidless entertaining? Let them make a beeline to Sloane's brave array of all the essentials for outdoor eating!
Portable grill 30" high, 24" diameter with adjustable spit, $29.50. (Other grills from $5.50.)
Heavy pottery servers, to keep food hot or cold up to 3 hours. Set of 3, with rack, $11.95.
Chef's cap and apron of sturdy white cotton, $2.50 set. Asbestos gloves, $3.50 pair.
Three-tined fork and spatula, wooden handles, $1.50 each. Steak tongs, $2.50.
MAIN FLOOR
W+J SLOANE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare, during the day or evening, as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to take a short training course and then work as much time as they can spare as group-leaders in recreation centers. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as orderlies in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign will begin on Mon., May 14, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to collect, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, radios, phonographs, records, playing cards, magazines, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 453 Madison, at 50 (PL 3-2032).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINEST IN CUSTOM MADE

FOOTWEAR IS MADE *by hand,*

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

blends your face powder

by hand, **too**

. . . makes it *to order* for you . . . right before your eyes . . . to your very own skintone . . . according to a formula that's yours alone.

PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Army-Navy "E" flies above seven Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with five stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

STRICTLY SUPER

IT'S a great day for our side whenever our flyers sweep out over the target in those fleets of B-29 Superfortresses.

Of course, Fisher Body does not make the complete Superfortress. But it does make huge dorsal fins, horizontal stabilizers, rudders, elevators and ailerons. Yes, and flaps, wing tips, outboard wings and turret parts, too.

More than that, Fisher Body makes engine nacelles – using more than 18,000 jigs and tools to turn out the 3,000 parts that are required for each nacelle.

Fisher Body is proud of its part in building this great Boeing-designed ship. All the skills and techniques inherent in the Fisher Body organization are concentrated on giving superworkmanship to the Superfortress. Yet it is but one of many war jobs including big guns, delicate aircraft instruments, tanks, and assemblies for other bombers.

And you may be certain that as long as war equipment is needed, the fine craftsmanship symbolized by the "Body by Fisher" emblem will keep right on backing up the courageous crews who pilot these great superplanes.

• • •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

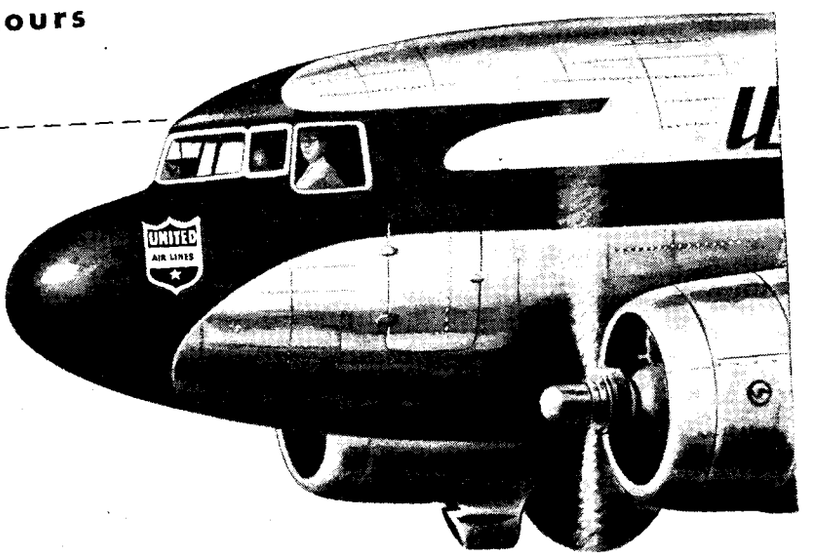
armament BODY BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How far away is Chicago?

By scooter . . . about 27½ hours



by UNITED . . . 5 hours

Right! If you want to know the short, fast, direct route between New York and Chicago, it's United's straight, strategic Main Line Airway. 5 hours westbound; 4½ hours eastbound. Fare, $35.00 one way. Also direct service between Chicago and Washington, D. C. For travel information to everywhere, call United. MUrray Hill 2-7300.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Troy Guild

TAILORED COTTON

cool, smart costume for hot days in town. High neck, long sleeved blouse striped in yellow, black and white. Worn with beautifully cut black skirt. Sizes 10 to 18. Complete 22.95

Altman sportswear fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

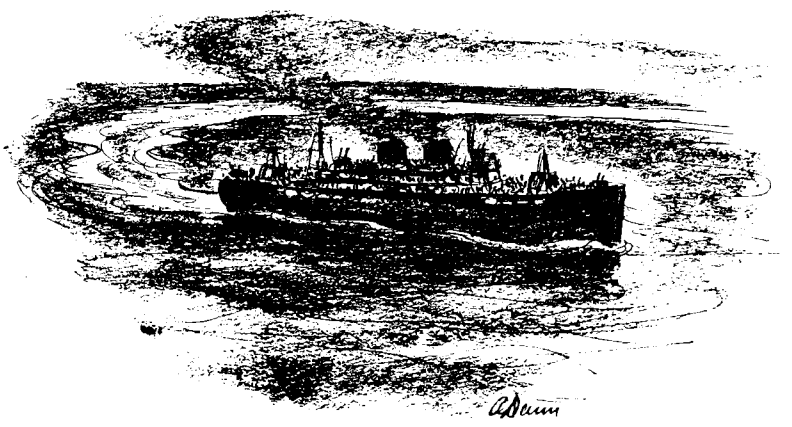
Notes and Comment

THERE'S only one thing you can say for the German war—the men who fought and won it knew, in a general sort of way, what it was all about. Soldiers in the mass are not intellectual giants, but they have a quick grasp of broad meanings. Allied soldiers had a hunch that they disliked the idea behind the word "*Heil.*" They preferred the word "Hi"—it was shorter and cleaner. It seems beyond belief that the entire globe should have split up over these two words, but if half the world was determined to pit itself against the other half, there couldn't have been a better argument.

The German nation, once great and cultured, today is a poisonous pool of memories and shadows because it presumed to inject the filthy word "*Heil*" into the world. And under so many crosses lie so many kids who can never again say "Hi." Last February we remember reading about the capture of Ordensburg-Vogelsang, a school for Führers, by the Ninth Infantry Division of the United States First Army. That school housed the ugly monster of Nazism in pure form, so that German males could pattern themselves upon it. We recall a passage quoted from a pamphlet by Dr. Robert Ley, who occupied a chair in Germany's university of hate. He was explaining that, once you matriculated in Ordensburg-Vogelsang, there was no turning back—you were in for keeps. "Such are the hard and inexorable laws of the order," wrote Dr. Ley. "Every National Socialist leader must know that he is climbing a steep grade. You can walk here only if you have the sleepwalker's sure touch."

So ended the war against the race of people who wanted to walk straight and far, without the restraints of the senses, as though they had just arisen from bed and walked in perpetual sleep.

ONE thing we notice in San Francisco is how quickly a person becomes a country in the eyes of all. Here, in this international setting, Eden is England, Molotov is Russia, Stettinius is the United States, Soong is China. Because of this illusion, the vast millions of people whose lives and fortunes are bound up in these ticklish negotiations often seem lost in some limbo, and the world narrows to the dimensions of a chessboard and to the visible kings and knights. The earth becomes as quickly diagrammed as when, at a dinner table, you say, "Here, this salt shaker is the Statue of Liberty, this butter plate is Long Island, this knife is the Hudson River." Once or twice during the past few days in San Francisco, we have dared to close our eyes and try to remember, as Eden came by, the islands and the ships and the men and the women that are England. We tried to remember, as Soong walked through, the land and the cities and the people that are China—just as you might gaze at the table knife and try to see the Hudson River, the shad fishermen below High Tor, and the waves trembling in the sun.



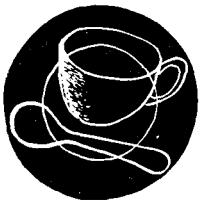
IT is a confusing thing, this phenomenon of personification which turns a statesman into a state. Let him put his arm around another man, and to all appearances you have an alliance. Let him wrinkle his brow, and you have a disturbed condition. Let him say a foolish thing—which any man is likely to do at any moment—and you have a national trend. We recall the stinging letters the Republicans wrote to the papers on that occasion when President Roosevelt's tongue slipped and he referred to "Russia, Britain, and me."

A SECURITY league must of necessity be founded on two structural misconceptions which endanger the lives of those who will inhabit the building. We mention them not in complaint but as a matter of observation, and because we think the record must at all costs be kept straight in this emergency and at this moment when, again, so much depends on so few. The first misconception is the assumption that nation-states are capable of, or even desirous of, applying law and justice to each other. There is very little historical basis for any such assumption. The second is the belief that peace is a negative matter, to be achieved by preventing aggression.

The expressed objectives of the United Nations' organization are far in advance of any machinery yet proposed for bringing them to life. This is no secret, either to the delegates or to the many hundreds of hangers-on at this meeting, some of whom are soldiers back from war. The few sol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diers we have talked to have been bewildered and skeptical. Words are being used in this conference in a free and easy way. The word "justice," the word "law," the phrase "human rights" are being written into the document by those who hope and pray that such words will take hold and mean something. In one sense, it is a good thing that the aims and hopes of people everywhere should be expressed clearly in the charter. In another sense, it is questionable whether any charter should give people the impression that justice and law are inherent in a league of independent sovereign powers, or that human rights can be disassociated from human government.



It would be deluding the people to imply that controversies, from now on, will be settled in accordance with "principles of justice," when there is every reason to suppose that they will continue to be settled in accordance with the methods of diplomacy—especially those controversies that greatly matter. This week everyone has watched a couple of major controversies, involving whole populations, settled, quite without recourse to principles of justice or law, simply because the disputes were in the international area, where justice and law do not now operate and will never operate until there is international government.

Here in San Francisco, half the day in fog, half the day in sunshine, are assembled many representatives of minority groups. They are articulate and insistent. To them the rights of man are no joke and no mystery. To them the concept of international justice, decency, and law seems like the last hope for their people. Each sees the problem of peace and of a better world through the lens of his own national or racial problem; each is familiar with the facts of persecution, misery, degradation, and war. These representatives are continually pressing the delegates with sharp questions about human rights. The answer to their questions is always "We are creating a mechanism."

It is proper for a league of nations to affirm and praise human rights, but it is dangerous for a league to promise them until it can point to some way by which it can fulfill that tremendous promise. People, not states, create human rights, when they form governments, make laws, sit in courts, and enforce decisions. Up to that point, and short of that point, rights do not come into existence for human beings, and disputes are anarchical and violent, like the last hours of a tyrant, who is outside justice in life and in death. Those who hang the robes of justice around the shoulders of a security organization composed of sovereign independent states do so at their own risk, and at ours. They may easily be endowing that organization with an apparent majesty beyond its political capacity. It is an uneasy occasion, like the conferring of an honorary degree upon a man of no mental breadth by a university which is hard up for cash.

THERE was one great moment in the war—that was the moment in 1940 when England suggested that France unite with her and that they become one people, under law. Churchill proposed it, but it slipped away. Things became less desperate, and the moment was lost to humanity. We often wonder when the next moment like that will come for the world, and under what hard conditions.

V-E (A.P.) Day

AT 9:33 A.M. on Monday, two *Times* copy boys, Albert and John, were standing at their post in a room that houses thirty-two busy news tickers. "What I can't stand in an office," Albert was saying to John, raising his voice against the clacking of the machines, "is a guy that gives himself the job of bossing other people." The bell on the Associated Press ticker known as the "A wire" rang three times, signalling an important bulletin or flash. "A bossy guy like that is not civilized," Albert said, strolling over to the ticker. "FLASH REIMS FRANCE," the ticker printed. "ALLIES OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED GERMANY SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY." Albert carefully tore the four-line message out of the machine and walked (he did not run) out into the main editorial room, where he placed the FLASH on the desk of the day cable editor, who had not yet come to work. Albert then informed the city editor's assistant that history had just been made (by the A.P. again, as it happened) and went back to discussing bossy people with John.

Simultaneously the same FLASH, clicking into the broadcasting studios, momentarily interrupted the busy prattle of the radio. Over WEAF and affiliated stations, a household-chat lady named Adelaide Hawley was saying, "And now that the rhubarb season is here again . . ." When they turned her back on, she had finished with rhubarb and was brightly inquiring, "How about molasses on bread?" WQXR's morning "Pop Concert" was interrupted four bars from the finish of Schutt's "*A la Bien-Aimée*," a composition which nobody but WQXR had ever heard of before. WQXR defaulted the rest of Schutt and started off afresh, with Romberg's "Play, Gypsies, Dance, Gypsies." Over the C.B.S. stations, a man was singing "You Belong to My Heart," and another man was singing "California, Here I Come," over WNEW.

In the N.B.C. newsroom, the busiest section was a cubicle in which a harried character wearing earphones was pounding away on a teletype machine, conversing with various points in the network. What was being said on the teletype was: "Haven't heard anything on B.B.C. nor Moscow and still nothing from SHAEF as he silently steals away." "Okay will watch." "Have alert Guam pips." "Do you know what happened yet?" "U mean AP?" "Yea." James Stevenson, an announcer, went into a studio marked 5J and read a bulletin from London saying the end was near. "You were great, old man," a fellow-worker told him as he emerged. "Phooey," said Mr. Stevenson. Through the windows of the newsroom, everybody could see employees of the Associated Press in an adjoining building heaving paper into the street with loyal determination. "If that paper turns black," someone observed, "it will mean Kent Cooper has jumped out the window." At eleven o'clock a young lady appeared with the electric announcement: "SHAEF has thrown the A.P. down. Denied everything." She paused, then added, "Suppose we'd rung the fourth chime!" "What's the fourth chime?" a visitor asked. "On V-E Day," she explained, "N.B.C. will ring four chimes as an identification signal instead of the usual three."

A few minutes later, it had begun to snow scraps of paper. Up at Rockefeller Plaza, uniformed men with burlap bags arrived on the scene as the first bits fluttered down. "They got to throw paper," one of the men said. "Whyn't they go home, or go somewhere and have a good time at least?" "There's no rigulations against it," said a paunchy cop, obviously snatched from desk duty for the emergency. Across the street, in front of St. Patrick's, a cameraman from the *News* was posing a group of ladies waving flags and making the V sign. One of the ladies was also flourishing a whiskey bottle. "Duck that bottle," the cameraman yelled. "This ain't New Year's Eve."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Penn Station, two news photographers, one from the A.P. and the other from the *World-Telegram*, were wandering around looking for shots. "Here was this couple, soldier and his wife, holding a paper and staring at the headlines," the *Telegram* man was saying to his confrere. "Serious-looking, wonderful expression. But, Jeez, it was the *Sun* they were holding—a lousy *Sun*." The A.P. man wanly indicated a little boy who was sitting on a pile of luggage shooting passersby with a toy tommygun. "How about him?" the A.P. asked. "With a caption—'Hey, Sonny, the War's Over,' or something like that?" "Nuts," said the *Telegram*. "Your files are full of it. It's been made a hundred times." "Well, it ain't been made today," the A.P. said, unslinging his camera. At eleven o'clock, Penn Station's public-address system suddenly cleared its throat and said, "Mr. Mussolini wanted in the station master's office—Mr. *Frank* Mussolini."

Down in Wall Street, across from Trinity, a tall old fellow in a dark suit was standing on a corner with a box of Kleenex, tearing it into bits and tossing the bits to the pavement at his feet. A street cleaner came trundling a cart around the corner from Broad, and looked at him with disfavor. "Look, Bud, the war's all over," he said at last. The old man raised his eyebrows a trifle and continued to celebrate. The spires of Trinity were festooned with ticker tape and other improvised confetti and looked like untidy maypoles. A small, irritated sexton was climbing a tree in the graveyard, trying to poke the paper off the limbs with a broomstick. The bulletin board announced "V-E Day Services All Day on the Hour." On the steps of J. P. Morgan's sat a philosophical drunken man, who was whispering, "This is strictly New York, goddammit! This is *strickly* New York!"

A Peggy Rupp of Brooklyn was the first to mention V-E Day in the "Remarks" column of the guest register at the Statue of Liberty. Roland R. Rupp, presumably a relative, was second, with a laconic "Ditto!" Waiting for the boat to take her back to the Battery from Bedloe's, one lady remarked to another, "I'm so glad it's over at last. They say it cost a billion dollars a day." Downtown, as everywhere, the dominant figures were cameramen, drunks, and street cleaners; the men in uniform were rather taken for granted, it seemed. They accepted a drink when offered one by benevolent drunks and allowed young ladies to kiss them for the newsreels. Nobody saw any young ladies kissing soldiers where there were no cameras. "This looks bad, but it's nothing to 1918," an elderly D.S.N.Y. man was saying to a colleague. "Nowadays we know how to handle it—wet the paper down so it can't blow around, then take your time sweeping it up. It'll be all gone tomorrow." Three scraps of paper picked up at random on lower Broadway read as follows: "The company's property is physically tied together and integrated throu—," "—your bill in the amount of—," and "—Moves in a Mysterious Way. Omitting Stanza 5."

Thirty boys, seventeen-year-old volunteers for the Navy, stood outside the Grand Central Palace Induction Center to pose for their pictures. "Grab up some of that paper and throw it over your heads!" one of the photographers barked. "You're celebrating, see? The war's over." After the picture had been made, the boys were marched inside on the double by a lieutenant.

A well-dressed, dignified, and impossibly drunken man teetered down Park Avenue, sideswiping an occasional pedestrian or building. "All that trouble to get fried, and now it looks like it ain't even official," a girl remarked sadly to a companion, looking after him. "What do you mean, it ain't official?" her friend cried. "Listen, when we get the day off, that's official enough for *me*." In front of Sardi's, an outbound sailor who was certainly not a total stranger to Broadway asked an inbound one, "Heard about where they found Hitler?" "No!" the other exclaimed. "Yup," said the first sailor. "He's under contract to the Shuberts, in the road company of 'Blossom Time.'" "I wonder if anybody went back to the office after lunch" was a remark you heard now and then. The songs were nothing much—"Mademoiselle from Armentières," "Der Führer's Face," and so forth.

At Halloran Hospital there was no premature V-E celebration. The men got the news from their bedside radios, but the plans made for an observance were held up because no official announcement had come through yet. There would have been music, remarks by the C.O. and other notables, and informal interviews over the public-address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system with some of the patients. None of the patients seemed elated by a victory over only one enemy, and the talk revolved mostly around the questions of what outfits would be sent to continue the fight in the Pacific and who would remain in Germany for the occupation. One lad said, with no apparent cynicism, "I'm sorry for all the civilians that are going to wake up tomorrow with a hangover *and* a war still on their hands."

Last Word

THIS may well be our final story on Adolf Hitler, and you may be sure we're not trying to lay the foundations for a Hitler legend—just cleaning up some odds and ends, such as the fact that two savage German shepherd dogs were the only animals he ever owned, that he had throwing flowers in his path made a penal offense (they might explode), that he was fond of cactus for interior decoration, and that he never had a checkbook in his life. He had his famous forelock cut off when he got a letter from a barber in Athens who said it was unbecoming, meat for cartoonists, and an evidence of poor barbering. Mussolini told a confidant, "Hitler is just a bad imitation of me."

Hitler did not by any means receive a unanimously bad press outside the Reich. George Bernard Shaw hailed his first actions as Chancellor as "perfectly right." Bishop Wade of the Methodist Episcopal Church said that he was not wholly bad but did have some bad advisers. He was a teetotaler, and this won him some admirers, too, though his oldest brother, Alois Hitler, a bartender in Berlin, was probably not among them. Hitler's father, by the way, died while drinking in a tavern in the village of Leonding, near Linz. Over the doorway of the tavern was the motto "Whether Christian, Pagan, Jew, we've a drink that waits for you." Hitler's habit of making important moves or announcements on Saturday resulted in a decision to keep the Paris Bourse closed Saturdays during some of those tense moments of 1937. Among the evils he introduced into our society was a revival of astrology. He was said to have chosen for the Munich coup of 1938 the moment when the sun, moon, and planets were in good configuration with his chart. Hearing of this, certain Washington believers began lobbying for the appointment of a federal astrologer. Presumably in a spirit of pure irony, Hitler was once voted the world's greatest man by the Princeton freshmen and proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize by the Swedish senate. He was not formally called *Der Führer* until 1939. Before that he was *Reichsführer, Reichskanzler, und Höchstkommandierende der Armee.*

The official fiction was that Hitler drew no salary or other emoluments, and lived on the royalties from "Mein Kampf." His black Mercedes-Benz car held the record for the run between Stuttgart and Munich. It was specifically forbidden for members of the master race to name babies after him. A Hungarian factory owner once forbade his workers to wear mustaches cut like Hitler's, declaring that they were beneath the dignity of a Hungarian, and a Czech court once ruled that to call a man a Hitler was slander. In death notices printed within the Reich, Hitler was invoked instead of God. A German linotyper once got a stiff jail sentence for accidentally or intentionally making "*Heil Hitler*" read "*Heilt Hitler*"—"Cure Hitler."

Before the war, Hitler could recite from memory the name of every warship of the British and American navies and the cast of every German movie comedy. The night after the 1934 "blood purge," he made his friend Putzi Hanfstaengl play bits of "Die Meistersinger" to him over and over. Of his library of six thousand volumes, the only one he ever gave any evidence of having read was Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." He used to say he could get the gist of a book by running his hands over it. One piece of Hitler art that was extant in Germany as recently as ten years ago was a poster he painted in 1909 for the manufacturers of Teddy's Perspiration Powder; he did this after twice flunking his entrance tests to the Vienna Academy of Art. He had a dozen pairs of spectacles at each of his desks, various pairs for various hours of the day and night. In 1937, he prophesied

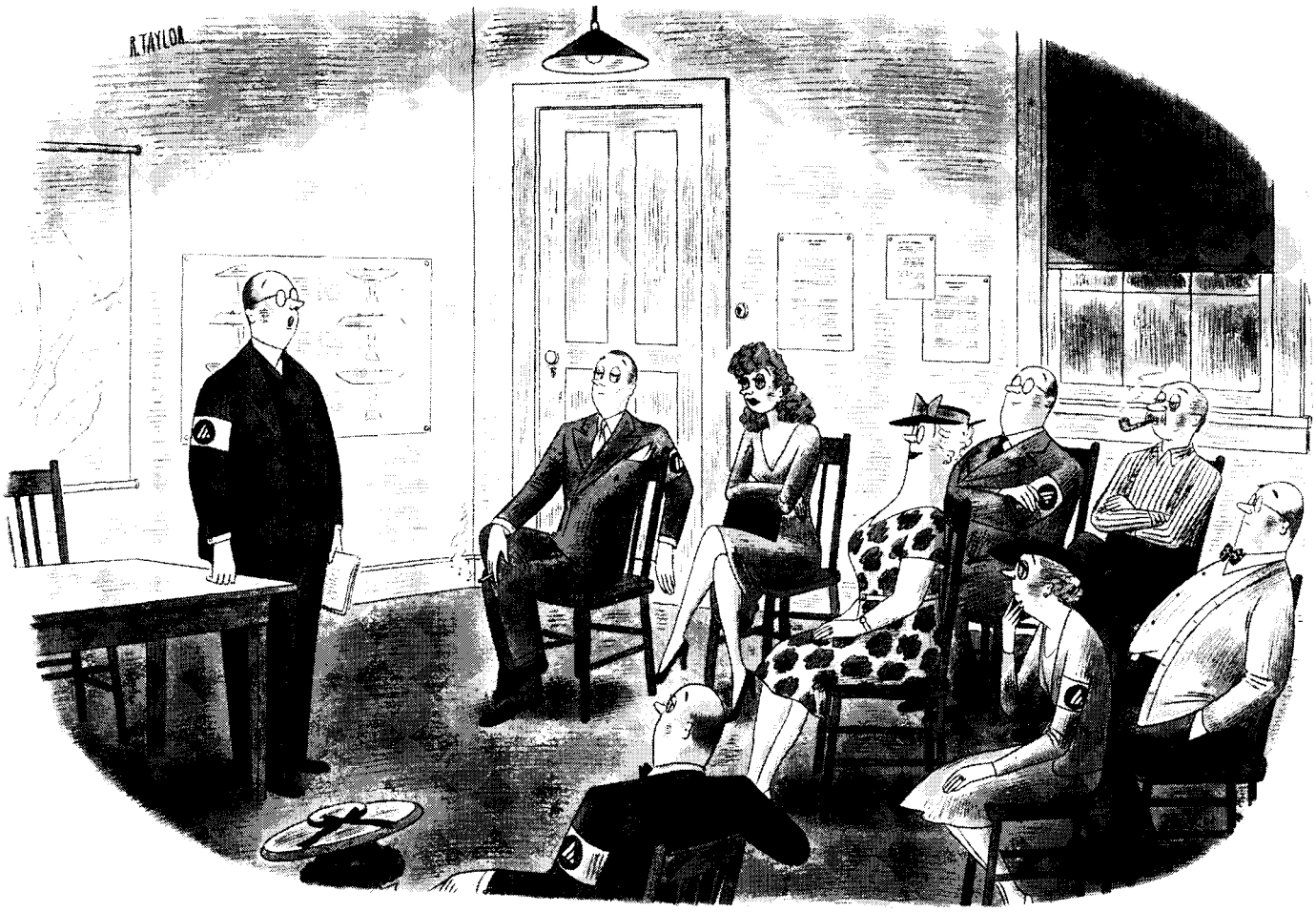
that Berlin would be completely rebuilt within twenty years.

1918

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, the German novelist, who is in process of becoming an American citizen, told us last Sunday what it was like in Germany as the rumors of defeat and the revolution began to spread in 1918. He was twenty years old then, an infantryman, and had been wounded in the trenches and sent to a hospital in Düsseldorf. Early in November he was dismissed as cured, he reported to his garrison headquarters in the Westphalian town of Minden, and he was ordered to rejoin his company, which was in Belgium. This was by no means simple, since many battered German outfits had been thrown together and no longer had their old names. The streets of Minden were full of soldiers who had overstayed their leave and who, in view of the news of approaching defeat and the mutiny at Kiel, said they had no intention of going back. The trains coming from the front were full of deserters, but those going in the other direction were full, too. The men going up to the front talked about the food shortage, which was so severe that a potato was regarded as a delicacy, and about the rumors of defeat, which many were inclined to pooh-pooh. It took Remarque four and a half days to find his company, which had been withdrawn from the front lines. He was just in time to hear his commanding officer making a farewell speech. "Let us not forget those who are dead," he concluded. "The war is finished. Goodbye." Remarque can't recall whether this was on the twelfth or thirteenth of November.

Remarque does recall that most of the members of the company tried to stay together to return to their garrison headquarters, where they were to receive their discharge papers, but that they had to break up into small groups because of the overburdened trains. Some didn't bother to go back, and a quaint sidelight on German minor efficiency during disaster is the fact that they got their papers two weeks later by mail. Most of the soldiers were apathetic about the defeat but enraged by the flight of the Kaiser. It set off a wave of anti-officer feeling, but generally the only violence done the officers was ripping off their epaulettes. Remarque and six of his friends hung around in the local railroad station for several days after their discharge before they finally got on a train headed for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



". . . And now the time has come to disband. We have been through stormy times together and I can only say that, from my standpoint, I regard the privilege of our having been associated together as enough to justify the formation of a National Air-Raid Wardens Legion, which I earnestly hope to see born, to perpetuate the ties forged in the furnace of war. To allow these ties to . . ."

• •

Germany. Somebody had set up a soup kitchen in the station, so they managed to get enough to eat. The train had some wounded men on it, several of whom died during the trip. Also, several stowaways on top of the coaches were swept off and killed when the train passed through a low tunnel. Most of the soldiers were in poor spirits, but as they crossed the border into Germany, they began to sing. Remarque remembered that one of the songs was a dreary little number about a prostitute who longed for her home in Hamburg.

At the first stop inside Germany, Remarque recalls, the local *Bürgermeister* met the train and made a speech saying that the soldiers had fought well and that Germany was proud of them. As the train continued into Germany they were forcibly reminded that they had indeed fought well: there was almost no damage to be seen—no dead animals, no devastated villages, no bomb craters. "As far as the soldiers were concerned, theirs didn't look like a defeated country," Remarque said. "France and Belgium to them were the defeated countries. There they had seen plenty of destruction. Germany hadn't lost any more soldiers than the Allies had. The German soldiers came back—and there was Germany. It looked like the country that had *won* the war." Inside of a year, books and pamphlets began to appear claiming that Germany would have won the war if she'd fought for another three months, and so on. However, Remarque didn't have to wait a year before bumping into this point of view. On the day he got back to his home town, as he was walking from the railroad station to his parents' house, he ran into a hundred townspeople who were having a vigorous little street riot. It had started in a beer *Stube*, an innocent bystander told him; a group of unreconstructed nationalists had asked the pianist to play "Deutschland über Alles" and then had attacked some other patrons who wouldn't join in the singing. "The whole damn business was starting all over again, right there in my home town, while the armistice was still news," Remarque said, plainly still appalled. "Six weeks later I was in Berlin, at the Eden Hotel. There in the lobby were some of my old officers, and there on their tunics were the epaulettes that had been ripped off. Pretty soon even the little ex-lieutenants—reserve officers, mind you—were putting their old rank in the Wehrmacht on their calling cards."

Program

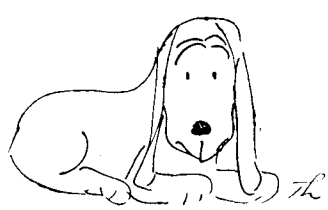
MONDAY morning the question of the proper celebration of V-E Day arose in a certain progressive-school class. In good progressive-school fashion, the teacher suggested that the children work out their own program, and left the room. Returning some minutes later, she found that they had got together on a program all right, and had jotted it down on the blackboard: "1. Prayer. 2. Refreshments."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELL IN THE GABARDINES

AN old subscriber of the *New Republic* am I, prudent, meditative, rigidly impartial. I am the man who reads those six-part exposés of the Southern utilities empire, savoring each dark peculation. Weekly I stroll the *couloirs* of the House and Senate with T.R.B., aghast at legislative folly. Every now and again I take issue in the correspondence pages with Kenneth Burke or Malcolm Cowley over a knotty point of aesthetics; my barbed and graceful letters counsel them to reread their Benedetto Croce. Tanned by two delightful weeks at lovely Camp Nitgedaiget, I learn twenty-nine languages by Linguaphone, sublet charming three-room apartments, with gardens, from May to October, send my children to the Ethical Culture School. Of an evening you can find me in a secluded corner of the White Turkey Town House, chuckling at Stark Young's review of the "Medea." I smoke a pipe more frequently than not, sucking the match flame into the bowl with thoughtful little puffs.

Of all the specialists on that excellent journal of opinion, however, my favorite is Manny Farber, its motion-picture critic. Mr. Farber is a man zealous and incorruptible, a relentless foe of stereotypes, and an extremely subtle scholiast. If sufficiently aroused, he is likely to quote "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" four or five times in a single article (Mr. James Agee of the *Nation*, otherwise quite as profound, can quote it only once). It has been suggested by some that Mr. Farber's prose style is labyrinthine; they fidget as he picks up a complex sentence full of interlocking clauses and sends it rumbling down the alley. I do not share this view. With men who know rococo best, it's Farber two to one. Lulled by his Wagnerian rhythms, I snooze in my armchair, confident that the *mystique* of the talking picture is in capable hands.



It was in his most portentous vein that Mr. Farber recently sat himself down to chart the possibilities of the concealed camera. In transferring "The Lost Weekend" to the screen, you will recall, the producers sought verisimilitude by bringing Ray Milland to Third Avenue (in the past Third Avenue had always been brought to Ray Milland) and photographing the reactions of everyday citizens to Don Birnam's torment. The necessary equipment was hidden in theatre marquees, "L" stations, and vans along the route of the historic trek, and almost nobody knew that the scenes were being registered on film. Mr. Farber heartily approved this technique and called on Hollywood to employ it more generally. To demonstrate its potentialities, he even sketched a wee scenario. "If," said he, "your plot called for some action inside of a department store, the normal activity of the store could be got by sending trained actors into it to carry on a planned business with an actor-clerk. Nobody else in the store need become conscious or self-conscious of this business, since the cameraman has been slyly concealed inside an ingeniously made store dummy and is recording everything from there."

THROUGH a source I am not at liberty to reveal without violating medical confidence, I have come into possession of a diary which affords an interesting comment on Mr. Farber's idea. It was kept by one Leonard Flemister, formerly a clerk in the men's clothing section of Wanamaker's. I was not a customer of Flemister's, as I get my suits at a thrift shop named Sam's on the Bowery, but I had a nodding acquaintance with him; we often occupied adjoining tables at the Jumble Shop, and I remember him as a gentle, introspective man absorbed in the *New Republic* over his pecan waffle. He is at present living in seclusion (the Bonnie Brae is not a booby hatch in the old-fashioned sense) in New Jersey. I append several extracts from his diary:

JANUARY 12—Today rounds out seventeen years since I started in the men's shop of Wanamaker's, and they have been years filled with quiet satisfaction. As our great Founder constantly observed in his maxims, it is the small things that count. How truly this applies to ready-made suits! To the tyro, of course, one suit is very much like another, but to us who know, there is as much distinction between a Kuppenheimer and a Society Brand as there is between a Breughel and a Vermeer. Crusty old Thomas Carlyle knew it when he wrote "Sartor Resartus." (Good notion, that; might pay me to have a couple of his quotations on the tip of my tongue for some of our older customers.)

Ran into Frank Portnoy yesterday at lunch; haven't seen him since he left us for Finchley's. Sound enough chap on cheviots, is Frank, but I wouldn't care to entrust him with a saxony or tweeds. He seems to have put on five or six pounds in the seat, and I thought his 22-ounce basketweave a touch on the vulgar side. "Still working in that humdrum old place?" he asked with a faint sneer. I kept my temper, merely remarking that he had incurred some criticism for leaving his position after only twelve years. (I did not bother to say that Mr. Witherspoon had referred to him as a grasshopper.) "Oh," he said airily, "I guess I learned enough of those lousy maxims." I said pointedly that he apparently had not learned the one about patience, and quoted it. He termed it "hogwash." "Maybe it is," I retorted, "but don't you wish you could wash a hog like that?" He turned as red as a beet and finished his meal in silence.

Read a disturbing article in the *New Republic* last night. A man named Farber advocates secreting cameramen inside clothing dummies in department stores so that the clerks may unwittingly become actors in a movie. Of course it was just a joke, but frankly, I thought it in rather poor taste.

JANUARY 14—Felt a trifle seedy today; I must find some other lunch spot besides the Green Unicorn. Their orange-and-pimento curry appears to have affected my digestion, or possibly I have had a surfeit of banana whip. In any case, during the afternoon I experienced the most extraordinary sensation, one that upset me considerably. At the rear of our sportswear section, next to the seersucker lounging robes, is a perfectly prosaic wax mannequin wearing a powder-blue ski jacket, canary-colored slacks, and synthetic elk-skin loafers. About three o'clock I was hurrying past it with an armful of corduroy windbreakers when I heard a resounding sneeze. I turned abruptly, at first supposing it had come from a customer or salesperson, but the only one in sight was Sauerwein, who was absorbed in his booklet of maxims a good thirty feet away. Ridiculous as it may sound, the noise—a very distinct "Harooch!"—seemed to have emanated from the model. A moment's reflection would have told me that my auditory nerve was rebuking me for overindulgence at table, but unfortunately, in the first access of panic, I backed into a fishing-rod display and hooked a sinker in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's war. We bomb Washington, they bomb Tokio."

• •

my trousers. Mr. Witherspoon, chancing by, observed (I thought with some coarseness) that I ought to get the lead out of my pants. Sauerwein, who loves to play the toady, laughed uproariously. I shall be on my guard with Sauerwein in future; I do not think he is quite sincere.

Saw a tiptop revival of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Potemkin" last night at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse; they are having their annual film festival. Enjoyed them both, though most of "Caligari" was run upside down and "Potemkin" broke in three places, necessitating a short wait. Next week they are beginning their annual "Potemkin" festival, to be followed by a revival of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." Always something unusual at the Fifth Avenue.

JANUARY 17—Mr. Witherspoon is a tyrant on occasion, but, as the Founder says so pungently, give the devil his due; every so often the quality that made him floorwalker shines through. This morning, for example, a customer I recall seeing at some restaurant (the Jumble Shop, I believe) created a scene. He was a peppery little gnome named, I think, Pevelman or Pedelman, with shaggy eyebrows and the tonsure of a Franciscan father. I noticed him fidgeting around the low-priced shorts for a half hour or more, trying to attract a salesman, but Sauerwein was behind on his maxims and I was busy rearranging the windbreakers. At length he strode over to Mr. Witherspoon, scarlet with rage, and demanded, in an absurd falsetto, whether he might be waited on. Mr. Witherspoon was magnificent. He surveyed Pevelman up and down and snapped, "Don't you know there's a war on?" The customer's face turned ashen and he withdrew, clawing at his collar. Old Witherspoon was in rare good humor all morning.

Slight dizzy spell this afternoon, nothing of consequence. I wonder if anything could be amiss with my hearing. Curiously enough, it is normal except in the immediate vicinity of the mannequin, where I hear a faint, sustained clicking as though some mecha-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Step into the staging area, please."

•

nism were grinding away. Coupled with this is the inescapable conviction that my every move is somehow being observed. Several times I stole up on the dummy, hoping to prove to myself that the clicking came from within, but it ceased instanter. Could I have contracted some mysterious tropical disease from handling too many vicuña coats?

Sauerwein is watching me. He suspects all is not well.

JANUARY 20—Something is definitely wrong with me. It has nothing to do with my stomach. I have gone mad. My stomach has driven me mad.

Whatever happens, I must not lose my head and blame my stomach. A stomach blamed is a stomach spurned, as the Founder says. The only good Founder is a dead Founder. Or Flounder. Now I *know* I am mad, writing that way about the Flounder.

I must marshal my thoughts very carefully, try to remember what happened. Shortly after one, I was alone in the department, Sauerwein and Witherspoon being at lunch. I was folding boys' windbreakers at the folded boys' windbreaker counter when a customer approached me. Never having seen Fredric March in person, I cannot assert dogmatically that it was he, but the resemblance was startling. From the outset, his behavior impressed me as erratic. He first struck a pose about fifteen feet from the mannequin, taking care to keep his profile to it. As he did so, the clicking sound which had harassed me became doubly magnified. Then, in the loud, artificial tone of one who wished to be overheard, he demanded to be shown a suit with two pairs of pants.

"We haven't any," I replied. "Don't you know there's a war on?" To my surprise, he emitted a hoarse cry of delight and slapped his thigh.

"That'll be a wow!" he chortled. "We'll leave that line in!" Seventeen years of dealing with eccentrics have taught me the wisdom of humoring them; I pretended not to have heard. He gave me an intimate wink, snatched a sharkskin suit from the rack, and vanished into a dressing room. I was on the point of summoning aid when he reappeared feverishly. The effect of the trousers, at least three sizes too large for him, was so ludicrous that I stood speechless.

"Just what I wanted," he grinned, surveying himself in the mirror. Simultaneously, almost as if by prearrangement, a young lady in flamboyant theatrical makeup appeared. To my horror, the customer forgot to hold on to his trousers and they dropped down around his ankles. "Hello, Vivian!" he cried. "Well, I guess you caught me with my pants down!" And then—I am resolved to spare no detail—a voice from within the mannequin boomed "*Cut!*"

When I recovered consciousness in the dispensary, the nurse and Mr. Witherspoon were chafing my wrists and Sauerwein was whispering to a store detective. I seem to remember striking Sauerwein, though I also have the impression my hands were entangled in my sleeves. The rest I prefer to forget. It can be summed up in the word "nightmare." Nightmare.

FEBRUARY 5—It is very quiet here at Bonnie Brae and the food is excellent, if a little unrelieved. I could do with one of those tasty water-cress-and-palmetto salads they know so well how to prepare at the Green Unicorn. The library here is well stocked with current magazines; I keep abreast of the news via the *New Republic*, though I confess Farber does not grip me as he used to.

I have only one objection to this place. In the library is a suit of medieval armor, and very often I could swear that a pair of eyes are watching me through the casque. As soon as the weather becomes warmer, I expect to spend most of my time on the piazza.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

MAN ABROAD

The sap drains from the weed,
And color from the sky,
And man abroad has need
Of light to travel by—

Has need of speech to hear,
In answer to his own,
Of being warmed from fear,
Of being less alone.

And man abroad will turn
And look, a way he knows,
Across the fields, to learn
If there a window glows,

A small and yellow square,
With night on either hand,
And he will hasten there,
Across a darkening land—

That being, till he die,
Enough to travel by.

—DAVID MORTON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEETING

IT was one of those nights when you don't know whether you are asleep or not, when every now and again you suddenly sit up in bed, grasp the bedclothes triumphantly, and say, "Now this minute, at any rate, I *know* I'm awake." At other times you lie still, with queer fag ends of dreams beginning to form in your mind. I tried, that night, whenever I was really awake, not to hear the noise of the heavy London traffic coming in through my window—it was before the war and there was no curfew to send people home early—so that I could detect at once the sound I was waiting for inside the apartment: my mother coming to call me.

All at once, I was sure I heard the boards creak in the passage outside my room. I lay quite stiff, staring into the darkness and wondering how long it would take me to get into my clothes and whether Mother would think it showed lack of feeling if I put on my new earrings. Then I listened again. No one was there, after all. I thought of my mother sitting up in bed against her pillows, with the bedside lamp still on and the room thickening away into darkness beyond the end of the great double bed, while she waited for the telephone call which would say that my father was dying. My father had bought the bed from a Portuguese nobleman when he and Mother were married, and it now looked very odd in the small bedroom of Mother's apartment. She would be sitting there in bed, dry-eyed and tragic, as I had so often seen her, counting over again all the unhappinesses of her life and waiting for a telephone bell to bring it full circle.

I shuddered, and with the movement my body relaxed. I curled over in bed, digging my head into the pillow and reassuring myself that, since nothing had yet happened, it probably wasn't going to. Anyway, I thought rather meanly, Mother will be awake, propped up against her pillows—*she'll* have to do something about it. And I fell asleep, comforted and relieved.

THEN the light was on, and Mother was standing beside my bed, just as I had imagined she would be a couple of hours before. I had been in a quiet, dreamless sleep, and felt only irritation at having to get up. But Mother's voice stirred me awake, back into the mood of strangeness and horror. She spoke very carefully, as though not to disturb me, but her voice trembled a little as she helped me out of bed and handed me my clothes.

"They've just rung up from the nursing home to say that he's had a relapse and can't live till the morning. I'm afraid you'll have to go, darling. You know I promised him that if he was ever very ill, I would let him see you if he wanted to. Put on plenty of clothes. It'll be very cold."

"What time is it?"

"Nearly two o'clock. Don't wait to do your hair properly. He may not last till you get there." Then, with a sudden gust of grief, "Oh, poor, poor Daddy!"

When she went out of the room to make me a cup of tea, I found I was shaking all over. I stared into the mirror for a moment and thoroughly enjoyed the sight of my chalky, scared face. Then I slapped on powder and lipstick and struggled guiltily with the new earrings, terrified that Mother would come back before I had got them on. I hadn't seen my father in eleven years—not since I was ten, when he and Mother were divorced—and I was determined that he should have a good impression of his daughter. I would rather have had him die before I got there than go to him with a shiny nose or my hair unbrushed.

Mother brought the tea and went out again. I drank it quickly, with something of the same shamefacedness I remember feeling on Communion Sundays at school. Now, again, the occasion hung over me like a sacrament, imminent and faintly degraded by this traffic with cup and saucer. I crammed a biscuit into my mouth and struggled into my fur coat, which felt cold against me.

Then I heard the boards creak again, and Mother's whisper, "Are you ready now? Sure you're warm enough?" I clutched my coat round me and crept out of the room. Mother was fussing with the front-door latch, and as I reached her, she pulled open the heavy door and held it for me. I kissed her hurriedly, not daring to ask her for any advice, though the interview before me seemed an impossible one. She whispered, "My lamb, my poor darling lamb. I wish you didn't have to go. You must just say whatever you think best. Remember, she'll be suffering too."

"Yes" was all I could answer. I felt abysmally lost, so much so that it didn't seem worth while even to try to think. It was as if I were facing an examination paper on a subject I had never studied. Mother had always provided the motif for every situation in our family life, and I was incapable of deputizing for her. If she couldn't provide the motif now, there would just be none.

She hugged me again, despairingly. Then I stepped out into the half-light of the clammy, tiled hallway and pressed the button for the automatic elevator. As it purred its way up from the basement, I looked back at Mother and saw her, huddled and anxious, peeping at me around the door. When I had pushed the elevator gates across, I felt, for the first time in my life, utterly alone.

OUTSIDE, bright, malicious moonlight was streaming down onto a wet pavement. The street was quite empty, and my heels tapping on the sidewalk sounded almost insolent in the moon-gripped silence.

Round the corner I came on the taxi stand. I had expected to find it empty, but a single cab was waiting there, the driver slumped against the wheel, half asleep. I jumped in, gave him the name of the nursing home, and told him to drive as quickly as possible. He did drive quickly, jumping the traffic lights. Against my will, I felt a sense of elation and importance. As I was jolted about on the seat, I kept thinking to myself that in another half hour or so it would probably all be over. Something would have happened and I would have taken part in it. I would have said certain things, heard others. It was all very momentous, but I had no feelings about it, only an overriding curiosity to learn what my reactions would be. The whole business was so far outside my reach that I felt completely detached from it, a passive observer of my own reflexes. Then, suddenly, I thought again of Mother, wretchedly waiting in the apartment, wondering no less than I did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what would happen but without my opportunities of seeing it happen. For her sake, I made a clutch at my will power, struggling to hold it up against the oncoming situation.

The taxi stopped and I got out, fumbling in my purse for the money. I was surprised to see a flower seller standing under a lamppost outside the nursing home. I hesitated a minute before deciding that a bouquet would be altogether too incongruous. Then I rang the night bell.

The porter let me in, asked whom I wished to see, and pointed out to me a flight of stairs at the far side of the entrance hall. "Mr. Campbell's room is on the second floor," he said. "If you will go up those stairs you will find the sister in charge."

I hurried up the staircase and paused at the top, uncertain which way to turn on the long, narrow, deathly white corridor, bordered by closed white doors. At the head of the stairs stood one of those stretchers on wheels used for taking patients to the operating room. There was the usual paralyzing smell of disinfectant and drugs. I felt oppressed, almost anesthetized, by all these etceteras of illness.

As I paused, a nurse came along the corridor toward me. "Will you come this way, please, Miss Campbell?" she said when I had told her my name.

I followed her down the passage, past door after door, each bearing a temperature chart, doctor's name, and directions in the matter of visitors. She showed me into a cozy little nurses' sitting room, where there was a set of armchairs and a bare table with a tea tray on it.

"If you wouldn't mind just waiting in here for a moment," she said, "I will go and tell Mr. Campbell that you have come."

I waited, trembling. Mercifully, there was no time for me to do much more than sit down before she was back again.

"Mrs. Campbell will see you. This way, please." She led me down the corridor to a waiting room, where there was a gas fire.

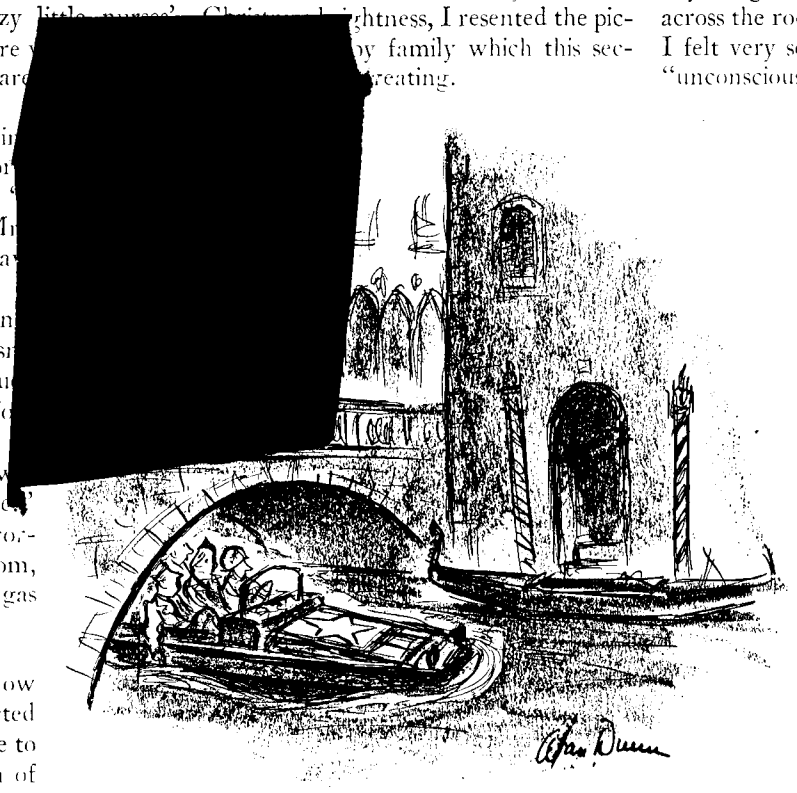
I DON'T really know what I had expected my father's second wife to be like—a combination of Greta Garbo and the whore of Babylon, I imagine. At any rate, I was quite unprepared for the pleasant-looking, youngish woman who got up from a couch to greet me.

"How do you do, Mary?" she said, holding out her hand. I muttered something uncomfortably, feeling almost as though, by mere submission to a handshake, I was signing a pact with adultery and thus betraying Mother in my first action.

I took off my gloves and sat down stiffly beside the gas fire, pleased that I had taken some trouble with my appearance. She had on her nightdress with a coat over it, and her hair was tangled and untidy. She was half crying as she talked to me. This all gave me a peculiar sensation of superiority, which was only accentuated by natural pity. I waited for her to begin the interview.

She did not seem to be in any way embarrassed, and I was determined to show her that I was a woman of the world and not merely Mother's little cloistered innocent. For about ten minutes we talked of my father's illness. She evidently thought it her duty to give me a full account of it.

"You see, Mary, he was very ill at Christmas, when we were away with the children at Cromer." No wonder, I thought. What a damn fool place to go to in the winter. And why must she repeatedly use my Christian name and mention those wretched little half-brothers I had never seen? When I remembered Mother's valiantly contrived [illegible]htness, I resented the pic[illegible]y family which this sec[illegible]reating.



But resentment gradually ebbed away as she went on to describe his sufferings. Besides, it was strangely thrilling to feel so near his life, so near in actual time. Up till now everything connected with him had been tied up with the past, remote and companioned only by childish memories. Now I was separated from him not by eleven years but by a mere month or two. Suddenly I realized that in a few minutes we should no longer be separated at all.

She talked on, more brokenly than ever as she drew nearer to the present, wiping her eyes every now and again on a foulard handkerchief. I listened gravely, frowning with concern, but acutely aware of my imperviousness. Excitement touched me, but not grief.

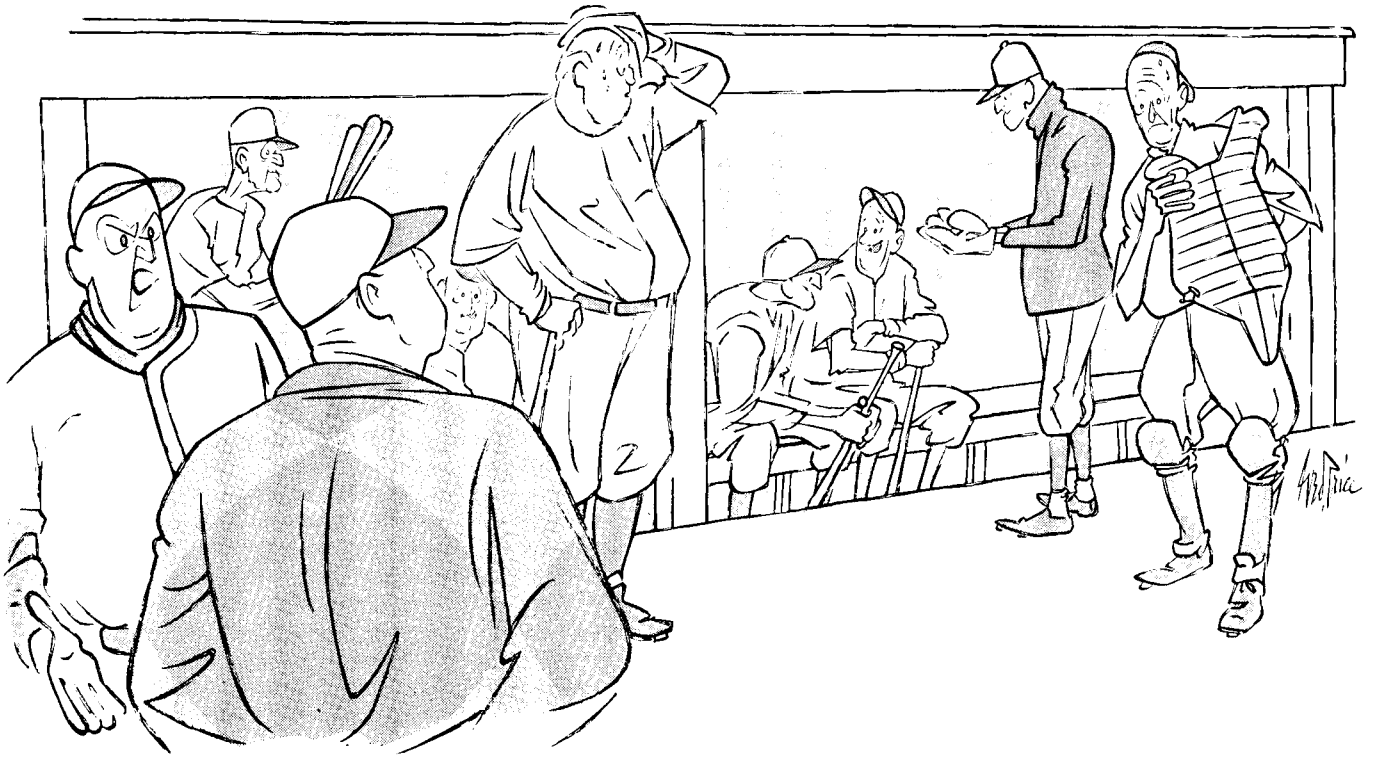
I learned that my father had been operated on for appendicitis, that they had had to remove the gall bladder at the same time and had given him a blood transfusion on the operating table, that he had rallied, and then, unaccountably, had had a relapse. She didn't seem able to grasp this last at all, and kept repeating, "He seemed so much better last night." Then, forcing herself to go on, "When I went to say good night to him, he was quite peaceful and not in nearly so much pain. He smiled and kissed me and said, 'I'm sure I'm going to get well now.' That was the last thing he said to me. He's been unconscious ever since."

Now she couldn't hold back her tears any longer. She got up and walked across the room, blowing her nose hard. I felt very sorry for her, but the word "unconscious" stuck in my ears. There would be nothing at all, then, to say to Father. What an anticlimax!

In the pause that followed, we heard a knock at the door and the surgeon came in. I disliked him immediately. He seemed to me to express the "Citadel" atmosphere of the whole institution. He looked at me curiously as she introduced us: "This is Miss Campbell, Dr. O'Neill."

He sat down on the edge of a chair, obviously eager to be off again. "It's only a matter of hours now, Mrs. Campbell," he said. "He may hang on till the morning, or he mayn't last

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Pop! Pop! Everybody's Pop! What this team needs is a complete new set of nicknames."

• •

more than a few minutes. The lungs are filling up all the time. There's absolutely no chance of his regaining consciousness."

As he spoke, he reduced my father to a set of ruined organs. I wondered how she could bear it.

Then he turned to me and said, "You would like to see him, I expect." I nodded dumbly, got up, and followed the doctor out of the door. She did not come with us.

MY father's room was only a few yards down the passage. We paused outside, and I remember the sudden sense of consolation that I felt when I saw his name on the door. With its neat documentation, it seemed to reaffirm his personality and to hold off death.

The room was small, with the door opening inward, so that the first thing that came into sight was the lower end of the bed. I was startled to see no hump in the bedclothes over my father's feet and legs, for where they should have been the sterile white counterpane lay flat and smooth. I wondered for a second whether he had already died and had been taken away. Then, as we came round the door, I saw him sitting up, bolt upright against a mountain of pillows. I don't think I've ever seen anything so gruesome as that unconscious body, which now seemed to lean forward as though to greet me. He was being given oxygen, and the room shuddered with the dreadful, stertorous gasp of the apparatus. On the far side of the bed stood a nurse, pretty and unconcerned, one hand regulating the machine, the other on my father's pulse. I felt a flash of panic for her: how could she bear to stay alone with such horror? Then I remembered the cozy nurses' sitting room, the tea tray, and the armchairs, and knew that she was measuring the minutes toward them rather than toward my father's death.

I forced my eyes to look at his face. In spite of its gray pallor, it seemed younger than I had imagined it would. But I couldn't bear to look at him for long.

"Is he in pain?" I whispered. The surgeon shook his head. "No. He doesn't feel anything." To the doctor, my father was a dead man. But I couldn't believe this. The flesh was struggling so desperately that it seemed impossible that the spirit was passive and uninvolved. I imagined Father caged up in his own skull, twisting round and round in the nightmare landscape of delirium, and screaming to me to let him out, screaming louder and louder with each oxygenized gasp. As I stretched out my arm toward him, the surgeon gripped it and guided me quietly out of the room.

SHE was waiting for us, standing beside the waiting-room fireplace, and when we came in she looked at me questioningly. I could find nothing to say, and my ears were so full of that imagined screaming that I felt no one would be able to hear me even if I did speak. I wondered whether she would go in and see him again herself, or if she, too, now managed to think of him as a dead man.

Dr. O'Neill started buttoning his overcoat. "I'm afraid there's nothing more I can do, Mrs. Campbell," he said. "As I told you before, it's only a matter of hours—minutes, perhaps." He glanced at his watch. "It's three o'clock now. He can't possibly last beyond six at the latest, and I should be very much surprised if he hangs on till then. It's a great pity. I did everything I could to save him."

"I know you did," she answered. "Thank you so much."

He shook hands with us both, more quickly than was altogether necessary, I thought, picked up his hat and gloves, and went out. A death-bed vigil was clearly not included in his fee.

I felt very sorry for her and would have liked to stay with her. Also, there was a piquancy about the rôle of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comforter which was rather fascinating. But Mother's anxiety oppressed me, and for her sake I knew that I must get away as soon as possible. I looked round the room uneasily.

"I'm sorry to leave you alone like this," I said, "but my place now is with my mother." The absurdly pompous phrase was quite spontaneous. It sprang out of the melodrama of the situation, and for a hysterical second I felt myself right in character, playing the scene as it ought to be played. But she turned to me and spoiled my exit by saying, "How is she taking this? I'm afraid she must be very upset." The genuine, wholly unabashed concern in her voice ended my play-acting. What rule-abiding "other woman" would ask a question like that, and what injured daughter would reply as I did? "Yes, I'm afraid she is," I said. "It was a terrible shock to her, and she hasn't been at all well lately. We've had a lot of worry, you know."

Who should know better than she that we'd had a lot of worry? The whole conversation was rushing into fantasy. Any minute, I felt, I might begin asking her to tea and a quiet chat with Mother. To prevent this, I again prepared to say goodbye, but she was fiddling with some papers on a table at the far side of the room. As I hesitated, she turned around and came toward me, saying, "Mary, you do believe me, don't you, when I say that I have never borne you any malice?"

I was so astounded that I don't think I replied at all. If I did, I have no idea what my answer was. It was quite understandable that her view of her own behavior should be very different from my mother's view of it. I was even inclined to agree with her a little, since Mother's opinion was naturally biassed. But I really did feel that if there were to be any indulging in malice, that privilege was surely mine.

She went on quickly, "Your father and I used to talk about you a lot, and you had a part in all our plans. I know he would have liked to think that you came here tonight." She paused a moment to get the better of her tears. "He made a new will yesterday and everything is settled, but he wanted you to have half a dozen of his books. He was always very fond of his books."

This last phrase finally scattered my hopes of having come upon a grand passion. It revealed her mind as so infinitely alien that I wondered how Father, with his arrogant intellectual fastidiousness, had managed in his second marriage to reconcile the demands of body and brain.

She went on talking—interminably, it now seemed to me—arranging that I should call her up, should go to her apartment and choose the books, and so on. But I had ceased to listen. I thought only of how I could escape. And at last I did, shaking her hand and trying to blot out her tear-stained face with the damning phrase "He was always very fond of his books."

I REMEMBER nothing of my journey home, except that I walked and it was very cold. I spent the rest of the night in Mother's bed, waiting for the sound of my father's breathing to cease. Even after six o'clock that morning, the surgeon's outside limit, I could still hear it, and for several weeks afterward it would suddenly come between me and the noises of everyday life, till I was thankful that he had chosen to be cremated and so dispersed his lungs from everywhere but my memory.

—MARGARET ARMOUR

•

"*Do I!*"

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

LAFAYETTE, IND. (AP)—Two women complained to Police Sgt. Cecil Baker that a dog was in their car and would not get out. He removed the dog, who was wearing a tag with the name of Alvin Fay. Baker telephoned him. "Put the dog on the phone," Fay said, "and I'll talk to him." Baker was dubious but obeyed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

PHILOSOPHER

JEAN WAHL, the French philosopher, poet, and Sorbonne professor who has been called by Jacques Maritain "the best philosopher among the professors of philosophy in the Sorbonne" and has been more precisely described by another eminent French scholar, Georges Gurvitch, as "the most important philosophical thinker of the French intellectuals between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-seven," is a mild, soft-spoken, almost invisible man of fifty-seven, just over five feet tall, who does not look substantial enough to withstand the rudeness of a March wind. It is a source of wonder, both to his old friends and to those who have met him since he came to this country, in 1942, that so frail and helpless-looking a person, equipped with little more than a talent for abstract thinking and poetry, could survive the experiences that befell him after the collapse of France—a stay in prison, a term in a concentration camp, and an escape from Paris, where the Germans had orders to shoot him on sight, to what was then Unoccupied France. Wahl rarely talks about these adventures. He would rather discuss philosophy and poetry. It was philosophy and poetry, more than anything else, that sustained him while he was in prison and concentration camp, and they have been almost as helpful in sustaining him since he has been in exile in the United States. During this latter period, he has been simultaneously on the faculties of three institutions of learning—Mount Holyoke, Smith, and the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes, in New York. The Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes, generally called the Ecole Libre, is the Franco-Belgian university-in-exile organized in 1941 by the New School for Social Research. Some of the most famous scholars of France and other occupied countries have been on its faculty. Many of them have now returned to Europe; some, like Wahl, are waiting for transportation back home.

Wahl, a professor of philosophy at the Ecole Libre, also teaches philosophy at Mount Holyoke. He lives in South Hadley, Massachusetts, where Mount Holyoke is, and until the end of April commuted several times a week to Northampton, a few miles away, to give a series of lectures on French literature at Smith. He comes to New York about once a month to lecture at the Ecole Libre. His academic duties take up much of his time, and he has found that shuttling between South Hadley, Northampton, and New York uses up a lot of what is left. During the past three years, however, in his odd moments, he has made a selection of his poems, in French, for a volume that will soon appear in Canada, has written articles for *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research* and other learned magazines, and has composed enough poetry in English, which he knows almost as well as he knows French, to fill another book. He is the author of six books on philosophical subjects: "The Rôle of the Idea of the Instant in the Philosophy of Descartes," "Pluralist Philosophies of England and America," "A Study on the Parmenides of Plato," "The Unhappy Consciousness in the Philosophy of Hegel," "Towards the Concrete," and "Studies in Kierkegaard." The two that are best known are his "Pluralist Philosophies" and the "Studies in Kierkegaard." The first of these, which has been translated into English, is generally regarded in philosophical circles as one of the best books on pragmatism ever written, and the second is, in many respects, the most authoritative study that has yet been made of the Danish philosopher and mystic who at the moment is as fashionable among the more advanced of the younger English and American intellectuals as Kafka, Rilke, Eliot, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Henry James. Wahl has also had two volumes of poetry published—"Knowledge Without Knowledge," which was brought out in Paris in 1938, and "Poems of the Prison and the Camp," a collection of some of the poems he wrote during his two terms of imprisonment, which was printed clandestinely in Lyon after he had reached this country.

PHILOSOPHERS, like roulette players, fall into two classifications—those who have systems and those who haven't. Wahl is one of those who haven't. It is agreed among philosophers that he is a "philosopher of existence." There are many definitions of this kind of philosopher, but what is meant, in general, is that he is a philosopher who makes use of personal experience much as a poet does. Philosophers of existence have been relatively few. The most famous of them are Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, and Martin Heidegger, a contemporary German thinker who was once a pet of the Nazis but fell from grace. Wahl, in a recent paper called "Realism, Dialectic, and the Transcendent," describes the philosopher of existence as "the poet-thinker, the thinker-poet." Between about the middle and the end of the nineteenth century, he explains in this document, all the frames of classical philosophizing were shattered. "Let us consider Nietzsche and Kierkegaard," he goes on to say. "Both seek real eternity in the instant, the instant of the Kierkegaardian repetition and resurrection, the instant of the eternal recurrence for Nietzsche. The instant of the one and the other, which is perhaps the same instant at bottom, is a fusion of the three aspects and, as Heidegger says, the three ecstasies of temporality; the past, the future, and the present. . . . The dialectic of Nietzsche and Kierkegaard is an affective and pathetic rather than an intellectual dialectic. Theirs is lived and felt. It goes from thesis to antithesis, but the synthesis is unattainable, except in rapture and unconsciousness. The synthesis cannot be formulated in words; even the thesis and antithesis cannot. We are in the realm of immediacy, not in that of mediation." After that, his ideas begin to get complicated.

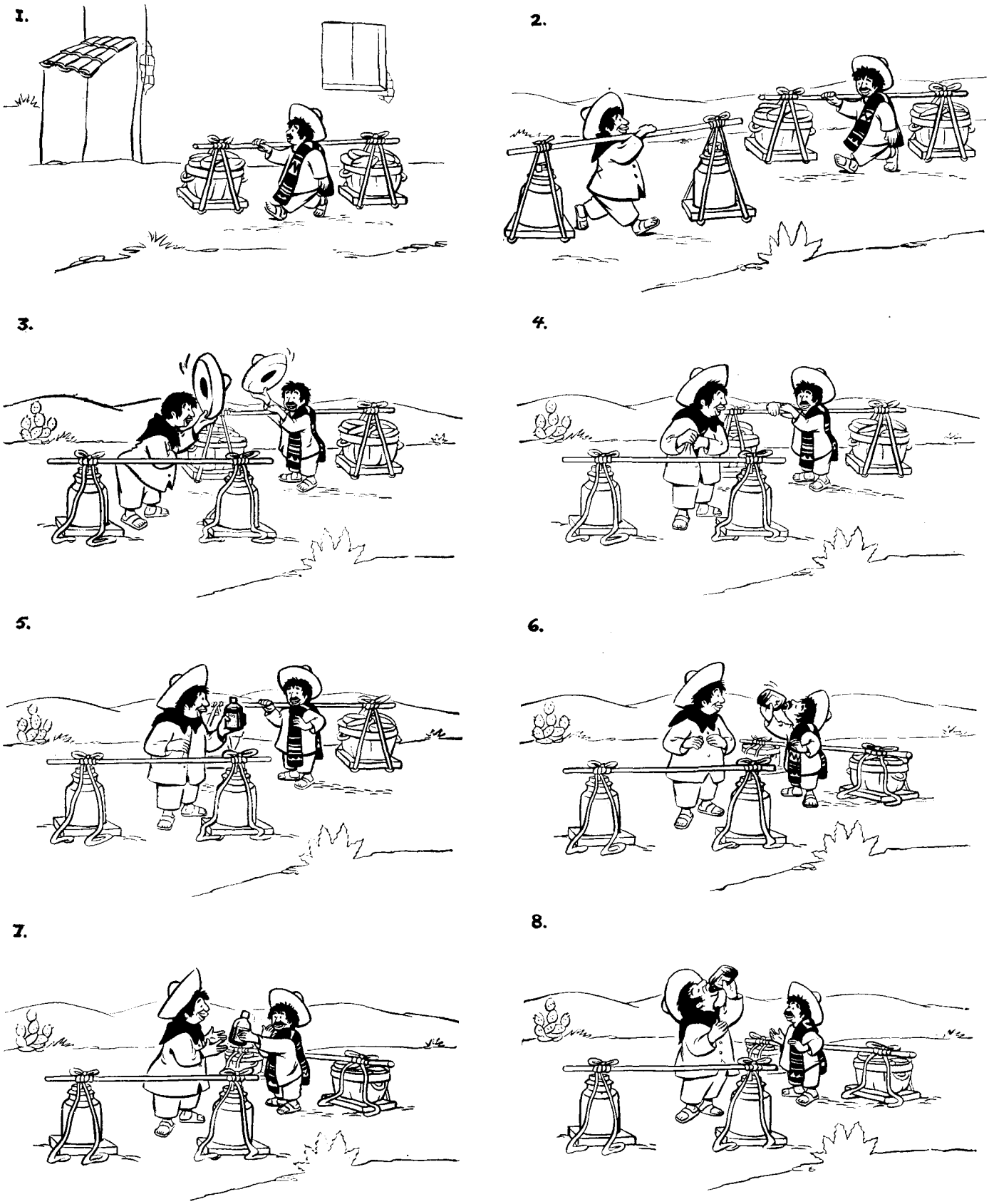
Jean Wahl

Wahl has been occupied with such considerations for forty-two years—ever since, a boy of fifteen, he heard the call to philosophy while he was in the act of putting on his pants. The details of that occasion are still very clear to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. One moment he was standing in his room half dressed, without any pants on, and the next moment he was fully clothed. The boy with the pants on, it occurred to him, could not be said to be the same person, in the philosophical sense, as the boy with the pants off. This homely illustration of the rather complex philosophical concept of discontinuity, or sudden change, which he had already picked up at his *lycée*, overwhelmed him. He gave up the idea of being a language teacher, the career he had planned to follow, and decided to become a philosopher instead. He also decided, since philosophy is one of the least marketable of commodities and since even philosophers must eat, to be a professor of philosophy as well.

Wahl's life, until its pattern was temporarily disarranged by the Nazis, was a steady progress from one classroom to another. After graduating from the Lycée Janson de Sailly in Paris, at



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which his father, Edmond, was a professor of English (Edmond started teaching his son English when the boy was eleven, using "Alice in Wonderland" as a text), Wahl spent two years at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, where he prepared for the Ecole Normale Supérieure. After three years in the Ecole Normale, he graduated, in 1910, at the head of his class and was admitted to the teaching profession. His first post was in a *lycée* in St. Quentin, an industrial town a hundred miles north of Paris. The next year he was granted a fellowship that enabled him to go back to Paris, where he lived for the next three years, until the first World War.

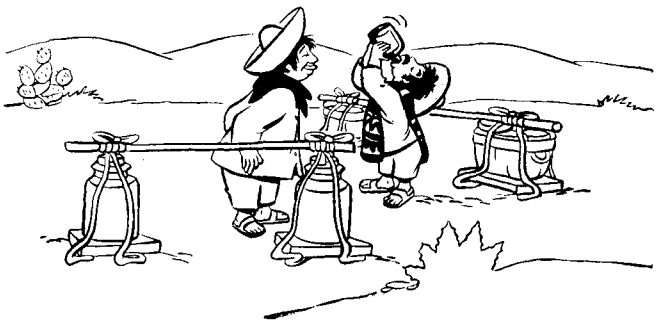
Wahl's academic career, from the beginning of that war (he was rejected for military service in 1914) to the fall of France in this one, continued without interruption. *Lycée* by *lycée* (Nantes, Tours), university by university (Besançon, Nancy, Lyon), he followed the path that led to his appointment, in 1936, to a professorship at the Sorbonne. Then, like a jurist who achieves the United States Supreme Court or a teacher who reaches a full professorship at Harvard, he began quietly to enjoy the rewards of sober attainment. He held his classes, wrote his books, talked with his friends, and went to the salons, the musicales, and the soirées. He also became a contributor to *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, one of the most famous of French magazines, and a member of the group of French intellectuals that included André Gide, Paul Valéry, and André Malraux. Like many philosophers, he hasn't quite made up his mind about the exact meaning of time. However, whatever time is, those days in Paris now seem very far away.

Wahl, who was born in Marseille in 1888, looks considerably younger than he is. His face is modelled along the lines of Mr. Punch's. He has the same large nose, the same owlish eyes, the same wide mouth, with its suggestion of a permanent smile. His diminutive stature makes the resemblance all the more startling. "It's hard to believe he's real, if you know what I mean," one of his students at Mount Holyoke wrote her parents after attending his class for the first time. "It's as though he were on strings." Everything about Wahl's classroom behavior bolsters the illusion that his movements are controlled by unseen hands. Something of a hypochondriac, and possessed of a Latin fear of drafts, he frequently interrupts the procedure of his classes by rushing to a window or door and closing it. As he does this, he gives the impression of hurtling through space, and when he goes to the dictionary to look up the pronunciation of an English word, he attacks rather than consults it.

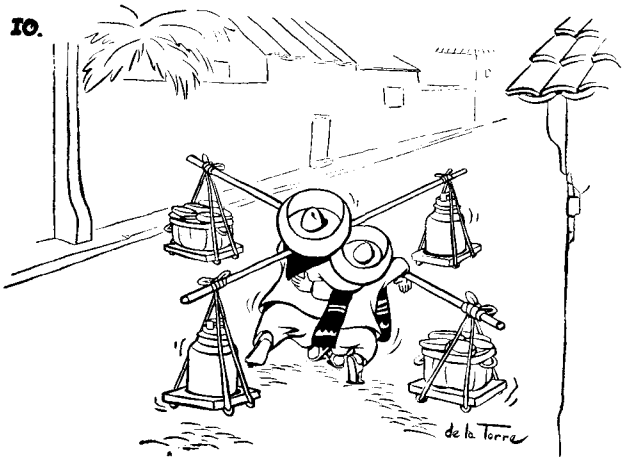
Wahl, a bachelor, lives on the third floor of a faculty apartment house, near the Mount Holyoke campus, that is occupied by twenty-two women and three men. His quarters, like those he had in Paris, are notorious for their disorder. The confusion is so complete, so final, that, like the rubble of a ruined town, it takes on a certain desperate harmony. One of his friends, a Frenchman, has a theory to explain the wild scramble of books and papers that litters Wahl's apartment. "French professors," he says, "have much more paperwork to do than professors in America have. Their homes are islands of furniture surrounded by seas of examination papers. As the son of a French professor, Wahl grew up with such disorder; it is impossible for him to grow out of it even if he wanted to. But he does not want to. It is a link with his past, with his boyhood and his home."

Unlike those philosophers who rarely venture into the world, such as Whitehead and Santayana, Wahl is a very social person. The only complaint he has to make of South Hadley and Northampton is that they are short of entertainment. He tries to make the best of this situation by going to every campus function, from lectures to amateur theatricals, and by hunting for amusement in Holyoke, a mill town four miles from South Hadley. He finds that its resources are also limited, but he has managed to do fairly well by attending Polish-American socials, political rallies, bowling matches, and a Duke Ellington dance. When Wahl goes to New York, he launches upon a mild frenzy of activity that keeps him busy all day. He generally stays at a small, inexpensive hotel on upper Broadway, but he is rarely there. He goes to the theatres, the movies, the museums, the art galleries, the homes of friends, and the shooting galleries on Sixth Avenue. These sprees sometimes leave him physically exhausted, but he gains considerable stimulation from them. It is in such places, small principalities of what he has called the "realm of immediacy," that he comes upon the fresh and authentic human experience in which, as a philosopher of existence, he is most interested. Such areas of human activity, as he has written, though in another connection, "are very far indeed from the Hegelian dialectic, with its solemn and regular march from thesis to antithesis . . . hence, we can approach a general conception of what a non-Hegelian dialectic might be. . . . The Hegelian dialectic leads us toward the vision of a whole. But the dialectic which we have come to discern dimly remains in partialities and particularities, in parcels and parts, in crumbs. . . . One might speak here of a logic of pure quality (really, the pure illogic of quality), where the more is not more than the less, and which would not render our view of the world richer, but which would lead

9.



10.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us toward a sort of nude and blind contact with the Other."

In the world of philosophy, where one man's truth is often another man's folly, observations like this one frequently arouse considerable protest and antagonism. Not long ago, in a lecture before a gathering of scholars at Harvard, Wahl started an academic free-for-all; his twentieth-century mysticism, which stands in roughly the same relation to orthodox philosophy as Surrealist painting does to representative art, didn't go over so well. "But this means confusion!" thundered one philosopher. "Do you want us to return to *that!*" Wahl looked down from the platform with the expression of a man who ought to be ashamed of himself but isn't. He pursed his lips and thought for a moment. "Yes," he said meekly. "Yes."

When faced with the small problems of everyday existence, Wahl gives the impression that no return to confusion is necessary, that confusion simply *is*. This is never more apparent than just before he has to leave South Hadley to make one of his trips to New York. This journey involves little more than a train ride of four hours, but he gives it enormous consideration. His eyes take on a distant, preoccupied look, a troubled frown creases his forehead, his lips are pressed together in a thin, worried line. Plans are made and then discarded. He seeks out his colleagues and asks their advice—should he go to the railroad station in Holyoke by bus or by taxi; what train should he take; what must he do if he finds himself without a hotel reservation in New York; what kind of weather should he prepare for; how much luggage should he take? This last question, for which he reserves his deepest pondering, is more or less academic. He never makes the trip from South Hadley with less than three large suitcases and has been known, when coming to New York for a two-week stay, to carry as many as six. In addition to his necessary articles of clothing, his suitcases contain books, manuscripts, letters, other papers, and, during the winter months, an extra overcoat. He carries these things with him, he says, because one never knows when certain things, including a spare overcoat, will be needed. He was acting on this principle when he left Paris on his dash to Unoccupied France with as much luggage as if he were starting out for a vacation on the Riviera. When reminded that people who are fleeing for their lives generally travel light, he has an answer. "Perhaps these things are arranged differently now," he says. "I know one man who fled from the Nazis with a grand piano."

ON the morning of June 13, 1940, when the first advance units of the German Army were entering Paris, Wahl was caught in the disintegration of the life of a great city. It seemed wise for him to leave Paris, since he is a Jew and the Nazis could not be expected to be more tolerant of French Jews than of German Jews, but he could not get himself into motion. He has a deep reluctance to move from wherever he happens to be, and this reluctance dragged like a weight on the promptings of common sense. He went searching for his friends to get their advice. Everyone he knew seemed to have fled; the bells rang in empty rooms. The hush of occupation was settling upon the city.

Wahl was living in the Hôtel des Beaux-Arts, a little establishment just off the Boulevard St. Germain, not far from the Sorbonne. His official address, however, was 40 Avenue du Colonel Bonnet, a pleasant street in the Passy section of Paris. His father, who had retired from teaching and had remarried after the death of Wahl's mother, had an apartment there. Wahl lived with his father and stepmother for a time after he returned to Paris to teach at the Sorbonne, but finally he felt compelled to move. He is extremely sensitive to noises, and the sounds of the birds in Passy got on his nerves; he felt there would be less racket in a hotel. After he moved to the Hôtel des Beaux-Arts, he didn't bother to notify anybody about his change of address; it seemed philosophically unimportant.

When Wahl got back to his hotel after making the rounds of Paris, looking for the friends he couldn't find,

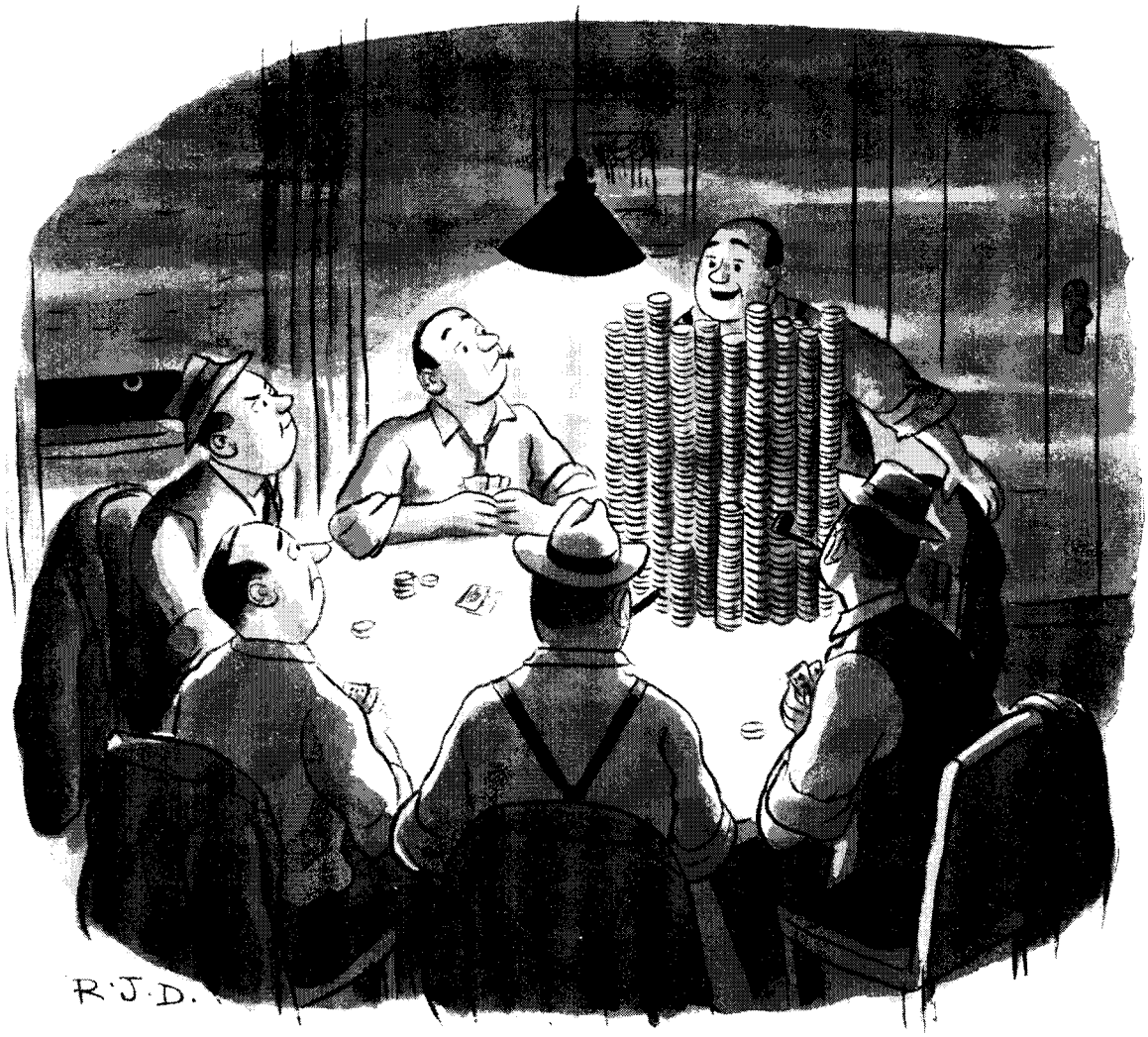
three Chinese students of his were waiting for him. They told him it was dangerous for him to remain in Paris and that he should leave at once; they promised to see him to his destination. After debating the situation, he finally agreed to go with them to Mâcon, which is not far from Lyon. A younger brother, Paul, a civil engineer, lived there, and his father and stepmother were already with him. Wahl gathered up the things he thought he might need; they filled four suitcases and weighed about twice as much as he did. The three Chinese students distributed the burden among themselves and, since the whole transportation system of Paris had broken down, they all walked to the Gare de Lyon, where they managed to squeeze aboard a train. It was one of the last trains to leave Paris until the armistice. After a jerky but otherwise uneventful trip of eleven hours, the train pulled into Mâcon. The three Chinese students carried Wahl's four suitcases to the home of his brother and left him there.

Two months later, after the crumbling of the Third Republic, the setting up of Vichy, and the division of France into two zones—Mâcon was in the free zone—Wahl received word that the Sorbonne was planning to go on as usual and that his old post was waiting for him. He gave the matter some thoughtful consideration and decided that it was safe to return. He reached Paris in August and went back to the Hôtel des Beaux-Arts; he felt a little annoyed with himself for ever having left. The Sorbonne opened quietly for the fall term and he began holding his classes again; he was particularly interested in a seminar he was giving on Martin Heidegger, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the Germans. The Germans were now in their "correct," or ingratiating, period, when they made a cult of surface politeness while beginning the reign of terror in France that is only now being fully exposed. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1940, there was a demonstration of Sorbonne students in the Place de la Concorde. The principal sentiment expressed was "Death to the Germans!" In reprisal, the Sorbonne was closed for a time. When it reopened, Wahl was no longer a member of the faculty. The Germans had decided that the time had come for all Jewish teachers in France to be dismissed from their posts.

Wahl's friends became concerned for his safety. The atmosphere of "correctness" was beginning to give way to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the chill of terror. The Gestapo had set up its headquarters on the Avenue Foch, in a splendid mansion it had appropriated, and in Paris there were now the same hushed whispers that had been woven into the fabric of occupation from Norway to Czechoslovakia. Wahl refused to leave town. It was a complicated thing, he protested, this business of crossing the border to Unoccupied France; besides, he preferred to remain where he was. One reason was that he was still holding his seminar on Martin Heidegger—his students were now attending classes in his room at the Hôtel des Beaux-Arts. Wahl understood that the Germans would probably disapprove of what he was doing, and might even shoot him if they caught him at it, but he continued. He took only one precaution. "If the Gestapo comes," he told his students, "it will not hurt to say that we are studying Heidegger. The Nazis at one time thought highly of him."



"I'm quitting, fellows. I can't see what's going on."

• •

Wahl became more social than ever during these months. "There was a need," he explains now, "of seeing as many friends as possible." He went to the homes of friends to listen to the British broadcasts, attended meetings of de Gaullists, and spent a great deal of time at the Deux Magots. The Deux Magots, one of the nerve centers of the Left Bank, had become a hangout for some notorious pro-Germans. Wahl suspects that they were informers. He bases his suspicion on a simple chain of events. One evening, sitting in the Deux Magots, he was talking to friends about the collaborationist policy of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. He said he had refused to contribute to it any longer and was glad that so many other writers had taken the same stand. Two days later, a young woman who was occupying his father's apartment in Passy brought him a letter that had been sent to him there. It was a summons to appear for questioning before the Gestapo on the Avenue Foch. He asked his friends what he should do. They gave him the only advice possible—either try to get to the unoccupied zone or find out what the Gestapo wanted. He said he would find out what it wanted. Two of his students went to the Avenue Foch headquarters with him and waited outside while he went in. He was carrying an umbrella and three books. One of the books was an English edition of "Moby Dick."

About an hour later he reappeared without his umbrella or his books. The two students, still waiting on the sidewalk, noticed that there were bruises on his face. He was in the custody of a police official, who led him to an automobile. "I am being taken to prison!" he called out to his students. "They are taking me to La Santé!" He had been arrested on a charge of "impertinence;" he had denied, in his interview with the chief of the Gestapo in Paris, a man named Danecker, who later became notorious for his brutality, that he was a dirty Jew. But Danecker, in addition to finding Wahl impertinent, seemed to know everything he had said against the collaborationist policy of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. Wahl's secret meetings with his students were not mentioned.

DURING Wahl's stay in La Santé, the thing that he missed most, aside from his freedom, was a pencil. The thing that most disturbed him, aside from his knowledge that all the prisoners in La Santé were looked upon by the Germans as hostages to be shot in retaliation for any act of violence committed against the invaders, was the noise. Imprisonment means solitude, but solitude, he discovered, does not necessarily mean quiet. The noises of the prison were of two kinds—the sounds of the day and the sounds of the night. The sounds of the day began at dawn—the clanging of iron doors, the fall of hobnailed boots as the guard was changed,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grating of keys in locks, the clatter of tin dishes as the inmates were given their breakfast of stale bread and a dubious fluid that went by the name of coffee, the steady pacing of the sentinels who guarded the cells. The sounds of the night were of a different kind, more human yet more disembodied. The walls of La Santé were too thick for the prisoners to communicate with each other through them, even by those tappings that are so important in the literature of imprisonment, so at night they spoke to each other from the windows of their cells, calling out into the dark the things that were most on their minds. One man, night after night, spoke of his wife and children, another of his little farm, a third about his art collection. "I have a Titian and an El Greco," he would say. "They are better than anything in the Louvre." But the chief concern of these nocturnal voices was the question that tormented all the prisoners—what was to become of them? Having been told nothing about their fate, they could only speculate. These speculations took in the entire range of human temperament, from those of the pessimists, who were certain it was only a matter of hours or days before they would all face a firing squad, to those of the optimists, who kept insisting (rather desperately, Wahl thought) that deliverance would come. One day, feeling that the suspense was no longer tolerable, Wahl simply asked one of the guards what was going to happen to him. "You will remain here for two years," the guard said. "Then you will be sent to a concentration camp and shot."

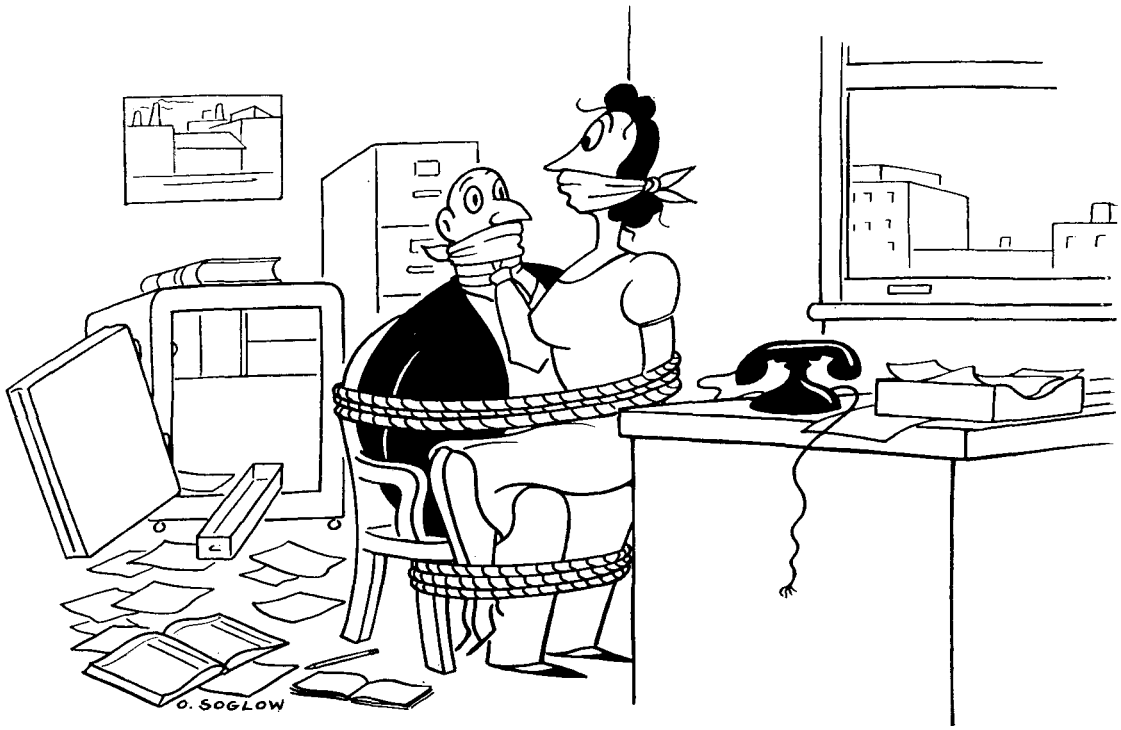
There was one noise, common to both the day and night, that came closer to shattering Wahl's morale than anything else. This was the striking of the prison clock. Wahl, who had found it necessary to move from Passy to escape the chattering of the birds, was driven almost frantic by the tolling. More than two hundred iron clangings echoed through the prison every day. He kept wishing he had a pencil and some paper. He felt that if he had them, he could endure even the striking of the clock. He also wanted books. For the first ten days he was in prison, he heard nothing from the outside world. He kept his spirits up by writing poems in his mind and trying to remember them—a method of composition used by many French writers in similar situations. It has been described by Louis Aragon as having only the night for ink and memory to serve as paper. Wahl had not been forgotten, however. On the eleventh day of his imprisonment, he received a parcel of books, brought to La Santé by one of his students. The parcel was wrapped in brown paper. When he saw the paper, he remembered that he had a needle stuck in the lapel of his coat, and with the needle he began scratching out his poems on the sheet of brown paper. He still has it. The marks made by the needle are visible, but the faint scratchings are undecipherable, even to their author. "Those," he says, smiling, "are my best poems."

A few days after the parcel of books arrived, Wahl was lined up with a group of fellow-prisoners and taken to the prison yard for the fifteen-minute period of exercise that had become part of the prison's daily routine. Conversation was forbidden in the yard and the prisoners were required to stand several feet apart. Whispered communication was possible, however. Wahl, by now, was obsessed with the idea of getting a pencil. He had been manhandled just the day before by a guard who suspected he had one, but he decided to take a chance. "Have you a pencil?" he whispered to the man standing nearest him. The man glanced at him and then glanced toward the guard. He slipped a hand into his shirt and brought out a pencil, snapped it in two, and gave one of the pieces to Wahl. "It was a brave and generous thing for him to do," Wahl says. "I deeply regret that I did not have time to thank him and that should I happen to see him tomorrow, I might not be able to recognize his face." In his cell that night, while the voices of the prisoners talking out the windows drifted through the dark, Wahl tore out the end papers of the books he had received and tried to transcribe the poems he had scratched with the needle. He could decipher only one of them. It has been translated into English by one of his acquaintances.

Evening in the Walls

You are with me this evening, all my friends.
I hear your voices in the dark, I see your faces.
My power is made of all your little powers.
And as I think of you I gather strength.

Now that he had a pencil and some books to read, Wahl found life in La Santé a little more bearable. There were many indignities, however. The guards frequently threatened to take his books away, saying that a Jew had no right to read, and finally one of them actually did; he was the guard who had mistreated Wahl because he thought he had a pencil. Wahl got his books back a few days later from another guard, somewhat higher in the prison hier-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Call to Perfection

CLEANSE . . . REFRESH . . . SMOOTH

Here are the Elizabeth Arden Essentials, the basic elements of daily beauty routine, the very foundation of good grooming. They represent Cleansing, Refreshing, Smoothing with the incomparable Elizabeth Arden Preparations with which every woman can keep herself lovely, make herself prettier. If you have never used Elizabeth Arden Preparations, here is a thrilling experience for you. They will help you keep your skin fresh, clear and lovely. For pleasure in use—for delicious fragrance, delightful texture —these essentials are without parallel. The best preparations are an economy, you use less...they last longer.

ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM . . . a feathery cream for thorough cleansing . . . 1.00, 3.00, 6.00
ARDENA SKIN LOTION . . . to be patted on briskly after cleansing 85, 2.00, 3.75, 9.00, 15.00
ARDENA FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM . . . for the oily skin; use with Skin Lotion . . . 1.00, 3.00, 6.00
ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM . . . for dry skin; used nightly, its rich qualities seem to give the skin what it needs . . . 1.00, 1.75, 2.75, 4.25, 8.00
ARDENA SPECIAL ASTRINGENT . . . helps tighten flaccid skin . . . 2.25, 4.00, 10.00, 20.00, 35.00
ARDENA VELVA CREAM MASK . . . a quick pick-up for tired faces . . . 2.00, 5.00
ARDENA ALL-DAY FOUNDATION . . . holds your powder firm and even all day long . . . 1.00
ILLUSION POWDER . . . the famous precision blended powder . . . 1.75 and 3.00
CAMEO POWDER . . . to use over Illusion Powder for an exquisitely transparent effect, or used alone for an oily skin . . . 1.75, 3.00
(prices plus taxes)

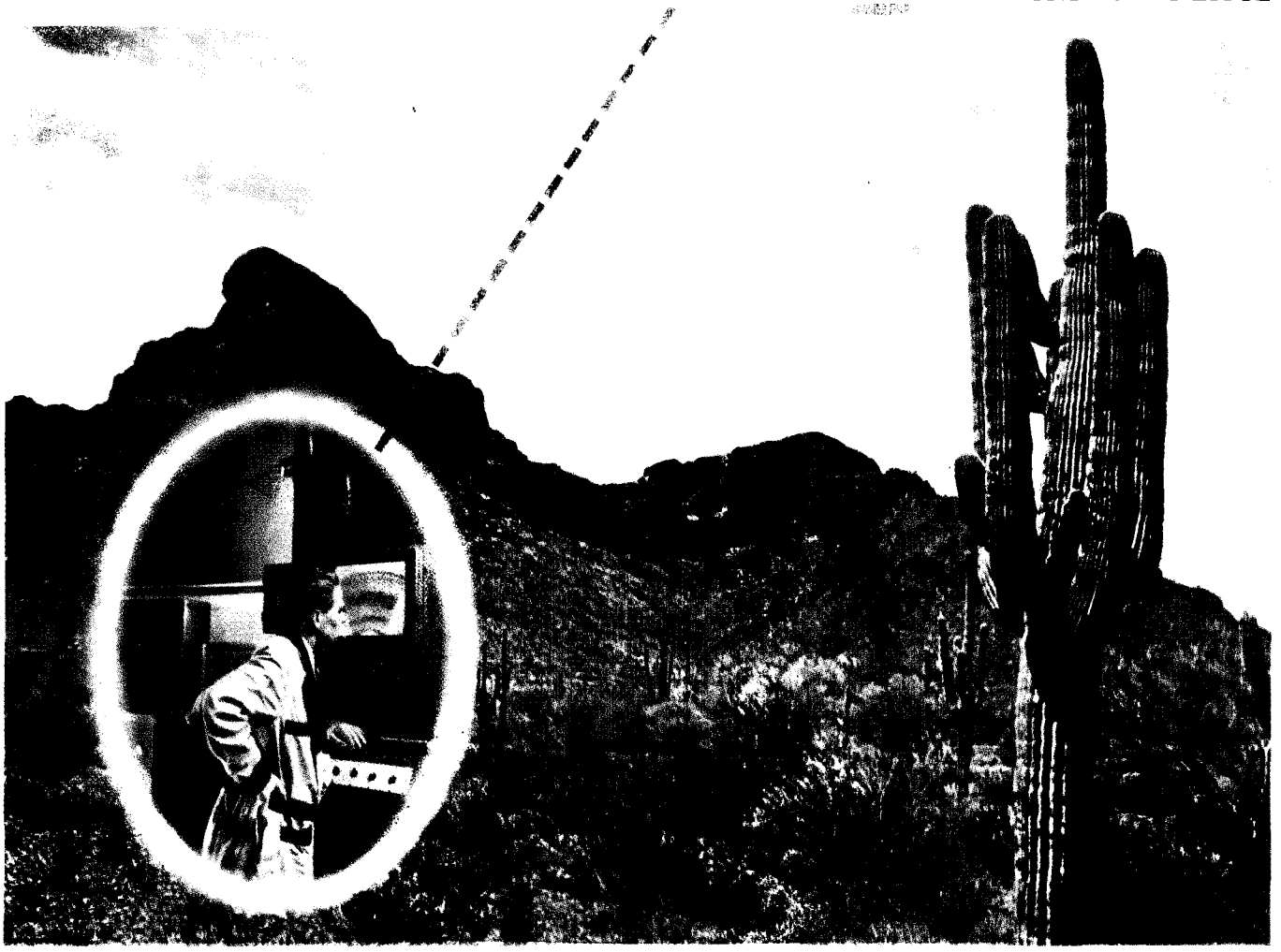
Elizabeth Arden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN THE LABORATORY

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



Through a window in the "laboratory desert," a Chrysler engineer studies the effects of dust on a truck part

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Imagination upsets geography, confounds the weatherman. It brought a desert to Detroit to help us equip Army vehicles for dry and dusty battlefields.

Imagination invented this "desert in a laboratory" where we duplicate dust conditions on order, to test the dust-proofing of vital equipment and parts for tanks, guns, trucks, cars.

Thick dust can stall a tank, or your car, if its electrical parts are not well protected. So can rain, and extremes of heat or cold.

In our laboratories, *imagination* is always searching better ways to protect products against weather and driving conditions. This artificial desert is one of many devices *imagination* has created for test and development work.

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation. Its discoveries and ideas, like all this company's resources, are shared by all our Divisions.

Imagination contributes to the guns, tanks, B-29 engines, rockets and other military items we produce in large volume.

Before the war, this same *imagination* added unusual value to the things we made for you. It put more than 60 high-price features into the Plymouth car, for example, without sacrificing economy or low cost.

In peace, it can again go to work to improve cars and trucks.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Plymouth
DODGE
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES PROGRAM THURSDAYS, C.B.S., 9 P.M., E.W.T.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archy, which so angered the first guard that he threw a pail of dirty water into Wahl's face when he was mopping the floor of his cell. Philosophy, during these days, was not nearly so much of a staff as poetry, but Wahl found that it had its uses. He had a prolonged philosophical argument with himself about what he should shout as he faced the firing squad he considered inevitable —whether it should be "*Vive la France Libre!*" or simply "*Vive la France!*" He finally settled, after several days of consideration, upon "*Vive la France!*" France, he had decided, *meant* Free France; there was no reason, in one's last words, to be redundant.

WAHL was held in La Santé for thirty-six days; then, in August, 1941, he was sent to the concentration camp the Germans had set up at Drancy, just outside Paris. It consisted of twenty barracks, housing thirty-five hundred men. They were all Jews, and the Germans treated them with characteristic harshness. "In that respect," Wahl recalls, "it was worse than the prison. There were people besides Jews in La Santé and the Germans take some care of people. They take no care whatsoever of Jews." Although Drancy later became almost as evil a concentration camp as any, there was no organized sadism in it while Wahl was there—just organized cruelty. The camp fare consisted of watery ersatz coffee and stale bread for breakfast, soup for dinner, more soup for supper. The soup was of the customary concentration-camp variety—warm water with a few scraps of vegetables in it. The prisoners soon began to look starved. Wahl, who has never weighed more than a hundred and ten pounds, lost around fifteen pounds. The hungry inmates argued that prison would be better. Wahl tried to convince them that they were wrong. "It is perhaps true that the food *is* better," he said. "But that is not the whole question. Here there is a certain amount of freedom, at least." Wahl's freedom in Drancy consisted of talking with his fellow-prisoners, giving a lecture on Bergson that was attended by three hundred men, and writing poetry. There was no rule here, as there was in prison, against having a pencil. During his stay in the camp he wrote a hundred poems. These are the English translations of a few of them:

Dash of Rhetoric

They'll not have me by hunger or by fear
And if they have me, it will be my bones;
And if someday they dress me finally
They'll find my body changed but not my heart.

Decayed Time

These days in prison seem a decayed time where
There slowly whirl the smells of something stale.
All is destroyed, discolored, half-dead, pale;
An old hope shivers far in the cold air.

Justice

Little by little in the night takes shape
A strong light that will judge all men someday.

Meanwhile, in New York, where the nucleus of the Ecole Libre was already being formed at the New School, plans were being made to bring Wahl to this country. He was appointed a professor of philosophy at the New School, even though he was in Drancy; and the Refugee Scholars Fund got to work in his behalf. This fund was set up in 1940 by the New School, with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Belgian-American Educational Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, and other agencies. Its purpose was to help European scholars whose lives were threatened by the Nazis to get to the United States. Out of the names of about a thousand submitted to it, a hundred were selected to be brought to America, if possible. It was not always possible. Seventy of the hundred, however, were finally brought over. Among them were Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Austrians, Czechs, Spaniards, Italians, and Poles. Some were Catholics, some were Protestants, some were Jews. They included economists, sociologists, anthropologists, jurists, historians, philosophers, philologists, physicists, biologists, chemists, psychologists, musicologists, papyrologists, architects, and painters.

Wahl heard about his appointment to the faculty of the New School while he was in Drancy. The head nurse of the camp, a Frenchwoman, told him about it. The news had come to her along a moderately complicated grapevine; she was the friend of a friend of one of Wahl's colleagues at the Sorbonne. The

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK
HENRY MILLER'S Thea. 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
CHICAGO
HARRIS THEATRE. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT · BETTY FIELD · AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS · HUGH MARLOWE · BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell
Dark OF THE Moon
A Dramatic Legend by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"Plenty for the money."—Nichols, Times
OLSEN & JOHNSON in
LAFFING ROOM ONLY!
with FRANK LIBUSE BETTY GARRETT WILLIE WEST & McGINTY
Production Designed by STEWART CHANEY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th. 2 Shows Sat. & Sun. 2:30 & 8:30

"Most entertaining murders in town." —Walter Winchell
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way.
Ci 6-9156 • EVGS. 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

letter informing him of his appointment had been sent to the university. Wahl did not believe the news until a letter from his brother, with whom he was now in communication, verified it. He received it apathetically; New York and the United States seemed to belong to another world. The nurse, however, was greatly impressed by the appointment. She warned Wahl to say nothing about it. "If the Germans hear of this," she said, "you will never get out of their hands."

It seemed most unlikely, at the time, that he would ever get out of their hands anyway. It seemed even more unlikely when dysentery swept the camp. Wahl, and nearly all the other prisoners, got it. The epidemic became so severe that the Nazis feared for the health of the German troops garrisoned in the neighborhood of Drancy as well as for the health of Paris itself. Proper hospitalization being impossible in the camp, the Germans decided to release some of the prisoners. Each barracks had its own doctor, recruited from the inmates, and these doctors were told to draw up a list of the sickest prisoners. Wahl was not listed. "It is hard to keep up one's hopes," he wrote to his brother that night, "but I am still able to do so. On the whole, I have had good luck in my life, and I will still have good luck. One must have some bad luck, along with the good luck, to make up a full life." His bad luck, though he didn't know it, was about to end. The head doctor at Drancy was a Frenchman. The list of prisoners to be released had to be approved by him. He had been told, by the head nurse, of Wahl's appointment to the faculty of the New School. He didn't know anything about the New School, but his respect for learning was enough to make him, unknown to the Germans, add Wahl's name to the list at the last minute. The next morning Wahl walked through the gates of Drancy. He had been in the camp sixty-four days.

WHEN Wahl reached Paris, he got in touch with his friends. He was urged to be prudent and go into hiding, but he merely went back to the Hôtel des Beaux-Arts, which seemed to him as good a hiding place as any. After three weeks, it was apparent that it was not. The young woman who was occupying his father's apartment telephoned him to say that a patrol of Germans had come to Passy looking for him; then he was told that Danecker had put his name on a list of public enemies who were to be shot on sight. Much

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

3RD YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie Royal Betty
ROYCE LANDIS BEAL CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"Always funny, sometimes profoundly touching." —CHAPMAN, Daily News
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation • Rockefeller Center
GREER GARSON * GREGORY PECK
"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

DO/MORE
Posture Chairs
CUSTOM FITTED
Write for Folder
DOMORE CHAIR COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. NY-5, ELKHART, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

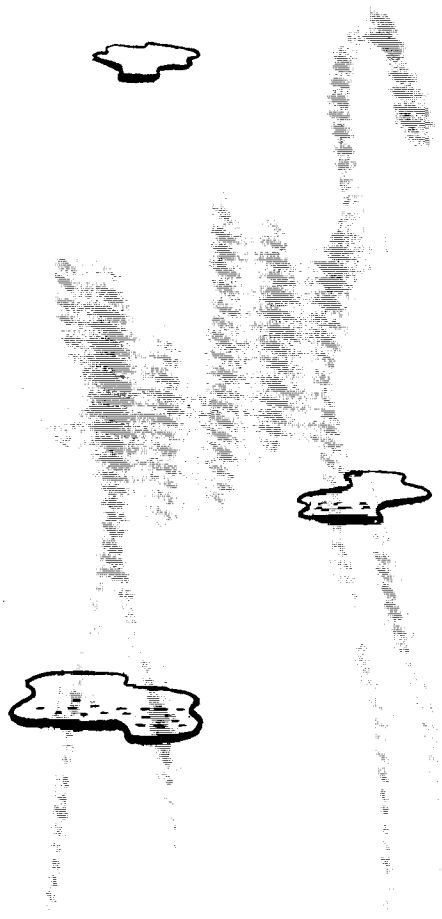
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!

Nor the power of the magazine
which has the largest
audited circulation of ANY magazine,
given it exclusively by women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Very like a whale"

HAMLET: *Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?*

POLONIUS: *By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.*

HAMLET: *Methinks it is like a weasel.*

POLONIUS: *It is backed like a weasel.*

HAMLET: *Or like a whale?*

POLONIUS: *Very like a whale.*

As a horrible example of the "yes" man, Polonius wins hands down; and, as such, should be a lesson to Advertising Counsel. He is to us.

Within our own organization and in our client-agency relations, we never say "yes" unless a combination of research, experience, and native intelligence proves that "Yes" is the answer.

Harold Cabot & Co., Inc.
Boston 9, Massachusetts
Portland 3, Maine

MEMBER: AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF ADVERTISING AGENCIES

as he hated the idea, much as he hated the thought of the complications involved, it began to be plain that he must try to get to Unoccupied France. His brother in Mâcon had reached the same conclusion. Unlike the philosopher, however, to whom a plan of action is quite a different thing from action itself, he had done something about it. One morning Wahl received a telephone call. A man, identifying himself as a friend of his brother's, asked him for an appointment. He suggested that they meet within an hour in front of a certain bank near the Place de l'Opéra. Wahl agreed. It was not until after he had hung up that he began to wonder if it was a trap. He decided it wasn't. If the Germans knew where to telephone him, he reasoned, they knew where to find him. He went to the bank and waited on the sidewalk outside. Soon a man came up. He carried a briefcase and looked like a lawyer or a minor official. He greeted Wahl affably and suggested that they go to a nearby café. As they walked to the café, he told Wahl of a plan that had been worked out to get him to Unoccupied France. It was a very simple one. Wahl was to take the train that left the Gare de Lyon at four o'clock the next morning and get off at a certain little town. The train would arrive there around three in the afternoon. He was to wait on the station platform until a man with an automobile came for him. The driver would give him further instructions. Wahl, after receiving these directions, went back to his hotel to get ready for the trip. First of all, he began to assemble the books and papers he thought he might need; they filled four suitcases. He had them sent to his brother by one of the employees of the hotel. Then he began to pack the things he was going to take with him. They filled three suitcases, one of which was as roomy as a small trunk. After supper in the hotel, he went calling on his friends to tell them goodbye.

Wahl left the city the next morning at four o'clock. Three of his friends went to the train with him, carrying his luggage. At three o'clock that afternoon, the train stopped at the little town. "I was told to forget the name of that town," Wahl says, "and I have done so to such an extent that I find it impossible to remember it." Wahl got up and began wrestling with his luggage in the aisle; he couldn't even stagger under the weight of it. Looking up from the uneven contest, he saw a German officer approaching him. He remembers the thick clot of fear that gathered in his throat. The German officer had no intention of arresting him, however; he had merely come to help him with his bags. The officer picked them up and put them on the station platform. "I dislike to admit that I have thanked a German for anything," Wahl says, "but I did thank him. It seemed, under the circumstances, the proper thing to do."

Wahl waited on the station platform. An hour passed, then another. He felt very conspicuous on the deserted platform, and began to think that something had gone wrong. At last an automobile drove up. A tall, thin man with a sunburned face got out and asked, "Is this Professor Wahl?" The sunburned man looked at the three suitcases. "Do these belong to you?" he asked. When Wahl said they did, he grunted and piled them into the car. Wahl got into the front seat and they drove off. They rode for an hour, until they came to a crossroads. A second automobile was waiting there. The man introduced Wahl to the driver of the second car, who looked like a peasant in his Sunday clothes. Wahl got in and the driver got in after him. "But my suitcases!" Wahl cried. "What about my suitcases?" "Forget about your suitcases," the man who had met him at the station said. "We will get them to you at your brother's. You may have to run for it yet."

Wahl rode in the second automobile for another hour. It was getting dark. They came to another crossroads, where a third automobile was waiting. It was driven by a short, hulking, preoccupied man who spoke only in monosyllables. He and Wahl rode through the darkness until they came to a little town. The driver stopped before a *bistro* and went into it. When he returned, he told Wahl he would have to spend the night in the village. The driver explained that the plan had been to get him over the border that night but that German patrols were operating in the neighborhood. Wahl spent the night in a house occupied by a small, nervous man and his slightly larger but equally nervous wife. They shared their evening meal of onion soup and bread with him, and showed him to a bedroom that had once belonged to their son, who was now a prisoner of war in Germany.

Wahl was awakened at dawn and given a breakfast of bread and coffee. The man and his wife talked in whispers and kept peeking through the curtained windows. The morning dragged on. At

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mais Oui

PRONOUNCED "MAY WE" — MEANS "BUT YES!"

the frankly flirtatious perfume

by BOURJOIS NEW YORK

PERFUME $1.50 TO $10.00 • EAU PARFUMÉE $1.50 • TALCUM 75c • ROUGE 75c
FACE POWDER $1.00 • LIPSTICK $1.25 • BATH POWDER $1.25 • (All Prices Plus Tax)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LISTEN: MAY 12, 1945

Staff memo from the desk of Paul White, CBS Director of News Broadcasts:

"Your assignment in San Francisco carries with it tremendous responsibilities. In the first full dress gathering of the United Nations, it is obvious that conflicts will develop. These conflicts, of course, constitute news and must be reported...But it would be a misfortune, indeed a catastrophe, if in our coverage of the news these conflicts should be magnified out of all proportion to their seriousness...I ask earnestly that every CBS broadcaster keep in mind the high stakes on the table at San Francisco. They may very well add up to the fate of mankind itself."

Variety called it "A 'White Paper' For Radio."

★

On Saturday, March 4, 1933 Harry Butcher, then general manager of Columbia's station in Washington (now WTOP) and Wells Church, special events director, worked over an introduction to Roosevelt's "bank holiday" broadcast, tried to figure out a title for it. They threw away a dozen suggestions as stuffy.

Butcher said: "Let's see, he's broadcasting from the Diplomatic Reception Room...There's a fireplace there...Maybe he could call it a fireside chat."

Then they invented an alternate phrase, more formal, and took both over to the White House. Some hours later the President's secretary, Marvin McIntyre, reported back:

"The President read them both. He says the one about the fireside chat is a honey. Let's go ahead and call it that. I think maybe you put a new phrase in the American language."

So the next night Robert Trout, CBS reporter, introduced the first of the President's "Fireside Chats"—the same Trout who at 9 p.m. EWT, April 12, 1945, broadcast one of the most stirring tributes to his friend of any on the air.

★

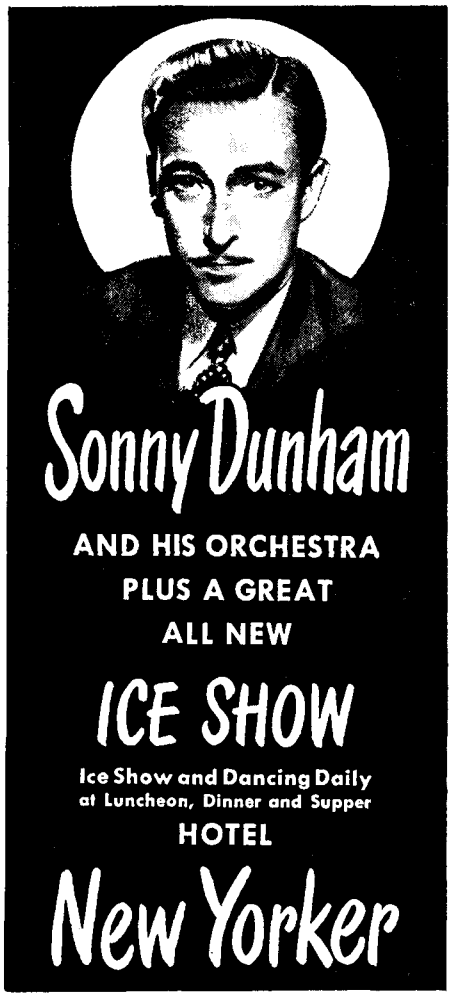
Please remember to buy that War Bond

This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

ten o'clock, the driver of the third automobile came to the house on foot. He and the man of the house had a short consultation, after which they went off. Half an hour later, the man of the house returned. Everything, he told Wahl, had been arranged. Time dragged on again. Wahl heard the clock in the church strike eleven. The last stroke was still on the air when a delivery van drew up before the house. On the side of the van was painted the head of a bull and the name of a butcher. It was driven by a young man who wore a thick gray sweater and a gray cap. He walked to the back of the truck and opened the doors. The man in the house was watching from a window. "Now!" he said to Wahl. "Quickly!" Wahl ran out and got into the van. The young man closed the doors behind him and the van started off.

There was a slit in the forward wall of the van. The young man spoke to Wahl through it. Their destination, he explained, was a farmhouse most conveniently located for enterprises of this kind. Its front door was in Occupied France, its back door in the free zone. He would stop his truck before the house; *Monsieur le professeur* would go through the front door and out of the back door. It would be as simple and easy as that. The young man had hardly finished explaining the simplicity of the scheme when the truck stopped. Wahl heard a man speaking to the driver. It was dangerous, the man said, to go on any further. The Germans had taken possession of the farmhouse and had arrested the farmer who owned it. The driver swore. Then the doors of the van swung open. The man who had stopped the truck stood in the sunlight on the road. "We looked at each other and said nothing," Wahl recalls. "By his very silence, however, I understood that he wanted me to go with him. I got out of the truck and we started running." Wahl and his guide ran across the fields for three miles. Then the guide stopped. Wahl realized that they had crossed the border. "There was," he says, "the impression of freedom in the air."

AFTER staying for a time with his brother and parents in Mâcon, where all his seven suitcases showed up in time, Wahl went to Lyon, where he had once taught at the university. His old colleagues were glad to see him. He was officially welcomed to the university by the dean, invited to attend faculty meetings, and even gave a public lecture on Kierkegaard. He liked living in



REQUIRED READING FOR CAREER GIRLS

Send today for your copy of this beautifully illustrated booklet. Discover why talent thrives at The Barbizon—in the midst of social, recreational and cultural activities. Ask for booklet E.

Tariff: From $2.25 per day
From $12.50 per week

The Barbizon
NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63rd ST., NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lyon and didn't want to leave France; it was not until early in 1942, when it was becoming more and more apparent that the Germans would eventually occupy all of France, that he decided to come to this country. It took several months for him to get hold of the necessary papers, but finally, in June, he sailed from Marseille to the United States on a Portuguese ship. He reached America on July 30th, exactly a year after he had been arrested and sent to La Santé by the Nazis.

Now, in his cluttered rooms, arranging his books and papers, he is making preparations to return to France. The French have no word that means precisely the same thing as "homesick." It is not impossible, however, that men like Wahl, who have been living for the past several years with their bodies in one place and their hearts in another, may now find it necessary to invent one. Wahl, excited though he is about returning to France, does not let his excitement run away with him. "Moving from one country to another is a very complicated thing," he said to a friend a few nights ago, glancing at the scholastic chaos in which he lives. "I have my books and my papers. I want them to return to France with me. It is difficult, most difficult, to estimate how many suitcases I will need."

—Hamilton Basso

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.
(DEMOCRACY IN ACTION DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. McDonough. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend my remarks.

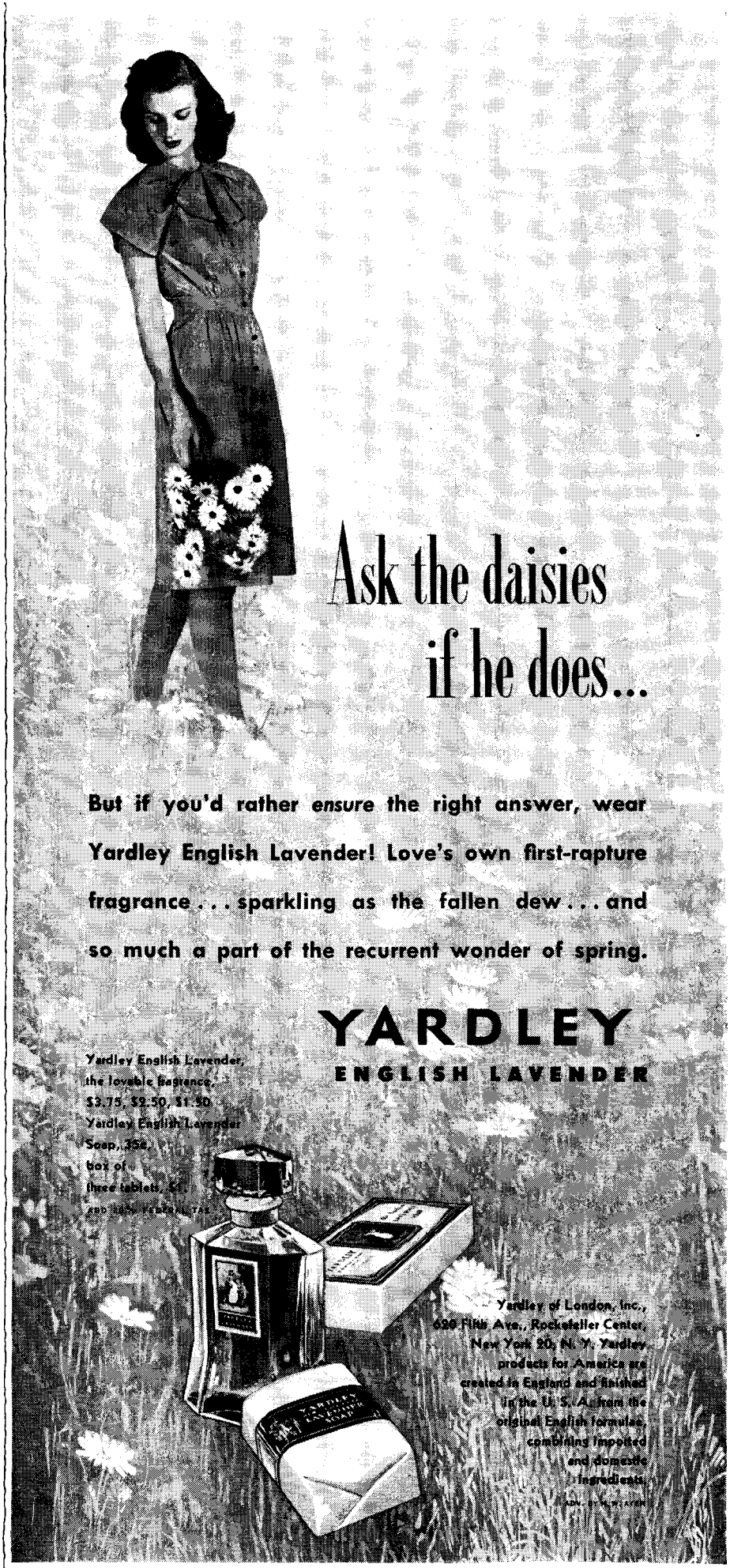
The Speaker. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from California?

There was no objection.

Mr. McDonough. Mr. Speaker, we may rest assured that democracy is vigorously alive, not decadent or dying, as charged by our Nazi opponents, when we read the announcement recently made by Shirley Temple, this sweetheart of the world, that she is engaged to marry an ordinary American soldier, G. I. John George Agar, of Beverly Hills, Calif.

This is democracy in action. Shirley Temple was made great by democracy plus her brilliant talent. Next to Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, Shirley Temple is one of the best known individuals in the world, and, unlike the Big Three, she is the most beloved and has no opposition or enemies.

All Members of the House of Representatives rejoice in her democratic decision to marry an ordinary G. I. Joe when it was hers to choose from the world's great. All Members of the House wish her long and blessed happiness.


Ask the daisies if he does...
But if you'd rather ensure the right answer, wear Yardley English Lavender! Love's own first-rapture fragrance . . . sparkling as the fallen dew . . . and so much a part of the recurrent wonder of spring.
YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER
Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $3.75, $2.50, $1.50
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35¢ ea. box of three tablets, $1.
Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulas, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BEAUTIFUL UPON A HILL

San Francisco, May 4

IF you hold a press card in San Francisco, you can go far. You get free bus rides, free Coca-Cola, free sandwiches, and a free seat at all sorts of big and small parleys. You find yourself falling into the vicious habit of attending meetings merely to establish your right to be there. This leads nowhere. There is an air of fantasy about the place, as penetrating as the high fogs which swirl in from sea in the early morning and twist around the tops of buildings. One day last week, soon after arriving in town, I saw a large gray bus labelled "Conference." I entered, showed my press card to the girl at the wheel, and sat down. Except for me, there were no passengers. Immediately the door closed, a motorcycle escort drew alongside and signalled to us to go ahead, and we roared away—all three of us—toward the halls of peace. Later I asked the girl about the escort. "Oh, he doesn't do any good," she said, "but I get a big bang out of having him."

During the past few days I have been at press conferences conducted by Molotov, by Stettinius, and by Stassen. Molotov has been holding his in the St. Francis Hotel. When he and his staff of interpreters, secretaries, and guards enter the room, they come swiftly, heavily, and with a curious emanation of vitality. They walk erect and determined, and there is no casualness about them. The Russian plainclothesmen caused talk at first. Americans don't like the idea of strong-arm stuff, but after a few days the guards seemed more comical than sinister, and their clothes were not exactly plain—there was always some quick giveaway, like a pair of Sears Roebuck shoes, or a hat with no dents. Whatever Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav M. Molotov may think, or not think, about the institution of a free press, he gives a good imitation of enjoying it and he is well equipped to meet its peculiar challenge. His manner is direct, and despite the lag caused by interpretation he is able to create a conversational mood. Pavlov, his interpreter, is a youngish fellow, scholarly in appearance and with a high, sustained voice that sounds as though he were drawing a bow across his vocal strings. He seems earnest and overworked, but indestructible. Molotov himself also seems to possess unlimited endurance, both physical and mental. He is never ruffled, never doubtful, and (as in the case of the Argentine affair) he often has the Press with him.

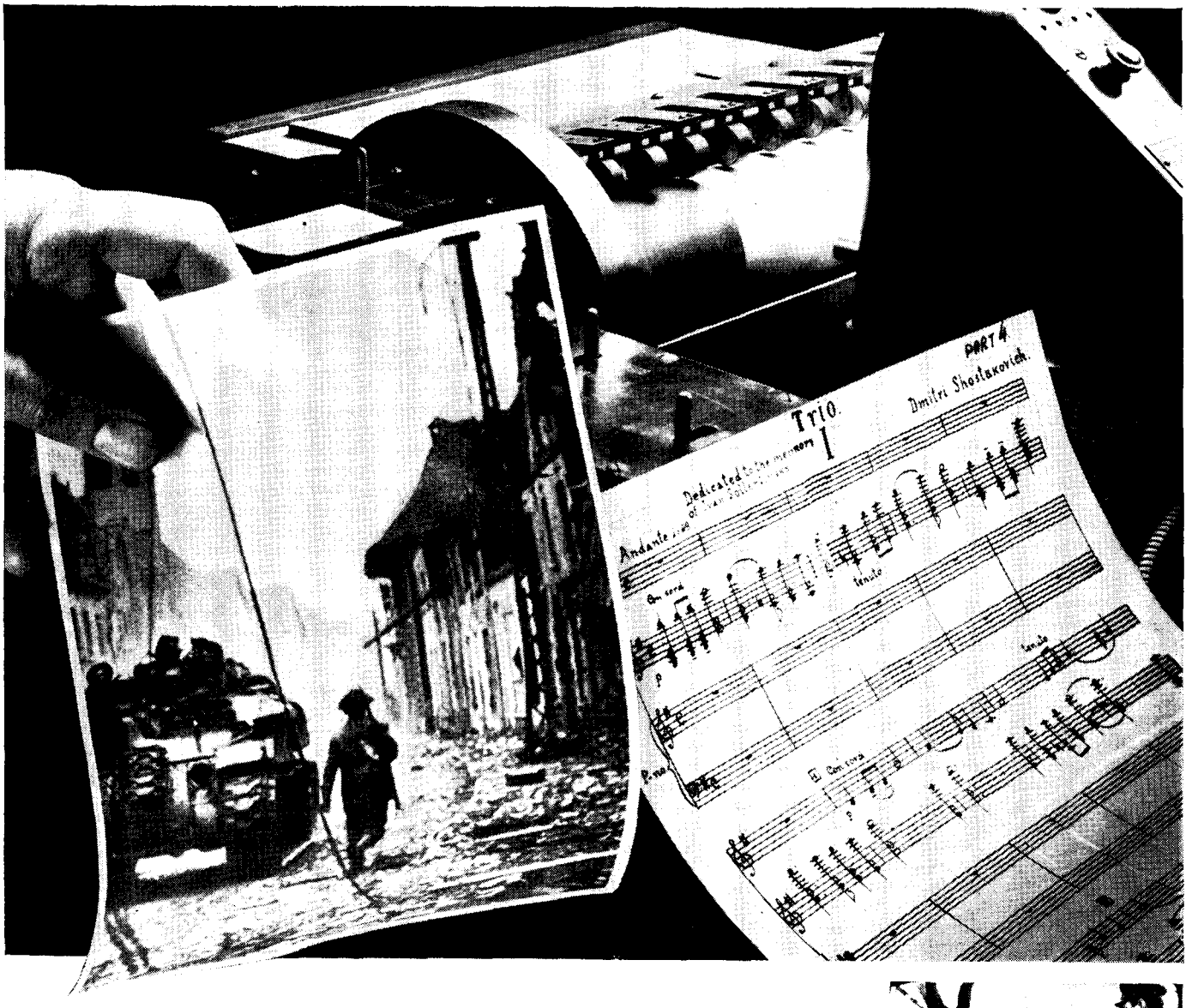
Stettinius tries hard to develop an easy manner with the boys and girls of the Press, but it doesn't always come off. His weekend with Argentina and Poland was, of course, rough going, since it presented him with the job of explaining matters which, for one reason or another, couldn't be explained. I have noticed that at his press conferences he makes a point of calling reporters by their first names, but when he pronounces the word Bill it sounds strangely like William. He is at his best in parliamentary procedure. Whenever life takes a parliamentary turn, you see Stettinius's chest expand; he draws himself up contentedly and a look of assurance comes over him, and he suddenly appears very double-breasted and Chairman-of-the-Board. When he is being needled, and the subject slips out of the parliamentary area into the realm of diplomatic sleight-of-hand, he leans forward over the table, thrusts an ear out to catch the question, licks his lips as he prepares to reply, and clearly shows embarrassment if he is withholding information for diplomatic reasons.

Stassen is direct and unruffled when the Press is in the room. He analyzes questions quickly and comes up with answers. Whenever it is possible to answer in one word, he answers in one word. A word like yes, or a word like no—two fine little words that seldom turn up these days in San Francisco.

I HAVE watched the United Nations Conference on International Organization for more than a week now, and it has all the endearing and frightening potentials of an Airedale puppy. One minute you look at it and you are sure it will grow rabid and destroy the family. The next minute you look again and you feel certain it will someday pull a drowning child from a stream and win the gratitude of the whole community. The first day or two, the Conference lived in awe of itself. The speeches were subdued, lofty, and long. The atmosphere was that of a cathedral. Over the first weekend, the Conference developed labor pains, and, much to everyone's embarrassment, gave birth to a set of triplets, including a puppy named Argentina, which didn't look at all like its mother and which immediately ruined the rug. Yesterday morning, its strange travail over, the Conference developed growing pains and began trying to digest the objectives proposed by the U.S. delegation.

The meeting yesterday morning at which these proposals were given out to the Press seemed to me by far the best thing that has happened to date. It was the first time the Conference clearly put on record that it had in mind the people of the world as well as the nations of the world. And although justice, law, and human rights still had no effective international status, at least they were being written into the proceedings, with the implication that something would certainly have to be done later to blow life into them. I went up about eleven o'clock to attend this meeting and found the Press assembling in the Red Room of the Fairmont Hotel, described

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Radiophoto – news pictures out of the air!

1945—London to New York—7 minutes

1926—New York to London—1 hr. 35 mins.

Notice the great improvement in clarity, as well as in speed—both results of RCA research. Radiophoto prints are no longer blurred by a "pattern." Today, they're about as clear and sharp as the original photograph snapped thousands of miles away.

RCA radiophoto transmits pictures halfway around the world and prints them—*in a matter of minutes!*

And thanks to RCA research, pictures now come through the receiver (shown above) just about as sharp and clear as the originals themselves.

Through RCA radiophoto, today's "news shot" in Honolulu or Cairo can make tomorrow morning's front page. Or—blueprints for a disabled power generator can be flashed to London—saving hundreds of vital war production hours.

Advertisements, fingerprints, documents and letters are radiophotoed by RCA Communications—as many as 2000 a month! Even musical scores—such as the new "Trio" by the great composer Shostakovich—are sent by faster, error-proof radiophoto.

RCA has long been a pioneer in all fields of international communications. Progress is constantly maintained by scientific research . . . research that is reflected in all RCA products.

When you buy an RCA radio, or television set, or Victrola—made exclusively by RCA Victor—you enjoy a special pride of ownership in knowing that you possess one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has yet achieved.

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

PIONEERS IN PROGRESS

RCA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARTIME SHORTAGES have limited the supply of Aqua Velva. Long the preference of gentlemen—the world's most popular after-shave lotion—there is now less Aqua Velva available to meet a growing demand.

Avoid waste. Since there is no real substitute for Aqua Velva, we suggest you use it carefully. Just a few drops after shaving leave your skin tingling and refreshed . . . feeling softer and smoother. Clean, bracing scent.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

LUCIUS BEEBE
ELY CULBERTSON
Maj. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
ALBERT SPALDING
BROCK PEMBERTON
JAMES THURBER

OH, YOU CAN SO HAVE GLAMOUR!

All right, you *weren't* one of Ten Best-Dressed Men! But have any of *them* the social fascination, the enigmatic skill, that we're about to give you?

Come closer. *Entre nous*, there's a booklet. It's called "Feats of Balancing." It's full of baffling, entertaining balancing stunts with which you—using only props from any kitchen—can make your male guests give low whistles. (The gals will flutter their eyelashes at you.)

And these balancing secrets are from the TOP. From Carstairs, no less—practically the inventors and sole patentees of balancing. Which is eloquently proven, as you know, in Carstairs White Seal whiskey, the Perfectly Balanced Blend.

Now, "Feats of Balancing" would be a best-seller—except that we're GIVING it away. *Quick*—write for your free copy to Carstairs Bros., Inc., Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. 17. Then yoicks, and into the limelight!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits. Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

in my souvenir booklet as "beautifully situated on Nob Hill, overlooking the harbor and the financial section." It was in many respects a memorable occasion. The reporters, although beautiful upon a hill, were well aware that most of the people of the earth, for whom these principles of justice and human rights were being written, were not beautifully situated at all. There was a feeling in the room (or at any rate it appeared so to me) that an old order was dead and a new one was about to begin. The occasion seemed far more like a turning point in time than did the twenty-fifth of April, in the Opera House, when the Conference got under way. It seemed more like a turning point than any day I had ever known. Benito Mussolini and Clara Petacci had just been placed in a cheap coffin lined with sawdust and lowered into a potter's-field grave. Hitler and Goebbels were reported dead. The Red flag flew over Berlin. In Italy, the war was over. In a grave in Hyde Park lay the man to whom hundreds of millions had looked for guidance and comfort. And here, beautifully situated upon a hill, were a handful of architectural apprentices whose drawing board contained a neat and precise blueprint labelled the Future.

After a few minutes, Stassen came into the room and walked to the speakers' table. Sol Bloom sat beside him as he addressed the reporters. Nobody was there who didn't hold what is called, in these parts, an "A" card. Speaking for the U.S. delegation, Stassen began reading the list of the nine "objectives"—the principle of justice, the development of law, the recognition of human rights, the concept of peaceful change, the idea of trusteeship, the inclusion of China's clause about cultural objectives, and so on. The reporters took notes busily. Twice they asked him to go back and repeat. It was an on-the-record conference, but not for quotation. There were the usual questions which are fired at anyone who stands up at a desk in San Francisco these days: how *about remodelling the Polish* government before lunchtime, what about India's independence? For the most part, however, the Press was in an inquiring rather than a challenging mood. When one reporter asked what the word "cultural" meant, Stassen smiled and said that he had been studying his Webster hard in an attempt to find out himself.

ONE thing that has struck me, hanging around these press conferences, is how greatly the function of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American press has been enlarged. The quality of the reporting here is high, and the questioning is done by men who know what they are talking about. Two days earlier, for instance, there had been another conference in this same Red Room. Argentina was on the fire and Stettinius was being backed against the wall and made to explain how a peace-loving nation could also be a Fascist-loving nation, or vice versa. A good many newspaper people, that day, were sore right up to their armpits, and although they were present in the capacity of recorders—to ask questions and take down answers—actually they were extending that function and were managing, in the course of asking questions, to make short, hot speeches from the floor. Thus the Press, in the process of being told, was right in there telling. It was a fascinating moment in the pungent laboratory of democracy, with test tubes and flashbulbs exploding with a cosmic crackle, exposing the world's almost impenetrable gloom.

The persistence, the knowingness, and the courage of a free press is the one best hope in this meeting ground, and when, the other day, I came upon a nest of burned-out flashbulbs in an out-of-the-way corner of the Veterans' Building, I had a strong impulse to sit on them and brood them back to life. Instead, I just went on down the hall to the big press room, where forty or fifty men and women, of several shades of color and of many shades of opinion, were belaboring the keys. The room had the wonderful sound that orchestras make just before they swing into action. I sat down and began tuning an Underwood and studying the notes of the New World Symphony. Next to me sat a girl reporter from, I think, one of the local papers. She was relaxed in front of a still typewriter and was deep in a magazine. I glanced cautiously at the title. It was called *Fantastic Adventures.* —E. B. White

•

Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly and drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.—*Directions on gelatine package.*

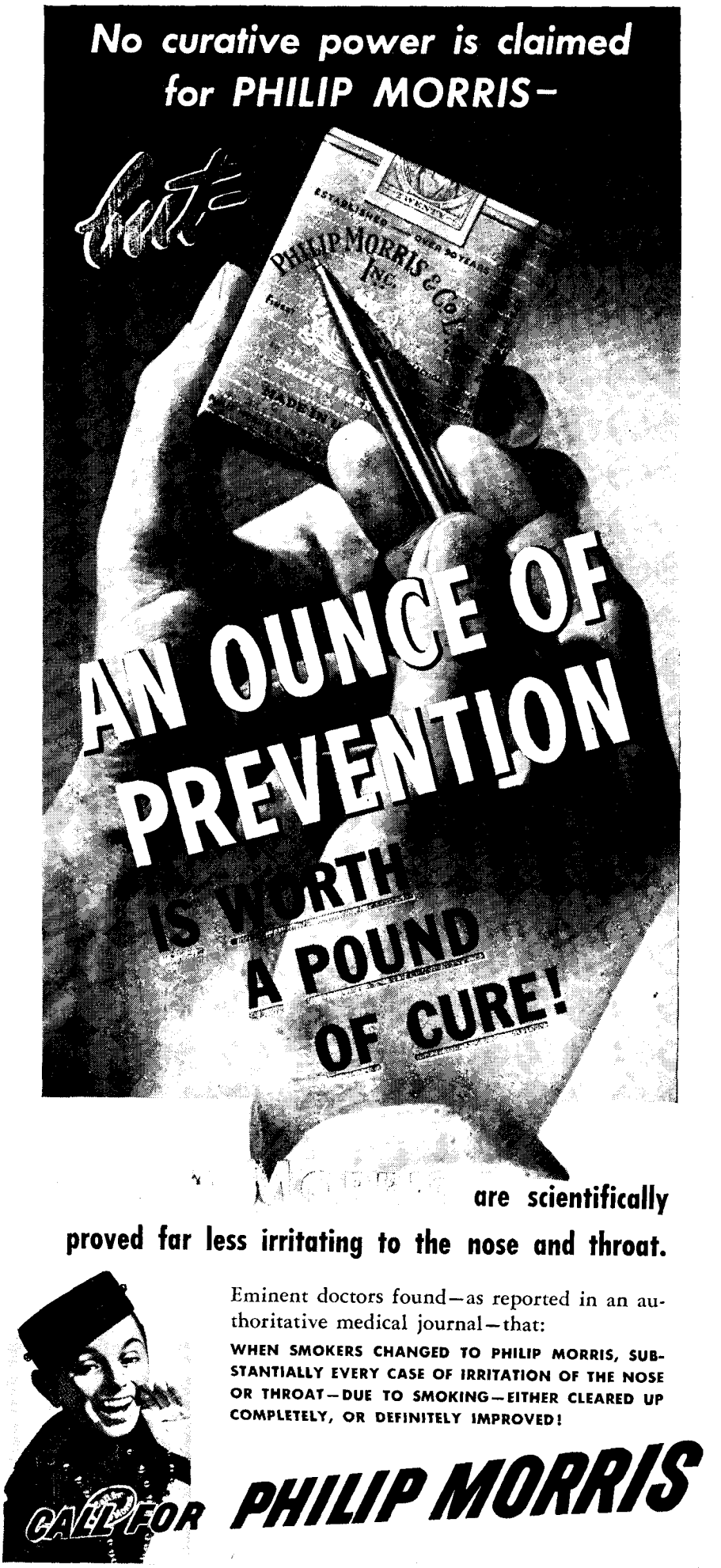
Using a stomach pump this time.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Danton Walker in the News, April 2, 1945:

Look for the crackup of Germany to start in Czechoslovakia, as it did in the last war.


No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS—
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE!
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.
Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM GERMANY

MAY 2 (BY WIRELESS)

DURING the two months that have passed since our forces crossed the Rhine, Germany has become history's greatest hobo jungle since the Dark Ages, when the entire Roman Empire was turned into one. According to the most conservative estimate I've been able to obtain, there are over eight million foreign workers in Germany, of whom more than two million have been prisoners of war, and now nearly all of them are living the nomad life. To these must be added the several hundred thousand political prisoners liberated from concentration camps and the many Germans who fled from the Russians into American and British areas. Several days ago, on the outskirts of Coburg, a few miles from the birthplace of Queen Victoria's husband, I encountered a large troupe of midgets who had been stranded there since last year. They had come by rail from Berlin in their gaily painted little private cars to play a fortnight's engagement. Then the Russian offensive and the British and American tactical air warfare had caused the cancellation of priorities for midgets. Most of the millions of people currently loose on the roads are giving terrible headaches to the armies that are trying to gather them up and look after them.

To break down this conservative estimate of eight million plus: three million of these displaced persons, as they are termed by the Military Government, are citizens of the Soviet Union, two million are French, one and a half million are Poles, half a million are Belgians, four hundred thousand are Dutch, three hundred and fifty thousand are Czechoslovakians, and three hundred and fifty thousand are Yugoslavs. Of course, these nationalities are merely the major ones. In Wiesbaden, early last month, I saw thirty-four Greeks, as well as a Kajar who strongly resembled the late Warner Oland's conception of Dr. Fu Manchu; in Nuremberg, last week, I saw an Uzbek with a neat black beard who baffled our Military Government's G.I. interpreters by uttering brief Uzbek prayers both before and after consuming five cans of C rations. There are three sorts of displaced persons: the now unemployed collaborationists, some of whom prefer not to go home; those who went to Germany because the pay and working conditions were better, or were represented as better, than the prevailing pay and working conditions in their occupied homelands; and those who were dragged to Germany as slave labor. In Wiesbaden, I talked to a girl of nineteen from the Crimea who had done forced labor in a munitions factory for over three years, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, at a salary of five marks a month. (Our Army Finance Department values the mark at ten cents.) The only holiday she had in that time came when she was thrown into jail for being impudent to her German foreman. Two other Russian girls, Nellie and Julia, work in the kitchen of the Bavarian press camp I am living in. Both are daughters of Red Army officers. They were forcibly brought to Germany soon after the invasion of Russia. Nellie is twenty and Julia is eighteen. Nellie had started to study chemistry at the University of Dnepropetrovsk and belonged to a parachute-jumping club; Julia was so young that she was not yet in a university when the two of them were taken away. She therefore regards Nellie as a person of immeasurably superior knowledge. Ordinarily both girls giggle a good deal, but this morning they did more crying than giggling, because they managed to get Moscow on the radio for almost a whole hour.

The displaced persons who came here because of better wages and working conditions were called *Sauckelwerkers* by the Germans. They were named after the bald, pudgy little gauleiter of Thuringia, Fritz Sauckel, who also served as the Reich's manpower commissioner. The Germans took some pains to keep the *Sauckelwerkers* happy, giving them the same pay and food that German labor got, and the same compensation for air-raid damage. There were also occasional permanents for the women, volleyball for the men, and free movies and vaudeville for all. Except for the Slavs, that is. Only a few weeks ago, in Trier, a rich old German lady was complaining that since the Americans had come, the Russians and the Poles were no longer taking off their hats to her as she passed them in the street. The Slavs got the lumps and the slops, which is why they are now giving a few lumps in return and which is why they do not just peck at their food now that they have a chance at some. The Allies are not feeding displaced persons; German communities must provide rations for any displaced-persons camps near them.

Even though a *Sauckelwerker* was treated better if he was from one of the western countries than if from one of the Slavic countries, he was not allowed freedom of movement and he was not supposed to have any contact with the

"Well, so long. Crawl in any time you're going by."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German population. The second restriction seems, however, to have broken down here and there. In Leipzig, I asked a young French *Sauckelwerker* what he had done about girls in the five years he had been there. "Oh, we all had girls," he said in a bored tone. "*Sauckelwerkers?*" I asked. "German girls," he said impatiently. "Every Frenchman in Leipzig had a German girl. The Nazis raised hell about it for a while, but the girls just laughed at them." Around Wiesbaden, where Pétain stayed for a time, no nice girl dared be seen wearing one of the fur coats Vichy collaborators brought from Paris and used for barter.

In a tremendous infantry barracks in Wiesbaden, I found one red-headed first lieutenant from North Carolina and one staff sergeant from Brooklyn running, with the assistance of some of the men in the enclosure, a displaced-persons camp for sixteen thousand people of thirteen nationalities. The pair were working themselves nearly to death, but they were having a wonderful time. "Now, over yere on this campus we find the Peoples of the Western World kitchen," the lieutenant boomed as an assorted party of us trotted after him. Each time he came upon a group of Russians, he would turn to his Russian interpreter and say, "Ask 'em how they're enjoyin' it yere in the camp." The interpreter would roar out the question, the Russians would roar back whatever is the Russian for "It's terrific!," and everybody would smile. One of the lieutenant's staunchest aides is a Dutch boy named Pijnacker Hordijk, who loves English composition. This is a typical sample of Pijnacker's daily communiqués to the lieutenant: "We are pleased to inform that the Dutch, French, and Belgian inhabitants were in time at the denounced place to be disloused this morning. This time the Polish were late to my astonishment as they are very willy in general. The total number of disloused persons this day was six hundred. A music band is erected. This day there are two hundred twenty children since three years. We urgently want inkband for our little writing machine, four bajonets. Electricity conducts must be brought on in the w.c. We need meat and grease in pasteboard two hundred ninety-one doses, macaroni sixty-seven doses."

YESTERDAY I was standing in front of the Military Government's building in Nuremberg listening to an old German couple tell someone that

HOUBIGANT

Translucid

Sheer Make-up for Sheer Beauty

TRANSLUCID. The name tells you it's light as mist . . . and when you accent this make-up with Translucid Lipstick, the effect of *sheer* beauty will delight you. The lipstick smooths on perfectly and s-t-a-y-s on! Seven shades, to harmonize with the Face Powder.

Translucid Sheer-Sifted Face Powder, $1.50. *Foundation-tone*, $1.50. *Lipstick*, $1.00. *Cream Rouge to match*, $1.25. *Special Emollient Retiring Cream*, $2.00. *(Plus tax)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinctly **masculine**

decidedly **correct**

Sportsman

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

At Better Stores

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., 663 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

their apartment had been plundered of silverware that once belonged to the wife's great-grandmother. They were interrupted by the arrival of a half-dozen Australian enlisted men who had been prisoners in a camp in Thorn, Poland, ever since Crete. When it appeared that the Red Army would overrun the camp, all the prisoners, including twenty thousand Jewish and political internees, were marched away by the S.S. There were many such evacuations; you hear about them constantly. (Three hundred and sixty French noncoms in the camp at Kassel survived out of the fifteen hundred who started from Lublin on a march that lasted three months and covered a fixed distance of twenty-five miles a day.) The Australians said that anybody who didn't keep up was shot, beaten with the butt of a rifle, or whipped with a special kind of cat. One of the Australians had one of the special cats with him. It was a beautifully balanced implement, and brand-new. To a handsomely finished wooden handle were fastened twenty thin leather thongs, each with six knots in it. The wear and tear on the thongs of these cats was so great during the march that about halfway along a fresh supply had to be requisitioned, through channels. The fresh cats—a truckload of them—did not arrive from the S.S. torture-implement dump until the column was at the end of its journey. That was why the cat the Australian had was brand-new.

By the end of the march, seventeen thousand of the Jewish and political prisoners had died. The bodies were thrown into pits dug by the marchers and filled with lime. Some of the marchers who fell ill on the way were, the Australians insisted, buried alive. The Australians agreed that they would have died, too, had it not been for the week the column was straggling through the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, where the Czech women gave them food. The S.S. hit the Czech women with the butts of their rifles and even shot some of them, but the marchers got the food anyhow. The march finally came to an end when the column was hemmed in near the Mulde River, not far from where our First Army and the Russians met. The S.S. guards, who had been very dashing at the start of the march, went to pieces and fled. As the Australians told of their journey, there was froth at the corners of their mouths. It was from the diet they had had on their march, they said in embarrassment. Great-grandmother's silverware

The Starlight Roof

DINNER AND SUPPER . . . 6:30-11:45 P. M.

AT SUPPER (10:00 P. M.)

Hermanos Williams Trio
Victoria Cordova
Cantu

DINNER AND SUPPER

Nat Brandwynne

and his Orchestra
Continuous music for dancing
Cover from 9:30, $1
(No cover charge for Service Men and Women in Uniform)

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE

Mischa Borr

and his Orchestra (no cover)
Selective dinners and à la carte

The Waldorf Astoria

"Town and Country"

*Black Oxford rayon crepe with buttons glittering down the front, big "petty cash" pocket. Wonderful to wear against your sun-bronzed skin in town or country. Shown with diamond bright black plastic bag. Dress . . . $35; Bag . . . $25**

Jaeckel *plus 20% tax

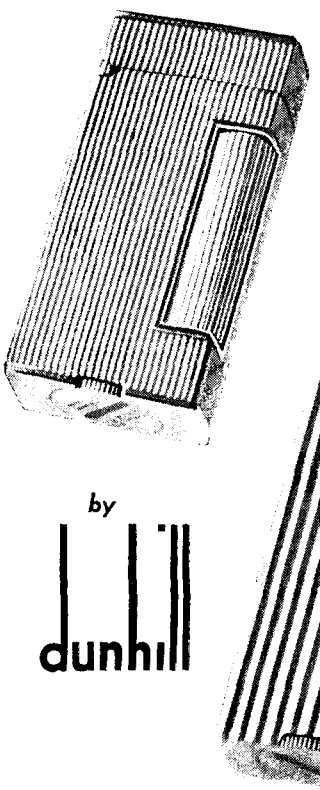
10 EAST 57th STREET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idiotically flashed through my mind, but when I looked around for the old German couple, they had gone.

TWO Virginians, Major Joe Gibbs and Captain Johnny Hiles, who serve in one of the Third Army's anti-aircraft batteries, met a rather interesting displaced person the other day, a distinguished-looking blond man of about thirty, wearing sports clothes of good material and carrying a cane. He introduced himself as Wilhelm Kuebart, late lieutenant colonel of intelligence, Wehrmacht *Generalstab*, and nonchalantly added that he was probably the only surviving member of the inner ring of conspirators who attempted to assassinate Hitler and Himmler at the Führer's headquarters on the Russian front on July 20th of last year. He related that Colonel Freytag von Loringhoven had carried the bomb to Hitler's staff conference in a briefcase, and that its effect would have been much more lethal if the conference that day hadn't been held in a wooden building. The bomb had been prepared for a stone or brick building, and its concussion only slightly injured the Führer. There was not much Kuebart could tell that our counter-intelligence did not already know, except that the assassination had originally been planned for July 13th. Himmler did not come to Hitler's staff conference that day, so the conspirators waited until they could get them both. The executive director of the attempted assassination was a Colonel Hansen, head of the General Staff's *Sicherheitsdienst*, a super-intelligence service. Among the others involved were General Zeitzler, at that time chief of the General Staff, and Generals Beck, Olbricht, Roenne, and Fromm. At least a hundred and twenty high-ranking officers were hanged by the S.S. after the attempt and seven hundred more were put in chains, Kuebart declared. He said that he himself was alive only because by the time he came to trial everybody who could have given evidence against him had already been strung up. He was in Berlin on the day of the attempt. He was arrested there three days later and was worked over for weeks by the S.S. One more interrogation, he said, and he would gladly have confessed to smothering the Führer to death with a tea cozy, but, fortunately for him, the S.S. decided to turn him loose and shadow him for leads.

Kuebart belongs to a family of East Prussian Junkers that has been producing generals since the days of Frederick the Great. He is positive that it was Hit-



You'll treasure it all your life

The Dunhill masterpiece in lighters . . . the most perfect mechanism of its kind . . . in an outer jacket of 14 karat gold. It has lifetime beauty and utility.

HEAVY RIBBED . . . man's size $160; lady's size $150
FINE LINED . . . . . man's size $135; lady's size $125
All prices plus Federal Tax

You'll always find the unusual at

alfred dunhill

FIFTH AVENUE AT 50th STREET • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition—a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ler's military dilettantism that brought about the Germans' ruin: not content with being the leading statesman of his time, he also had, Germanlike, to be the greatest general in the world. As livid an anti-Nazi as any Communist alive, Kuebart is at the same time convinced that the sole hope for Germany is to be under the complete control of the Wehrmacht *Generalstab*. Kuebart was not sent to a displaced-persons camp.

P.S. Just as I was finishing this letter last night, the "Hit Parade," coming in fine over our loudspeaker, was interrupted for the flash saying that Hitler had been killed fighting at his command post in Berlin. I therefore devoted today to opinion-sampling in Nuremberg, the city where the racial laws were promulgated and the National Party Day was mightily observed every year. I asked twenty-six Nurembergers, of both sexes and various ages, what they thought of the Führer's supposed demise. Only one, an elderly man of frowzy appearance, had not heard the news. He said, "*Gott sei Dank.*" All the rest *had* heard it but did not believe it: they did not believe that Hitler had been where any shot and shell were flying around; they did not believe that he had been in Berlin when he died; they did not believe that he had died. They were vague about where he might be, but they were sure that he was somewhere around. Nobody seemed in the least bowed down. Nuremberg is one of the worst-bombed cities in Germany, and the Nurembergers are busy trying to shovel away the rubble and get going again. A new chamber of commerce was formed a few days ago.

Well, maybe one of our boys will yet comb the Führer out from among the displaced persons. —JOEL SAYRE

•

LOUISVILLE—The Rev. Bill Langley Jr., rector of St. Mark's here was given a surprise party on the 10th anniversary of his rectorship. He thought he was to attend a small meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. Instead he was greeted by his bishop; the Hon. W. B. Harrison, former mayor and his father, Bill Sr., who came on from Newport, R. I. for the occasion.—*The Witness.*

That almost called for a drink.

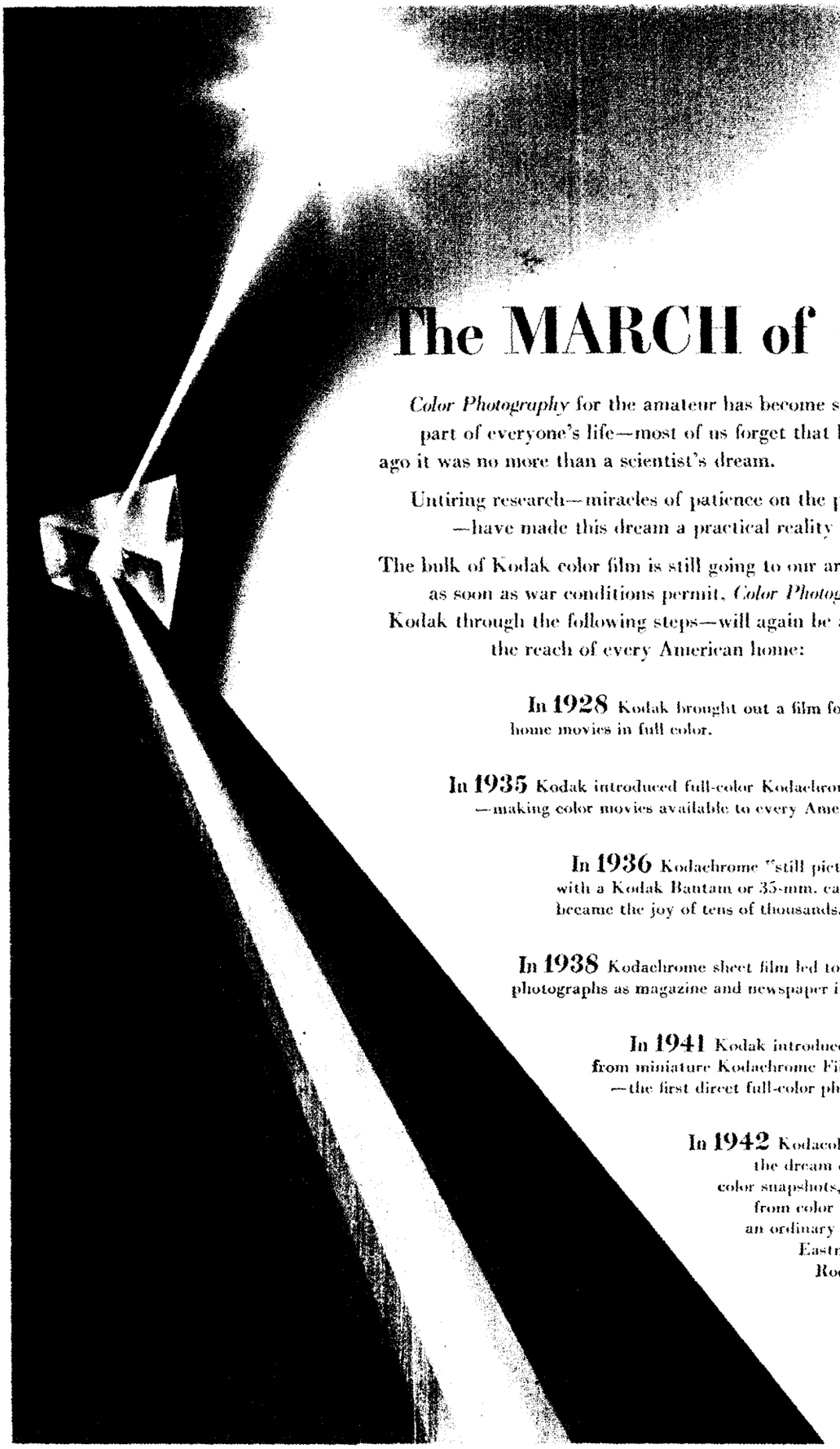
•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Living in his Miami home with his wife and child and galloping horses in the mornings, the veteran lightweight received orders from his Brooklyn draft board to report April 24.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The MARCH of COLOR

Color Photography for the amateur has become such an unconscious part of everyone's life—most of us forget that but a short time ago it was no more than a scientist's dream.

Untiring research—miracles of patience on the part of Kodak workers—have made this dream a practical reality for countless millions.

The bulk of Kodak color film is still going to our armed forces—but, as soon as war conditions permit, *Color Photography*—perfected by Kodak through the following steps—will again be a luxury within the reach of every American home:

In 1928 Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color.

In 1935 Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film—making color movies available to every American home.

In 1936 Kodachrome "still pictures," shot with a Kodak Bantam or 35-mm. camera, became the joy of tens of thousands.

In 1938 Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as magazine and newspaper illustrations.

In 1941 Kodak introduced Minicolor Prints from miniature Kodachrome Film transparencies—the first direct full-color photographic prints.

In 1942 Kodacolor Film fulfilled the dream of generations—color snapshots, full-color prints from color negatives made in an ordinary roll-film camera . . .

Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Kodak Research *has made Color Photography a part of everyone's life*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New 23-ft. Chris-Craft Express Cruiser Model

ARMY E NAVY
Algonac, Mich.

ARMY E NAVY
Cadillac, Mich.

ARMY E NAVY
Holland, Mich.

From all over the world, scores of Navy boys, GI's, too, write—"Show us some more of your swell boats"..."When will they be ready?"... "How much will they cost?"... Well, here's another sparkling new Chris-Craft that will bring the benefits of boating within the budgets of the mass market. This low-priced Express Cruiser will be ready after Victory. So will other new Runabouts, Utility Boats, Cruisers. See your Chris-Craft Dealer for details. We are 100% on war work.

Buy U.S. War Bonds Today—

Tomorrow command your own

Chris-Craft

CHRIS-CRAFT CORP., ALGONAC, MICH. ★ WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM ANZIO

MAY 3 (BY WIRELESS)

THE Anzio battlefield today—a year after the last shot was fired—lies naked and wounded in the sun. The war is over in Italy, but Anzio, in common with hundreds of other battlegrounds all through southern Italy, is neither at war nor at peace but in a desolate twilight zone between the two. With the exception of a small graves-registration unit, our troops have gone, leaving behind some seven thousand dead. They lie in a broad field outside the town of Nettuno, a mile southeast of the point at which the American Third Infantry Division landed at Anzio. Each day our men scour the beaches and fields and return with a few bodies. "We're still looking for a specific party of Engineers—know they're out there somewhere—but no luck yet," a tall, elderly, scholarly-looking sergeant told me at the cemetery. "Most of the people we find now were given quick divisional burials during battle," he said. "Sometimes we find dog tags, sometimes not. Sometimes no identification but the teeth. We've picked up twenty-five hundred Germans and put them in three rows. We also had a co-belligerent in here, an Italian fellow who fought with us, but he was moved out recently."

Handling the dead of Anzio has become the major pursuit of Anzio, and a hundred and fifty townspeople are employed tending graves and keeping up the road to the cemetery. During the final months of the war, veterans often came down on leave from the north, the sergeant said, and stood silently for an hour or more before the grave of some friend. "They never said anything," he told me. Out of necessity, the sergeant has become philosophical about his work. His professional interests consume almost all his time, and, having a day to himself last week, he drove up to Rome to inspect a German military graveyard. "It takes a little less than two hours now by jeep to Rome," he said, "and you cross the perimeter of our battlefield in just a few minutes. But it took the Allies from last January to May to break through the first eight miles once we were pinned down." The sergeant kicked some dirt around with his foot. "Well," he said, "I had one hell of a time getting past the gate of that Rome cemetery. Finally I told the guard I only wanted to see how the Germans handled the thing." The sergeant gave the dirt a final kick. "We do a better job," he said quietly.

The mementos of war, scattered every which way for miles around, have become blended with the countryside and the people. Schoolchildren carry their books in olive-drab metal American mortar-shell boxes. Hundreds of families, their homes destroyed by shellfire or bombs, have hammered together new ones out of wooden shell crates. The fences separating farm from farm are mostly barbed wire, British, American, or German. Discarded tires have become a black-market staple. Camouflage nets hang indolently from vineyard trellises. Most of the people wear at least one item of G.I. clothing—a khaki shirt or a wool cap or dungarees. The fields are being worked again, and scarcely a day passes without a deep, thunderlike rumble as another farmer steps on another mine and is blown to pieces. Some days this happens more than once. Sticking up out of the water off Nettuno are two halves of a Liberty ship. The deep-green sea is calm these days, but helmet liners still bob here and there on the water, and on the beach, strands of telephone wire lie crisscrossed in shellholes. "Caustic to Caustic Red," said a tag attached to a length of wire I came upon. Inland, in the woods, are the foxholes, now muddy and malarial. Some are simple holes, others are more gaudy and sophisticated, well and deeply dug, made semi-permanent by the installation of the cab of a wrecked ambulance, say, for overhead protection. Here and there you see ditches—scooped out by one thrust of a bulldozer—that served as overnight parking lots for the ducks that supplied the beachhead. A vast hospital area, once covered with rows of tents, now looks like an abandoned circus ground.

THE Anzio battle area spreads back from the Anzio-Nettuno beaches in an arc that includes Cisterna, where a large number of American Rangers were wiped out and where later we finally broke through. Cisterna is destroyed seemingly beyond repair. A thousand of the town's seven thousand people are back, wandering the streets in large groups until nightfall and then disappearing into old dugouts or the cellars of bombed buildings. Another town in the area, Aprilia, which

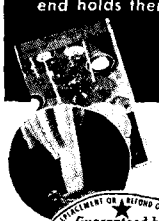
Now... as always this Trade Mark is your guarantee of quality in brassieres

MAKE YOUR SIMPLEST MENUS Festive...

with the mellow magic of TAPERLITES*

Yes, even a simple menu becomes a festive rite . . . in the flattering glow of TAPERLITES. The mellow magic of candlelight creates an inviting setting for poised, unhurried dining. So light TAPERLITES on your table tonight, and relax at a meal suddenly grown richer.

Don't Say Candles . . . Say Taperlites
Recognize Taperlites by their satiny finish and purity of color. The patented FIRM-FIT end holds them proudly erect.



● Ask for Taperlites at department, drug, housewares, grocery or gift stores.

Write for free copy—"Guide to Lovelier Table Settings."

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Taperlite
MADE BY WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., INC.
505 Liverpool Road, Syracuse, New York

1855 CHANDLERS FOR NINETY YEARS 1945

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles of the Ritz
Smart and cool for summer! A naturally lovely
CHARLES OF THE RITZ permanent wave brushed up
and up and twisted into a soft coronet!
IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON THE RITZ TOWER
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(also White Plains and East Orange)
IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, Boston I. MAGNIN, Los Angeles
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit T. A. CHAPMAN, Milwaukee
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

"But, Joe, she has just as much right to buy them as we do!"

Advertisement: Relax, Joe, there's plenty of Wheaties. *Signed*, General Mills, Inc.

was used as a strongpoint by the Germans and was the scene of hard hand-to-hand fighting during the three German counter-offensives, is slowly being cleared of rubble, mines, overturned tanks, and such remnants of Fascism as signs saying "*Credere. Obedire. Combattere.*"

The debris has been shovelled from the streets of the towns of Anzio and Nettuno, but that is only a beginning; more than half the houses are skeletons. Military signs in two languages are still on the walls of many buildings: "M.P.," "Use Latrine," "This House Occupied," "*Ortskommandantur.*" A shady square of Nettuno, used by our forces during the fighting for the presentations of decorations and other ceremonies, is again a market place of sorts, with several rickety vegetable stands. Nearby, in winding, subterranean chambers, is the old headquarters of the Sixth Corps, now entered through a dark and dismal bar. The proprietor of the bar has covered the stairway leading down to the headquarters with boards and has placed tables over the boards, but he occasionally removes them, with a flourish, for returning veterans, who clamber down to have a look. They find nothing but light sockets in concrete ceilings, a wall calendar, and a blackboard on which long-forgotten symbols indicating artillery calculations are scribbled.

Neither Anzio nor Nettuno has electricity yet, and there is persistent grumbling among the Italians over the food shortage. "The bad days are over, the bad days are here," said a short, spry gentleman of Nettuno, who appeared suddenly beside me in the street and bowed deeply from the waist. He had once worked in America, of course—in a Toledo machine shop. The new officials of the town, he felt, had not been managing very well. He himself was a farmer and winegrower. There had been little rain and crops had not been prospering, he told me. His milk cows had either been taken off by the Germans or killed in the fields. He had no farm machinery. Until a week ago, he said, Anzio and Nettuno had been governed by one mayor, a stonecutter chosen by the Committee of National Liberation. Then an announcement had been made that each town would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

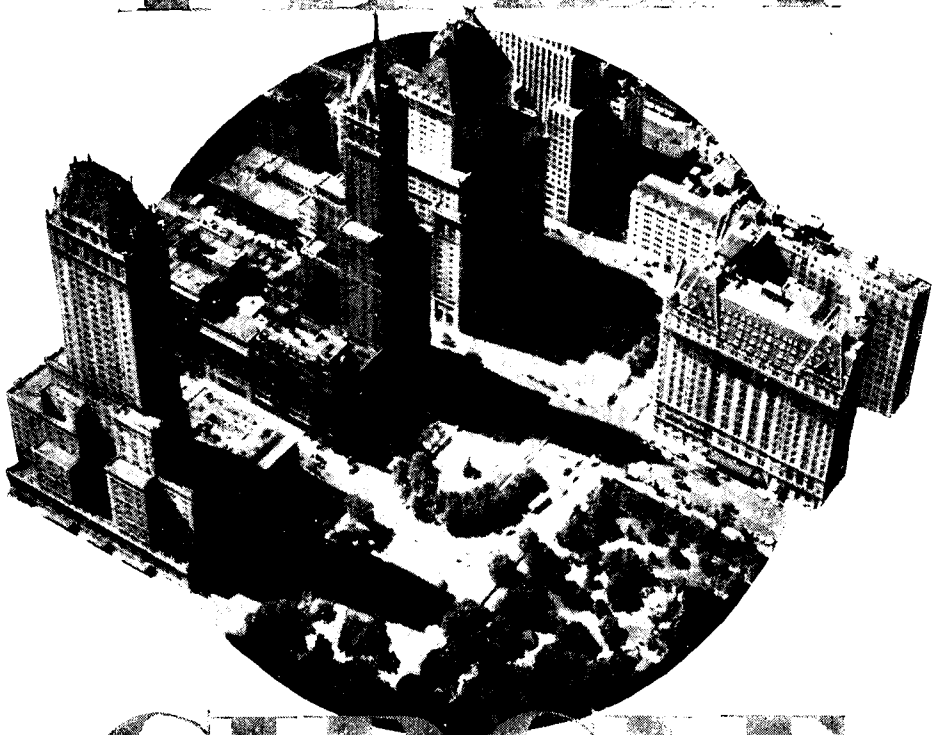
have a mayor of its own. The news apparently stunned the mayor. He went into seclusion and hadn't been heard from since. "It has meant a recurrence of his arthritis," said the man from Toledo.

ONE of the few unshattered buildings in Anzio is the Villa Borghese, a sombre brown building high on a hill overlooking the sea. Prince Stefano Borghese lived there all through the German occupation and the fighting. He managed Anzio's civil affairs for the Germans and has been kept on the job by the Allies. When I went to the villa, I found him at home, a slight, dapper, weary-looking man in his early thirties, reading "La Luna E Tramontata," by John Steinbeck, in a chilly, book-lined study. "It is time for modern books," he told me. "I am also reading 'Mission to Moscow' and some Sforza." The villa had been built in 1641, he said, for Christina of Sweden, but she had never bothered to come down. His family had owned the place for more than a century. "I was mayor throughout all the troubles," he said, "but the people threw me out later." He smiled like a tired child. "I had arranged for a little gasoline for the people," he said, "but now, with the new regime, we have no idea where the gas has gone. Perhaps the people will ask me to be mayor again." He walked to a window. "They use my water every day from the fountain down by the road," he said. "Furthermore, where, may I ask, is the electricity?"

The Prince expressed the opinion that a few Roman families would be coming down to Anzio for the season. "Next summer there will be a few more," he said, "and the summer after that still more, and then, after the war, Americans who fought here, and their families." The Prince smiled faintly. "We once had eight fast through trains a day from Rome. Only fifty minutes. Now one train, three hours—if it arrives." Twenty thousand people used to spend the season here, he said, and twenty thousand more crowded the beaches on weekends. "But the Villa Borghese will survive," he said. "We withstood the earthquake of 1921. I must confess, though, to a certain uneasiness. Your Fifth Army established headquarters here and dug three deep tunnels beneath the house and gardens. Now the gardens are sagging at many points. Let me show you."

It was daytime, but the Prince took a lantern from a table and we went out, then walked down a pair of white mar-

PLAZA



CIRCLE

....where fashionable Fifth Avenue meets beautiful Central Park

Perhaps nowhere else in the world are four such famous hotels so perfectly located. Although together they share the distinction of a charming Plaza Circle address—each is recognized for its own individuality of atmosphere and character.

SHERRY NETHERLAND * PLAZA * SAVOY-PLAZA * PIERRE

Plaza Circle

WHERE FASHIONABLE FIFTH AVENUE MEETS BEAUTIFUL CENTRAL PARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheer as gossamer yet long wearing—lovely, and full-fashioned to fit perfectly—that's Berkshire Stockings. Be style-wise and smart—always ask for Berkshire Stockings.

BERKSHIRE KNITTING MILLS • READING, PENNA.

ble stairs overrun with vines and along a dusty path that wound beside low hedges. "You see," said the Prince, pointing to several deep holes, "how the earth has fallen in." He stopped at the foot of the garden, before a door in a high mound of earth. He drew a large iron key from his pocket and turned the lock, and we entered a long, dark tunnel, from which big, concrete-lined chambers opened off on both sides. "G-2," said the Prince, pointing to one room. "G-3," he said, pointing to another. "General Clark's aide," he said, entering a small chamber. "And here," he said, holding his lantern high to illuminate a huge room, "General Clark!" The room had been panelled and furnished with handsome chairs and desks when the General was there, the Prince said. The damp chambers are empty now. "A truly historical point of interest after the war for Americans, don't you think?" the Prince asked. "But heavens, I do hope the roofing holds up. I have written the authorities and they assure me the tunnels will survive, but who is to say?" He glanced sadly at the ceiling. He seemed small and helpless in the large room. Then he smiled his faint smile again. "Perhaps some night my whole castle will tumble down," he said.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR DIVISION)
[From "I Retired to Cape Cod," by Arthur W. Tarbell, Dean Emeritus, Carnegie Institute of Technology]

... the Pollock Lightship, anchored abreast of us offshore, swung at her moorings on approximately the place where the Pilgrims were turned back oy the dangerous shoals on that fateful day of November 9, 1620. Otherwise they would have settled south of the Hudson River, which their charter had stipulated, instead of at Plymouth. —*Page 43.*

Off our particular sector of the coastline are the dreaded Pollock Rip Shoals... They played an important role in the course of American history, causing our forebears on the *Mayflower* to turn back; instead of settling south of the Hudson River, as called for in their charter from the English King, they sailed up along the Cape to Provincetown, settling eventually at Plymouth. —*Page 83.*

One other fact about this exposed lightship: she is anchored on approximately the spot where the *Mayflower* was turned back on account of shoal water. That little incident was destined to bring about very great consequences in American history. For Plymouth, Massachusetts, became the cradle of our nation, instead of "somewhere" south of the Hudson River, as specified in the London charter which the Pilgrims brought with them. —*Page 94.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LITTLE HONEYBUNKING

GOING down in the elevator of the Chicago hotel, Lieutenant Hurley read the signs beside the door. In attractive text they invited him to dine and dance in "old-time lavish style" at the Park Row Restaurant on the main floor or to eat delicious food in the Oak Room, where the management had provided an "atmosphere of restful quiet." In addition, for those who might enjoy "a traditional bit of Dixie," there was the Ol' South, to the left of the foyer. Between the notices about the beauty salon and the manner in which guests could acquire credit cards, a matter-of-fact placard told of the existence of a coffee shop off the lower arcade. Lieutenant Hurley was relieved. Now he could concentrate on getting the simple meal which he wanted and return to his room for a good night's rest.

He was due back at the airport at six next morning for a seven-o'clock takeoff. The weather man had forecast contact flight as far as Jackson, Mississippi, soon after dawn, with rising pressures in the east, and if Hurley took off at seven he would be able to make Miami in plenty of time to buck the plane over to the Fighter Command before the deadline.

He went down to the coffee shop and ordered dinner. Most of the diners were middle-aged men and women. A number of the men wore red-white-and-green-striped cards in their lapels. Hurley's waitress told him they were delegates to the International Baby Chick Association convention.

"And are they delighted!" she said. "A government man spoke to them today and gave them an E for production. They're all going back home tomorrow and produce more eggs and chicks to help the war effort." She shrugged her thin shoulders. "Every time I eat eggs I get indigestion."

As she returned with his soup, a man swung onto the stool on Hurley's left, grunting as he tried to make himself comfortable. He was a burly, red-faced man of about forty-five, wearing a crumpled blue suit.

"Be a good girl and take my order now," he said to the waitress in a loud voice. "The limousine's leaving for the airport in twenty-five minutes and I'm gonna be in it!"

He ordered quickly. When the waitress had departed he turned to Hurley, who was spreading butter on a piece of roll.

"Lucky!" he said as if Hurley had asked a question. "I'll say I'm lucky!

WHAT? WITH HIS BIG SALARY?

1. This man makes lots of money.

Yet, he wears a shirt that has seen better days, and which is still alive only through the courtesy of his wife's skill with a needle.

2. Making every shirt *last* is a fine idea in these days of conservation. So why not give the shirts in *your* drawer a beauty treatment and wear them till there's nary a breath of life left in 'em.

3. When you find you must buy a shirt—absolutely *must!*—visit your Arrow dealer's.

For only an Arrow Shirt can give you: the Mitoga figure-fit, the Sanforized label, the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar, and *anchored* buttons.

4. If your dealer can't satisfy you the first time, remember—much of Arrow's shirt production is going to Uncle Sam . . . but, come what may, your Arrow dealer will do his darndest to keep you happy. So try him again, won't you?

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bing Crosby soon to be seen in the Paramount Production "Road to Utopia"

Bing Crosby

America's most famous young "Dad" receives

Courtley

FOR FATHER'S DAY

The "Academy Award Winner" among Men's Toiletries

Richly-colored porcelain flagons of Shaving Soap, After-Shave Lotion, Men's Powder and Cologne in the clean, virile "Courtley" Fragrance... singly or in sets. $1.00 to $7.50

WHY NOT COURTLEY FOR YOUR DAD?

COURTLEY, LTD.—LOS ANGELES
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Here I was expecting to spend a night in Chicago, which isn't my kind of town, and whaddya think happens? I call the airline and, by golly, they got a new schedule, and what's more they can put me on it. In just two hours and forty minutes from now I'll be home. Yes, sir, in just two hours and forty minutes I'll be seeing the boy and the wife. That's something!" He slapped his thigh, then patted the counter with his pudgy hand, shaking his head slowly as he pondered his good fortune. "The boy's gonna be surprised," he said, and chuckled. Then he leaned closer to Hurley and lowered his voice. "Not a night I'm home but I've got to put my pajamas on over my clothes and go to bed with him. When he's asleep I take 'em off and go downstairs again."

The waitress brought his soup and salad.

"Don't wait till I'm through," the man said to her. "Just bring on the main dish and I'll tear right into it and tear right out of here."

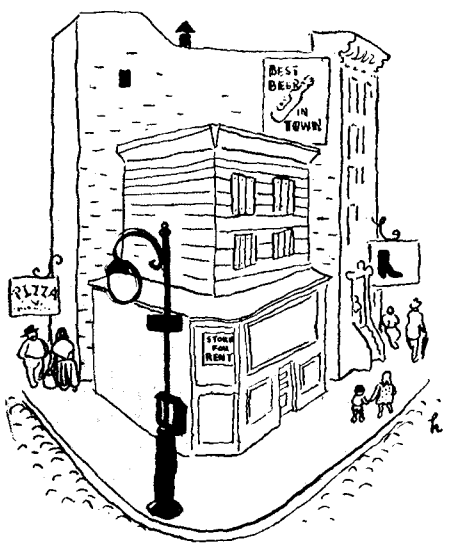
"Don't blame me if you get indigestion," the waitress said.

"Not me. I've got cast-iron you-know-what."

"I reckon you must have," the waitress said.

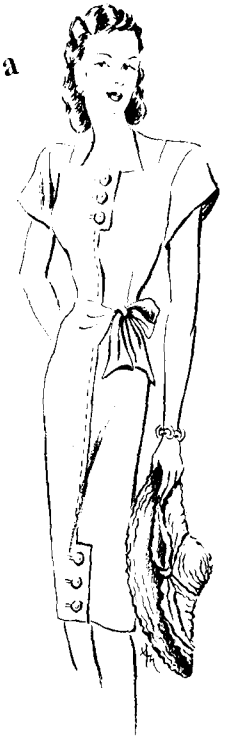
He tried the soup, then put aside his spoon and gulped the rest down. He pushed the empty bowl away and rested his elbows on the counter, leaning toward Hurley again.

"The boy wouldn't want me to be telling you about that bedtime business. He's a little toughie except for that. Wears overhalls all the time. The wife wants me to get after him and make him wear something decent." He shook his head. "I wouldn't do it. No, sir, I wouldn't do it. All he wants is fishing and hunting jack rabbits and wearing overhalls, and that's right for any boy



Kathleen Lee

Cool as an Ice Cream Soda



And beautifully cut in smart linen-effect rayon. Large pearl buttons against luscious pink, aqua, violet, deep green, or white. For in-towners, black or navy blue. Sizes 10 to 20—$20.95. . . . *Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.*

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK

88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

CREATED • BOTTLED PACKED IN ENGLAND

ATKINSONS
of Old Bond Street London

Famous
ENGLISH PERFUMES
and
TOILET WATERS

Importers & Distributors SALE & CO. (USA) INC. 331 4th Ave. New York N.Y.

The BELVEDERE . . . representative of all those things for which your own home stands . . . comfort, convenience, hospitality and delicious food.

The Belvedere
BALTIMORE'S Finest HOTEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of mine. I tell the wife, when he's twelve and getting acquainted with the gals he'll be wearing his meetin' clothes so often it'll be a job to get him to take 'em off. But he's nine now and overhalls is his natural clothes. And fishing and hunting is his natural fun. Am I right?"

Hurley stared at the man and then lowered his eyes. Suddenly he could see the youngster trudging barefoot on a country road, a homemade fishing rod over his shoulder and a can of bait dangling from his hand, then breaking through the brush to the stream.

He took a sip of water.

"I'll say I'm right," the man said. "That there getting into bed with him is the only thing. He calls it honeybunking—*honeybunking*." He nudged Hurley. "If he knew I was telling you, why, he'd just about curl up. He's ashamed of it, and yet he ain't ashamed of it, see? But I like it. It's sort of an understanding between him and the old man, see? And that's what's nice about going home tonight. The boy's gonna wake up when he hears me come in and he'll get a little honeybunking when he didn't expect it."

THE man began to eat, hurriedly. Hurley ate his dinner slowly, trying hard not to be influenced by the haste with which the other ate.

Hurley was scarcely halfway through his dinner when the man pushed his plate away and started on his coffee. As he set his coffee cup down, he placed his hand on Hurley's shoulder.

"Lieutenant," he said, his eyes narrowing earnestly, his voice growing solemn, "there's no feeling to compare with the feeling a man gets when he's going home. No, sir, there's nothing like it. I want you to give me the privilege of paying your bill."

"Thanks," Hurley said quickly, "but I don't think—"

"Don't say another word, Lieutenant. I'm gonna enjoy paying your bill." He called the waitress. "Put the Lieutenant's dinner on my bill and I'll tell the cashier to let him by when he's through. Don't hurry, Lieutenant. I'm the one that has to hurry."

"I'd much rather you didn't," Hurley said.

"That's all right, my boy," the man said, waving a hand. "You're my guest. It was a pleasure talking to you."

The waitress stood there eying one, then the other. The man dropped two quarters on the counter. The waitress scooped them up and walked away.

"In two hours and twenty minutes

Prominent Users of Strathmore Letterhead Paper, No. 58 of a Series

This Letterhead

HELPED BUILD A BUSINESS

On January 5, 1900, the Gilbert Land Company opened its doors in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. It proposed to deal in timber, mineral and farming lands. It was small...ambitious...very proud of its first letterhead on fine Strathmore paper. The company grew with the community...built a fine business and a fine reputation, in its own locality and farther afield.

Letters from the Gilbert Land Company have been written on Strathmore for almost half a century. The company regards its letterhead as a standard of success. YOUR letterhead should express the standing and integrity of YOUR company. With lighter weight papers necessary under government regulations, quality is more important than ever. The Strathmore watermark is your assurance of that quality.

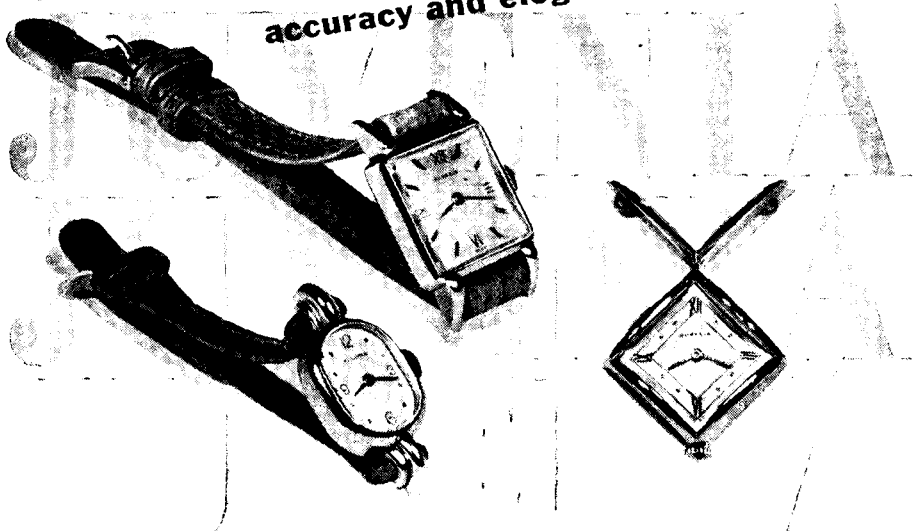
Strathmore Papers for Letterheads: Strathmore Parchment, Strathmore Script, Strathmore Bond, Thistlemark Bond, Alexandra Bond, Bay Path Bond and Alexandra Brilliant.

STRATHMORE *MAKERS OF FINE PAPERS*

Strathmore Paper Company, West Springfield, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUVENIA
JUVENIA
accuracy and elegance since 1860

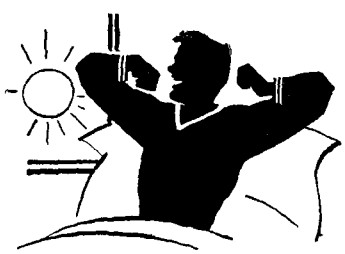


In New York at
667 Fifth Avenue GEORG JENSEN INC. New York 22, N. Y.

TASTE the difference tonight

White Rock's deep-spring mineral *tang* brings out the best in mellow, old flavors. That *supercharged* sparkle lasts and lasts.

FEEL the difference tomorrow



White Rock is on the alkaline side, rich in *natural* minerals. Combats acidity ... helps you feel fresh and chipper next day!

WORTH the difference any time

White Rock costs a bit more, but gives you *extra quality* . . . extra flavor-protection for liquors. For convenience, buy by the carton.

On the alkaline side . . . better for you

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

The QUALITY Mixer for All Tall Drinks

I'll be home," the man said, rising. "Are you married, Lieutenant?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"One boy."

"Now don't tell me he's the same age as my youngster."

"Just about."

The man dug his hands into his trousers pockets and tossed his head. "That's a coincidence," he said, laughing. "A real coincidence." Then he looked at Hurley out of the corner of his eyes. "You wouldn't be on your way home now, would you?"

"Guess not," Hurley said.

"Maybe you just came from home."

"No," Hurley said. Then he looked up at the man and said quietly, "The last time I saw my son was fourteen months ago."

"That's a shame," the man said, averting his eyes. Suddenly he looked up at the clock. "Well, I gotta rush now." He frowned down at Hurley. "Those airlines don't give a man any rest at all. It's nothing but rush, rush, rush all the time. No rest at all. Goodbye, now!" He hurried out of the coffee shop.

"That man was almost as happy as a chicken delegate," the waitress said to Hurley as she removed the empty plates.

"He was happier," Hurley said.

—Peter J. Packer

•

Eat in Comfort at Biermans'. Crabmeat by the pound, clams by the dozen, hard shell crabs by the dozen. Plenty of chocolate sauce. Biermans' Restaurant, corner Cottage Place and Cleveland Ave.
—*Adv. in the York (Pa.) Dispatch.*

Chocolate sauce with walnuts in it, we trust.

•

The William Smiley family residing on a farm near Coin recently had an egg laid by a White Rock hen which was different. It had a formation on one end with a good-sized V formation on top of the otherwise smooth shell. Mrs. Smiley has been confined to her home with the mumps.—*Shenandoah (Iowa) Evening Sentinel.*

Chin up, Mrs. Smiley!

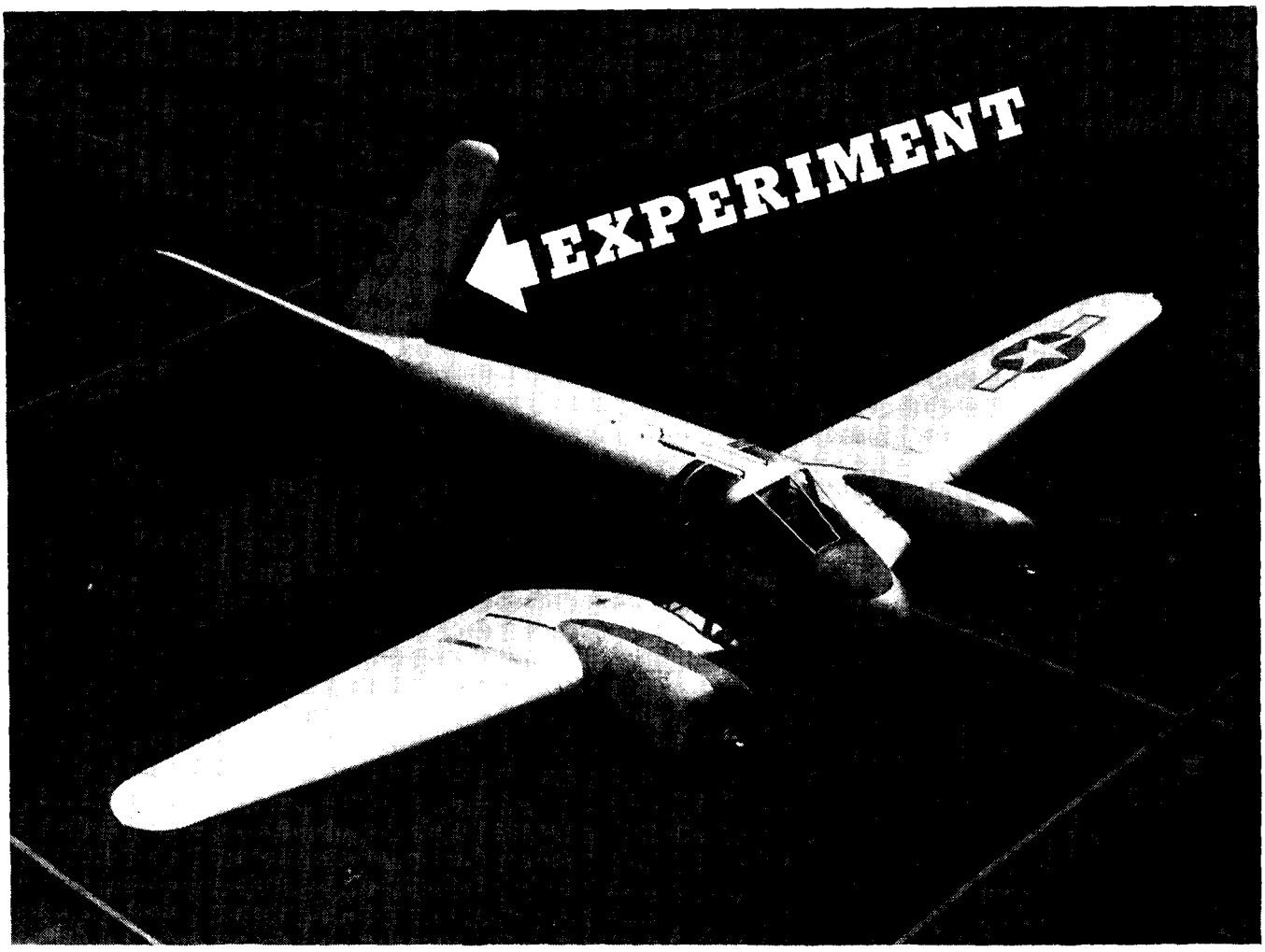
•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From a press release quoting Edward M. Crane, chairman of the United States International Book Association*]

The present aims of USIBA are to disseminate American culture and to create good will abroad through books written by United States authors. The ultimate aim is to create more business abroad for American book publishers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MANY research projects and experiments have been originated by Beech engineers since 1932. The results of their willingness to explore new fields are notable. The unique negative stagger Beechcraft biplane, long outstanding in its power class, is one. Another is the Model 18 all-metal twin-engine Beechcraft feeder airline and executive transport, an airplane which since 1936 has made such a record that thousands of these planes serve the armed forces as advanced trainers and personnel transports all over the world.

Since 1941, research at Beech Aircraft has had as its purpose the creation of improvements in aircraft designed for military use. Most of this research cannot be described, for obvious reasons. Something can be told, however, about the experiment pictured above — an AT-10 Beechcraft advanced trainer equipped with a unique two-element empennage which replaces the conventional tail group. Its successful flight tests have shown interesting possibilities.

Whether or not this particular experiment proves practically useful is unimportant. What does matter is the spirit behind such research — an aggressive exploratory spirit that is not confined by tradition and convention but is free to operate anywhere within the boundary of sound engineering principles. The Beechcrafts of the future undoubtedly will reflect the gains attained through such a program, and will offer to their owners, whether military or commercial, an extra degree of performance and value.

Beech Aircraft
CORPORATION

BEECHCRAFTS ARE DOING THEIR PART WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a matter of
GOOD TASTE!

The right tie . . . the right shirt . . . the right suit. *Smart man!* Naturally he appreciates the finer flavor that has made Don Q the favorite quality rum of Puerto Rico. You'll like it, too! It's a matter of good taste!

86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

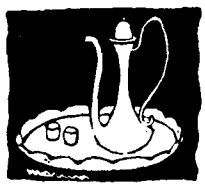
Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC.
Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: **Schieffelin & Co.**
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE Old Pattern Glass Studio, a modest, upstairs establishment at 541 Madison Avenue (54th), is not a bad place to send anyone who is fond of collecting glittering bits of old American glassware. The shop has beautiful loot for collectors of both orders—those who buy only museum pieces, to be kept under lock and key, and those who assemble table-service sets to eat off of in the dining room. The shop makes a specialty of tracking down pieces for customers who want to fill out sets. Right now the pet of the house is an assortment of pieces in the rare Three Face pattern, an early Pennsylvania design worked out in clear and frosted glass. Less serious collectors may as well look over the highly miscellaneous assortments of plates, vases, jars, covered bowls, and the like. There are countless small dishes to use for ashtrays, or for sauces or tidbits on the table. These pieces, in clear or colored pattern glass, some of which is lovely, lacy Sandwich, begin at $1. There also are sugar shakers of pink, green, and turquoise satin glass, in the customary fat shapes (from $4), for keeping talcum, or even scouring powder, on a bathroom shelf; old syrup jugs of opalescent or milk glass, with tin or pewter tops (around $3.50 to $7.50); glass bottle stoppers; and a collection of Sandwich-glass drawer knobs, among which you may be lucky enough to find matched sets of two or four or a twin to one you already own.



Single and paired oil lamps are present, too, in both clear and milk glass. They range from the tiny night-light size to whopping ones which, with shades, should look imposing on sofa end tables. The larger ones are around $20; medium sizes come at about $25 a pair. They can all be converted to electricity. Still, as suburban residents whose lights went dead during the last hurricane will testify, a good, working oil lamp in its natural state is a handy thing to have in reserve. And a summer thunderstorm can easily bring down a big tree in the wrong spot and leave rural dwellers sitting in the dark.

It shouldn't astonish any seasoned shopper to learn that Old Pattern Glass also has antique furniture for sale. Who hasn't, nowadays? The things are the country-house sort, all fairly Early American. The chests of drawers, Dutch- and Welsh-style dressers, and drop-leaf tables in pine, cherry, or walnut, which start at $45, are especially good.

LOWER down in the same building, things are stirring again in the gift shop of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. The establishment's wastebasket specialist, for one, has turned out some tall cylinders, of a heavy papier-mâché, as handsome as any she ever has done—gleaming with gold paper and decorated with old Botany prints or with Chinese ancestor portraits (male and female, usually in blazing red robes). The linings, equally beautiful, are old Chinese tea papers. These baskets are $12.50, plus a charge for crating if they're to go out of town. The Exchange's stiff covers for telephone directories are decorated with bird prints this spring, and very prettily, too. Covers for the thinner issues are $2.25; larger ones, for the Manhattan book, are $4. Bird prints occur, too, on the covers of small dictionaries for writing desks ($1.95); other desk accessories, such as indexed address books ($1.85) and a few simple reminder pads ($1.50), have flower pictures on their covers. Somehow, these innocent decorations, which perhaps sound fussier than they are, make the utilitarian objects they adorn a lot pleasanter to have around.

The new crop of shopping bags, which are always well done at the Exchange, includes some gay ones in striped awning canvas ($2 and $3), ingeniously contrived to expand from flatness to a roomy square shape when filled. These make nice beach carryalls. Some knitting bags in a new, frameless style are of stiff, sturdy rayon taffeta in Roman stripes and have zippered tops so that they can serve as summer handbags. I liked especially a full-sized shopping bag, also in rayon taffeta, called the Wonder Bag. It folds up flat into its own wallet-size pocket, which is appended to it, so the whole thing can be carried in your smallest handbag. There are two editions of this, at $2 and $3.

FERARGIL, at 63 East 57th Street, one of the less awesome art galleries, is at present a source of decorations ranging from the small, entertaining, and lovable to grand-scale stuff of some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Coming New Zenith will be the World's Finest Radio because

All Zenith's Engineering Power is Concentrated on

"RA[illegible]IICS EXC[illegible]VELY"

THE VAST new science of RADIONICS is a jealous wife. She demands undivided devotion from him who would share her secrets and master their application. Many of these secrets are still so sensational that they cannot even be made public!

It is only natural that you can expect the world's foremost radio values in the coming new Zenith *Radionic* models. Zenith does not manufacture products like washing machines, refrigerators, electric irons, cooking ranges, vacuum cleaners. Zenith has no intention of competing with lifelong *specialists* in those fields.

RADIONICS demands a degree of imagination in engineering and precision manufacture *unknown* in other mass production fields. That's why every Zenith worker has always been, always *will* be, a highly trained specialist in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY."

BEFORE the war, this policy made Zenith one of the largest radio manufacturers in the world . . . with an unrivaled record of top performance in millions of sets, at minimum service expense to owners!

In the war, "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY" has made Zenith Radionic military equipment famous in *every* branch of our armed forces! This has meant a wider, more intensive development by Zenith in High Frequency, the basis for all FM, Television and Short Wave advancements.

No wonder Zenith—and *only* Zenith—is able to launch a RADIONIC REVOLUTION!

YES, your coming new Zenith Radionic Radios, Global Portables and Radio-Phonographs will bring miraculous tone of such clarity, brilliance and beauty as you've *never* heard before! They will combine advanced engineering, precision quality and low cost as *never* combined before!

The ZENITH RADIONIC REVOLUTION is on the way! Watch for it! Don't risk your radio dollars—put them on a name you know will be a *proven* winner. *Keep your eye on Zenith for the best in radio, and see Zenith first!*

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Ill.
All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

Keep Your Eye on ZENITH *for the Best in Radio!*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

RADIO · FM · TELEVISION · RADAR · SHORT WAVE · RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS · HEARING AIDS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cordial decanter and eight glas
$10. Silver tray or sandwich plate,
Silver nut dish, $34. 20% FEDERAL TAX INC
WRITE FOR OUR BRIDAL BOOKLET

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd • New York

magnificence. The terra-cotta cherubs by Mary Katherine Wiggins, for instance, are pink terra-cotta winged babies in sprawling poses of innocent abandon, of a nice size for table decoration; $15. Some splendid reproductions of Lauren Ford's paintings of children and visions with a fairy-tale atmosphere (the familiar "Vision at Dusk," "Vision of La Sallette," and "Guardian Angel" among them) have been very simply framed in raw wood; $10. They would be hard to beat as presents for imaginative children. A flower fancier who admires bold and splashy effects in floral paintings could scarcely fail to find something to his taste among the assortment of Gladys Young water olors; they're $75, framed. Zoo creatures, designed by Walter Addison, are here, too, sculptured in terra cotta and painted on tiles. A big tile plaque showing a tigress and her cubs, in the typical Addison big-cat style, has been mounted in wood. It might be given legs to turn it into a coffee table, or, as is, it could serve as a wall decoration or as a giant protective table mat.

Max Kuehne, who works with silver leaf and painted decorations on everything from boxes and picture frames to furniture, has contributed a round-topped pedestal coffee table, adorned with painted flowers and silver leaf. It looks as if it should be under glass, but it has been treated to withstand the hazards of life in the American home. Kuehne screens, of redwood with silver-leaf and flower-painting decorations, are made to order. A three-fold example, however, is in stock at the moment. —B. B.

•

I have heard a very funny story about Spencer Tracy and James Cagney. They were both staying at the River House in New York and watching the boats going up and down the river. They decided they would like to ship out on a freighter, so they boarded one and went as far as Long Island Sound, getting off to call on Katharine Hepburn.—*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American.*

Louella, you'll *kill* us!

•

THE HUNGRY CORRESPONDENTS

[*From a dispatch to PM by Victor H. Bernstein*]

The first German edition of *Stars and Stripes*, the GIs newspaper, rolled off the presses last week in a little suburb of Frankfurt called Pfunstadt and I will eat the newspaper, presses and all, if *PM* didn't have at least as much to do with its founding as any other single factor.

MINIATURE MUSICAL CELLARETTE
that reminds you of the delightful scene in "Going My Way." When the handsome, polished walnut box is opened, lilting tunes come from the hidden music box inside. Plays two popular drinking tunes for 3 minutes each. Has two jigger glasses in individual compartments. Also holds a standard quart or "fifth" size bottle (this is not supplied.)
14"x4¼"x6". *At our Bar Shop* 23.50
Send today for illustrated Spring Catalog "Y" filled with ingenious ideas for you and your home.

LEWIS & CONGER
New York's Leading Housewares Store
6th Av. at 45th St. • VAn 6-2200 • New York 19

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
AT THE BETTER STORES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF ALL THINGS

THE Monday story of the capitulation of Germany went around the world with incredible speed. In a short time the wonderful news had reached everybody except Churchill, Stalin, and Truman.

•

It has been suggested that the Allied authorities will have to search among the liberated political prisoners in the Reich to get the anti-Nazi Germans who are qualified to help run the country. Our motto undoubtedly ought to be that no German can be trusted unless he has a good jail record.

•

Judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, the trial of Benito Mussolini was conducted with unseemly haste. On the other hand, it must be remembered that he was quite fond of short and snappy court proceedings himself.

•

Marshal von Rundstedt reveals that plans were once drawn up for the invasion of England but that the idea was dropped. It was feared that the British Navy would not take kindly to the scheme.

•

The Allies' problem of feeding their millions of prisoners is a staggering one. In all history, no one ever had so many unexpected guests drop in at one time.

•

The end of hostilities in Europe means an increase in our domestic gasoline supply, Ickes says, but coal and heating oil will remain scarce. It looks as though the population will just have to get into the old car and go where it's warm.

•

We are told that Karl Doenitz, the short-order Führer, once enjoyed the hospitality of an English insane asylum. That might account for his last-minute attempt to surrender with one hand and fight savagely with the other.

•

Mayor LaGuardia's decision not to run for a fourth term was brought about by circumstances that were entirely beyond his control. The G.O.P. declined to support him in the style to which he was accustomed.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

HERE'S *Nice Going* LADY

You have been busy working and walking all winter, no doubt. For a basic change, now, how about a pair of smart new Arnold Authentics in white? They have the crisp, "uncluttered look" of all Arnold Authentic styling. And the long-famed Arnold Glove Grip for your active comfort.

Ask to see these two styles.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY,
South Weymouth 90, Mass.

ARNOLD *Authentics*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By SHAKESPEARE NOT JUST ANOTHER PLAY
JAMAICA RUMS NOT JUST RUM!

• When you see the famous Bard's name on a play, you know it's bound to be good. In the same way JAMAICA Rums assure you a higher standard of quality for use as a liqueur, or in highballs and your favorite mixed drinks. Since 1661, the unchallenged pot-still method and rigid British Empire controls have made JAMAICA RUMS choice of the more discriminating! Ask your dealer for JAMAICA RUMS today . . . "Byword" of Connoisseurs — "Buyword" for greater satisfaction!

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD. · KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I

GENUINE Jamaica Rums

Pipe-Tobacco at its best

30c the pocket-packet

With that RICH, *NATURAL*, NUTTY Flavor
Write for free booklet, *"The Choice of Experience."* John Middleton, 1221 Walnut Tobacco St., Phila. 7, Pa.
Custom-made for the Carriage-trade since 1856

SANFORD'S
The World's Most Famous Name in
INK

The DE WITT CLINTON
ALBANY, N.Y.
A KNOTT HOTEL
John J. Hyland, Mgr.
They ALL Speak Well Of It

UNCLE 'LISH AND THE RELIC

Captain Elisha Hathaway, my great-uncle, went through life doing exactly as he pleased. Persons in Sicasset, on the South Shore of Massachusetts, where we lived, did nothing, either through fear or resignation, about many outrageous acts of my Uncle 'Lish. In any case, the old man would not have tolerated criticism or interference. In his view, he was never wrong. Secure in his habit of absolute command at sea for forty-odd years, after his retirement he went swashbuckling along, crowding aside any weaker characters who got in his way.

During the spirited Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884, Uncle 'Lish and a few fishermen were practically the only Democrats in our Republican community. He did his best to persuade such townsmen as would listen to him to vote for Cleveland, and he sent a whacking contribution to the Democratic campaign fund. He also strung a large "Cleveland and Hendricks" banner across the main street of Sicasset, on a wire which ran from a telegraph pole to the chimney of his house. The banner irritated the local Republicans, and on the morning of election day Uncle 'Lish rose to find it torn down and, in its place, a lifelike effigy of himself—silk hat, bowlegs, and all.

Sometime in October of that year, I had come upon him sitting on a barrel under one of the apple trees in his orchard, shouting at Aleck Small, his former cabin boy and now his man of all work ashore. Aleck was in the tree picking Baldwins.

"And mind you, Aleck," Uncle 'Lish was saying, "let's get this understood right now. You'll vote for Cleveland."

"I'll vote for Blaine," Aleck said.

"Blaine!" Uncle 'Lish exclaimed. "Jim Blaine? I wouldn't put that pack rat to cuttin' bait. Now, remember. You'll vote for Cleveland. And don't forget, I'll have my eye on you. I'll have ways of knowing how you vote."

From the foliage above came the plaintive rebuttal of Aleck Small: "Christ under a rock! Ain't a man got no rights around here? Lincoln freed the slaves, didn't he? Why didn't he free me's what I want to know."

"Aleck," my uncle shouted, "you belay that or by God I'll lash you to this barrel and lay a rope's end across your stern! . . . Now, boy," he said, turning to me, "who would you vote for?"

"Why, I'm a Republican," I replied, "and I would vote for Mr. Blaine. My father's going to vote for him."

"It doesn't make a particle of difference who your father votes for," Uncle 'Lish said, leering at me, "because Cleveland's going to be elected. And after election I'm going to make him a nice present for saving the country from the goddam psalm-singing Republicans. What's more, I've got just the gift for him."

I asked what it was.

"Never mind, now," he said. "I'll show it to you. When Cleveland is inaugurated, I'll take it down to Washington and present it."

"Inoggerated, hell!" Aleck said. "He ain't elected yet."

"Seems to me," Uncle 'Lish said, ignoring the interruption, "that I've got it stowed away up at Overlook. Tomorrow you and me will go up there and get it."

Overlook was a large house Uncle 'Lish owned. It crowned a hilltop half a mile outside the village. He never lived in it, for he preferred his Colonial house in the village, and for years it had been rented to an artist named Sarsfield Fisher and his family, who lived there in the summer. They spent their winters in Italy. Overlook had been rented with its contents, but during the years Fisher had also gathered many possessions. Uncle 'Lish, who frequently inspected the house during the winter months, didn't draw too fine a line in the matter of ownership, and in general took a feudal view of the arrangement.

Next day we set out for Overlook, the Captain, who was six feet tall, in his long frock coat and shiny silk hat and I a small boy whose head reached hardly to his waist. Overlook was crammed with enough furniture to supply several homes. Uncle 'Lish began a systematic search, rummaging among Chinese rugs and vases, paintings, Japa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nese bric-a-brac, and sheeted furniture. He opened closets and looked into the drawers of chests and bureaus, and he carried on a running commentary on the untidiness of people, especially artists. "If I had suspected that I was renting this house for a pigpen," he said to me, "I'd have kept it, by God, and raised my own pork. There's more sculch and gurry in this place than there is on T Wharf. God Almighty, a blind man who couldn't stow stuff better than this ought to be strung up by his thumbs."

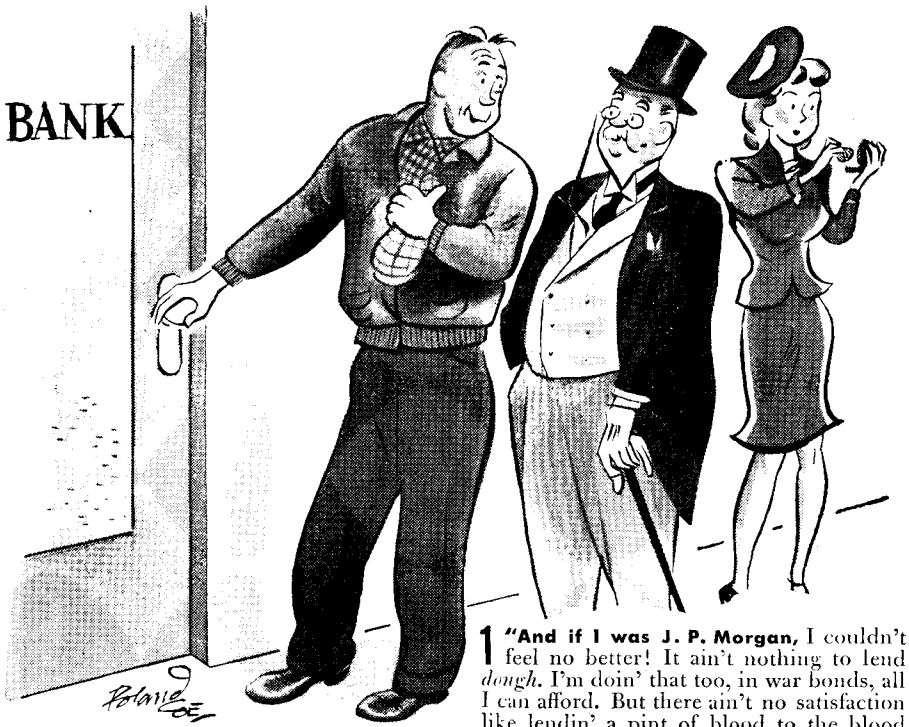
Uncle 'Lish grumbled his way through several rooms and at last found what he was looking for, in Fisher's studio. It was on the wall above the fireplace—a very handsome mahogany cane with a silver knob. On the ferrule was an engraved statement of its origin; the cane had been made from some part of the trimming or furnishings of the frigate Constitution. Uncle 'Lish took it down. "Now, there," said he, as he polished the cane on his coat sleeve, "that's what I call an appropriate gift for a President. It's historical, it's beautiful, and by God, it's unique. And mark you, boy, unless I'm on a lee shore come next March fourth, I'm going to give it to Cleveland."

GREAT-AUNT MAHALA, who was never surprised at any proposal of her husband, took it in her stride when Uncle 'Lish announced that she, and if possible I, would accompany him to the inauguration. It was she who broke down my mother's opposition to my going.

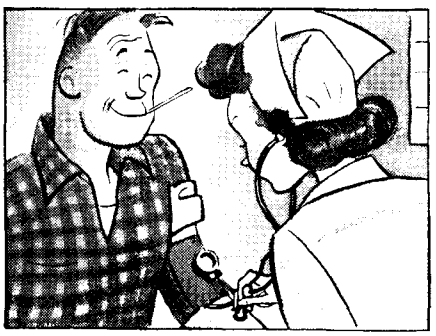
The night of the Democratic victory there was an unusual spectacle. About ten o'clock a flash came through which showed conclusively which way the election was going, and the townspeople, who for several hours had waited around the telegraph office in Robbin's drugstore, went sadly home through the falling snow. The town closed up and the lights went out. A defeated Republican community retired in sorrow or in a huff.

Uncle 'Lish, however, put on his own celebration. In all the village only his house was illuminated for the occasion. Aleck Small had been ordered to set rows of small wax candles on every window ledge, to hang red and green ship's lanterns from the portico, and to swing other lanterns from a big cherry tree beside the front door. Up Main Street a procession of some twenty-five fishermen, headed by Uncle 'Lish and carrying kerosene torchlights and blowing on fish horns, marched

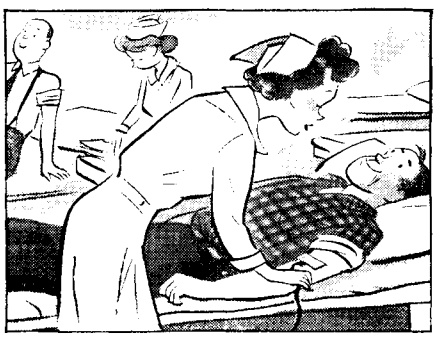
"IMAGINE ME GIVING A LOAN TO A BANK!"



1 **"And if I was J. P. Morgan,** I couldn't feel no better! It ain't nothing to lend *dough.* I'm doin' that too, in war bonds, all I can afford. But there ain't no satisfaction like lendin' a pint of blood to the blood bank. You'll get it all back a million times if you save just one kid's life!

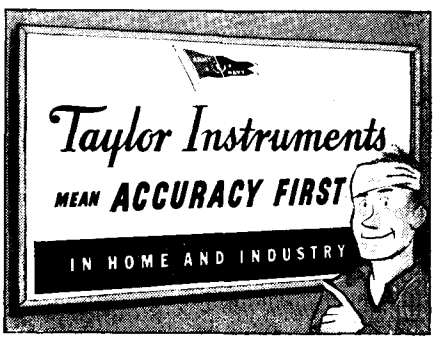


2 **"Why, they even pay you...** with a free physical examination that would set you back three bucks in any doctor's office. Take your temperature and your blood pressure —and your blood count too to see if you're anemic. There would be a laugh, me bein' anemic, huh?



3 **"And then if them swell looking nurses** ain't raised your blood pressure too much, you go and make your blood donation. And is that a surprise. It's so easy you don't even know you're doin' it, hardly. All you do is lay there and rest—and wonder why *everybody* don't do it!

4 **"Then they give you a cup of coffee...** and a button that I guess some guys figure makes 'em a home front hero. But that ain't how I look at it. I figure sendin' a pint of blood overseas is the nearest thing I can do to goin' myself!"



5 **Taylor Blood Pressure Instruments** and Fever Thermometers are standard blood bank equipment. Other Taylor Instruments are being used in research to unearth new facts about blood plasma. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Behind every bottle over 100 years of Knowing How!
The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

cheering through the snow. There were no spectators.

Through an acquaintance on the Democratic State Committee, Uncle 'Lish succeeded in getting an invitation to the White House reception on the day following the inauguration, and on March 3rd, Uncle 'Lish, Aunt Mahala, and I took the train in Boston. In New York the train was run in sections onto parallel tracks on board a big steamboat, and we sailed down the East River and across the harbor to Jersey City. From there we went to Washington over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Uncle 'Lish had been unable to get hotel reservations, and so we stopped at a boarding house on the hill not far from the Capitol. We arrived early for the inauguration. Our seats were a long way from the flag-draped stand on the Capitol steps, where the ceremony was to take place, and Uncle 'Lish complained loudly to everybody within hearing. Finally, there was a movement of figures on the ceremonial platform, far, far away, and a band played the national anthem. All around us people arose and remained standing. Aunt Mahala and I were dependent upon Uncle 'Lish's comments, for only he could see over the crowd. After what seemed a long time, a tremendous cheer arose.

"Well, there, by God, Cleveland's inaugurated!" Uncle 'Lish cried. "At least, I suppose it's Cleveland, but from here he looks more like Tom Thumb. Let's get out of here."

We had better places for the parade that followed later that day, seats in a window above a store on Pennsylvania Avenue. The procession passed directly under us. When the carriage bearing Cleveland and his predecessor, Chester A. Arthur, went by, Uncle 'Lish could not contain his enthusiasm. "Hear the swabs cheer, Mahaly. Hear that, boy? That's because they realize they've got a man at the wheel at last. A skipper, by God, who knows the course." President Cleveland continually bowed and smiled, and Mr. Arthur seemed less downcast than bored.

Aunt Mahala had brought her party dress, a black gown sprinkled with beads, for the White House reception the next day. She also wore a lace shawl that Uncle 'Lish had brought from abroad. The Captain was much as usual. He had on his blue broadcloth Prince Albert with his knee-length sailor boots under his pants. His white shirt bosom glistened with starchy purity, but he wore neither collar nor tie. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

useless gold stud shone like the morning star.

"Elisha," my great-aunt said just before we left for the White House, "to please me, will you put on this collar and necktie I brought for you? This isn't Sicasset."

"I've dressed this way ashore for forty years!" the old man roared. "I wouldn't change if I was going to a reception to God Almighty and the angels!" He didn't.

We drove out Pennsylvania Avenue in a hack and joined a line of carriages and hacks that was slowly entering the White House grounds. While we waited in our carriages, Aunt Mahala noticed that the Captain had brought along the presentation cane. "Elisha," she asked, "what is that thing in a silk covering that you're carrying around? I noticed it with our bags on the train."

I started to explain, but Uncle 'Lish nudged me sharply. "Why, it's a cane I got that I'm presenting to Cleveland," he said to her, and looked uneasy.

"What sort of a cane?" she asked. "I can't see why you should give a cane to the President. And where has it been?"

"Hell, Mahaly," he said, "you don't see everything. This cane has been packed away. It's made from a piece of the Constitution."

"Really? Where did you get it?"

"Why, do you remember Christie O'Flaherty, who was a bosun's mate on the frigate? Well, he made it once when they were refitting some part of her and—here we are, by God." The hack drew up before the White House portico.

In a long line of people, we moved slowly into the Blue Room, where Cabinet members and their ladies, the President and his sister, Miss Rose Cleveland, who was now mistress of the White House, were shaking hands with the guests.

We finally arrived at the head of the line. Uncle 'Lish and Aunt Mahala shook the Presidential hand and Miss Cleveland patted me on the shoulder. We were expected to pass along, but instead my uncle whipped the cane out of its silk sheath and began a speech of presentation. Teetering on his bowlegs, the presentation cane in one hand and his own cane in the other, he spoke his piece in a voice tuned to reach men on skys'l yards.

"Mr. President," he said, "I'm here to say that you are a rescuer. The Ship of State was damn near ashore. I for one had an eye on a hatch cover and was ready to abandon ship when you took over. But now we're in a safe port, by God, and a damn good job for all hands. I'll never live to see such a welcome sight as the paying off of the psalm singers."

The Captain wound up with a tribute to Miss Cleveland. "Mr. President," he said, ogling the lady, "your sister's a damn fine-looking woman." With which delicate compliment, he presented the cane and bowed himself out. Aunt Mahala, crimson with mortification, and I, astonished, followed.

AFTER our return to Sicasset, Uncle 'Lish crowed over his Republican neighbors, but there was no mention of the cane. Plenty was said about it three months later, however, when Sarsfield Fisher came back from Italy and discovered his loss. Evidently he somehow heard of the presentation. He went straight to Aunt Mahala. Uncle 'Lish and I were in the sitting room that afternoon and heard her showing Mr. Fisher out. Then she burst in upon us. "Captain Elisha Hathaway," she said, "everybody in this town tried to dissuade me from marrying you. I've had plenty of opportunity in thirty years to learn why, you—"

"Mahaly," Uncle 'Lish said mildly, "the boy."

"Never mind the boy. It's time he learned what a scalawag you are! You have not only made a colossal fool of yourself and of me but you have deliberately embarrassed the President of the United States. Also, you are a liar. You lied about where you got the cane. I am going to sit down now and write to

Popular Record News!

by Dave Dexter, Jr.

Johnny Mercer

Not quite three years ago two enterprising men had an idea that a new recording company with new stars, new tunes and new standards of fidelity would be welcomed by American record-buyers. One of the men was an internationally noted showman; the other, one of America's great song writers. Thus, in 1942, was Capitol Records conceived by B. G. (Buddy) De Sylva and Johnny Mercer.

Top tunes and top talent are the obvious prerequisites for a best-selling record. Buddy and Johnny, however, added a third ingredient—superb *engineering* to assure lifelike reproduction. And so Capitol's first release in July of 1942 *(Cow-Cow Boogie* and *Strip Polka)* proved their contention, for the two sides led the list of best-sellers month after month, catapulted Ella Mae Morse, Freddie Slack and Mercer himself to stardom and firmly established the youthful Capitol firm as a leader among recording concerns.

Buddy De Sylva

Those first successes have been followed by even more spectacular discs. Jo Stafford, Martha Tilton, The King Cole Trio, Andy Russell, Stan Kenton, Johnnie Johnston, Paul Weston, The Pied Pipers and a dozen other great Capitol performers have become leaders in the recording field. Capitol was first to offer such hits as *The Trolley Song, Ana Her Tears Flowed Like Wine, Straighten Up and Fly Right, Amor, I'll Walk Alone* . . . and Mercer's own *Ac-cen-tchu-ate the Positive.*

It was just an idea, at first. But now it's a proved success. Buddy and Johnny are recording industry titans today; so is Capitol. All of which means more and better records for you in the future.

(Advertisement)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method

now available for home use

NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79c per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Washing removes LARVEX but *dry-cleaning* does not. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

➡ *LARVEX IS DIFFERENT*

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

. . . **CHEAP!** Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat LARVEXED fabrics!

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX

Registered Trade Mark

Mr. Cleveland. I am going to explain that my husband is a sneak thief and I am going to get that cane back for Mr. Fisher. I will not listen to a word from you." And she strode out.

Uncle 'Lish said nothing for a long time. He sat looking into the fire. Finally he turned to me. There was an unaccustomed mistiness in his eyes. "Goddammit, boy," he said, "it's all wrong. No private citizen ought to own a piece of the Constitution. The proper owner is the President."

Sarsfield Fisher got his cane back with a regretful note from the President's secretary, which politely deplored the mistake that had been made. Although Uncle 'Lish regained his old superior manner, he spoke of the cane only once again.

"Boy, that goddamned Sarsfield Fisher is a fraud. He can't paint for Hannah Cook. If I had one of his pictures, I'd hang it up in the privy, by God." At the time he was sipping a glass of rum and wearing an inscrutable expression that I thought boded no good for the peace of Sarsfield Fisher.

—Ralph Frye

•

MAY

In the river, shad, in the air
a bluebird swift;
from the loam
the fern fronds lift.

Child in the lane,
with violets in your fist
and tangled hair
and clay
upon your cheek,
it's plain
you've had a peek
at Arcady today,
down by the creek,
on your way
home.

You shied a pebble
at a frog
and missed,
found baby lizards underneath a log
and a blue eggshell,
heard a tree toad's treble,
a far-off cowbell,
saw a snake
in the water;
you know well
the day's worth;
you have been kissed
by fat old Mother Earth
and given cake
by her favorite daughter,
May.

—Peggy Bacon

TWO are better than ONE!

• TWO delicious old-time flavors combine to give you a new, lip-smacking taste-sensation in Best Foods Mustard spiked with Horseradish. Not too strong...not too mild ...it's an exciting, savory combination! Get a jar today!

BEST FOODS MUSTARD with HORSERADISH

Extraordinary

Lamps and Accessories

JAMES AMSTER · 140 E. 53rd ST. PL 8-1866

EASY!

No trick to mastering languages at Berlitz! No limit to jobs awaiting those who know Spanish, French, etc. Open 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

BERLITZ

630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) Circle 6-1416

MAKES MIXED DRINKS

SING Abbott's BITTERS

BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Royal Nonesuch

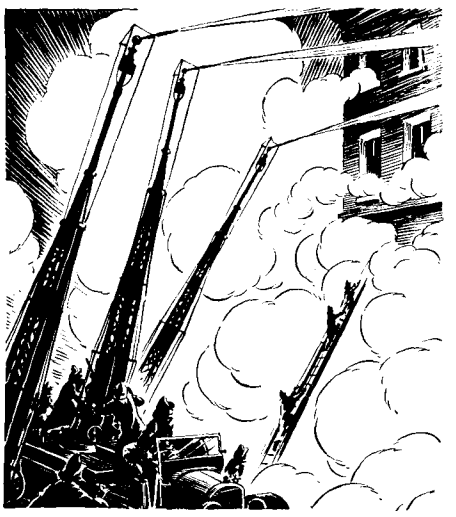
IT is hard to tell whether "Salome, Where She Danced" is seriously intended to be a costume drama with music or just a definitive and interminable parody of such pictures. If it is the first, it is one of the most ridiculous films ever made; if it is the second, I present my compliments to Universal Pictures for turning out one of the most elaborate practical jokes in history. The only possible reasons for going into "Salome" at any length, since I can't imagine anybody in his right mind wanting to see it, are that it has employed the energies of such gifted people as Laurence Stallings and Walter Wanger and that, as noted, its artistic purpose is completely inscrutable.

The film opens with a bearded actor jocosely impersonating Robert E. Lee, seated on his horse, Traveller, immediately after the surrender at Appomattox. He advises everybody to go home, a tip I would have taken if I'd known what I was in for from then on. At this point, we are also introduced to Jim, a correspondent for *Leslie's Weekly*; Cleve, a handsome rebel who wants to go on fighting; and Count von Bohlen, who has been sent by Bismarck to observe the tactics of Stonewall Jackson. From here, you are rather arbitrarily transplanted to Berlin, where Salome, a young woman known in private life as Anna Maria, happens to be dancing at the moment. Bismarck, ensconced in a box and equipped with binoculars, obviously thinks she's wonderful, and so do Jim and the Count, who also conveniently turn up for the occasion (General Lee, Traveller, and Cleve are absent, or perhaps I just overlooked them). Anyway, the Austro-Prussian war breaks out, and Jim gets a terrific scoop for *Leslie's Weekly*, since, if you are still following me, Salome has found him rather fetching and, having some influence with the Count, has managed to pry out of him Bismarck's secret plans for the opening of hostilities. It doesn't seem to have been much as a war, though picturesque.

In any case, by the time the war really gets going, Salome and Jim, moving west, have reached an American frontier settlement, where she dances and gets kidnapped by Cleve, who has turned road agent, apparently out of boredom as much as anything else. The next stop is San Francisco, where Salome dances some more, once, rather mysteriously, on a Chinese junk that happens to be anchored in the harbor, and finds herself mixed up with such peculiar characters as a Russian millionaire who gives away Rembrandts like cigars, and a suave Oriental with a Scotch accent. The unspeakable von Bohlen appears just long enough to get killed in a duel, and finally Salome marries the highwayman, not especially to my surprise, since by that time I was far beyond *any* emotion except a nervous suspicion that it was I who was crazy rather than Stallings or Wanger. The cast of this attraction includes Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron, and David Bruce, all handsome and shapely, and all giving almost exactly the kind of performances indicated in the script.

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION," with Greer Garson and Gregory Peck, is one of those big, glum pictures that always seem just about to say something important but never quite get around to it. Miss Garson plays the rôle of an Irish housemaid employed by a Pittsburgh steel family, and the story is mainly concerned with her romance with Mr. Peck, a son of the house, who wishes to improve conditions in the mills. I have never read the Marcia Davenport novel from which this picture was adapted, but I can't believe that any writer could have got so much material into just one book. "The Valley of Decision" contains the romance of American industry, focussing particularly on the invention of the open-hearth furnace; the controversy between labor and capital, with no sides taken; the whole theory of democracy, summed up in the problem of whether it is suitable for Mr. Peck to marry Miss Garson rather than an icy aristocrat played by Jessica Tandy; and a considerable amount of shooting, chiefly involving Lionel Barrymore, who does it from a wheel chair. I have no doubt whatever that all this is going to wind up as a stupendous success at the box office. I would only like to say that it seemed a little long and amorphous to me, and certainly not much as a sociological document.

FROM the notes of an accomplice: "'The Clock,' with Judy Garland and Robert Walker, is a rather attrac-



FIRE-FIGHTING GIRAFFES

The "Ohs" and "Ahs" of delight that burst from spectators at pyrotechnic displays are often exceeded at the sight of a modern fire department's water towers in action. For these fire-fighting giraffes stretch their long necks 65 feet, and shoot streams of water to heights that no earthbound hose could reach.

With voracious appetites, they can easily intake and throw 1000 gallons of water per minute from high-pressure hydrants, pumping engines or fire-boats; yet they can be turned in any direction with a twist of the wrist.

"Oh" and "Ah" if you will, at their thrilling performance. But be properly grateful that these prima donnas of the fire department bring an added measure of protection that far outweighs their grace and beauty.

Many property owners are also grateful to their insurance brokers and agents for the protection against fire, damage and theft which the modern Atlantic policies provide for business properties, homes, furs, jewelry, yachts and other possessions. And a mighty comfortable feeling it is, too.

ATLANTIC
Mutual INSURANCE *Company*
FORTY-NINE WALL STREET • NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
Albany • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Dallas • Detroit
Newark • New Haven • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Rochester

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rogers Peet ... Makers of Fine Clothes

The architecture of clothes!

A man's body may be likened to structural framework around which our Master-Designer builds for smart effects. This means masking lines or contours that interfere with a general good-looking appearance. Definitely an art in itself.

Styles for young men, and men who never grow old.

Rogers Peet Company

Makers of Fine Clothes

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

BELLOWS & COMPANY

Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

Dr. Samuel Johnson once said:
"*Claret for Boys, Port for Men and Brandy for Heroes.*"

BELLOWS'
FINE IMPORTED BRANDY
Product of Portugal

This fine light brandy, distilled from the wine of the famed Alto Duoro vineyards of Portugal, is in the tradition of the great brandies of the Continent. It possesses a light, agreeable character, well worthy of consideration.

86 Proof • 4/5 Quart

New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*

tive story of a forty-eight-hour courtship between a soldier on leave and a working girl who meet accidentally in Pennsylvania Station. It starts with the soldier entranced by his first ride on an escalator. He ventures out of the station, is terrified by the skyscrapers (which *do* seem to be closing in on him), and bolts back into the station. Miss Garland trips over him and breaks the heel off her shoe, starting up a lovely friendship and quite a tour of sightseeing. There is a very funny scene in an all-night lunch wagon, with Keenan Wynn, who plays drunks better than anybody except maybe W. C. Fields, knocking out James Gleason, who happens to be a milkman, so that the radiant couple feel obliged to spend the rest of the night delivering his milk. After that, and a few other complications, they decide to get married, and do so in a rather meagre ceremony at City Hall, which depresses Miss Garland a good deal, though fortunately only temporarily. In the end, Mr. Walker has to go back to his duties, leaving his bride in Pennsylvania Station, where he found her. Of course all this has its familiar aspects, but I don't think it is without poignancy. The title, incidentally, is based on the fact that the hero and heroine have a way of meeting under the clock at the Astor, never exactly associated in my mind with romance. . . . 'Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe,' an elaborate job featuring Betty Grable, opens with William Gaxton introducing a lot of girls in a floor show who are dressed up as spices, which I guess is something of a novelty. In addition to Miss Grable and Mr. Gaxton, the cast includes Richard Haymes, Beatrice Kay, and Phil Silvers. The plot is intricate and fashionable, and has a dream sequence in which the heroine finds herself mixed up with mink coats, Elizabeth Arden, the Stork Club, Twenty-one, Newport, and, finally, a rajah and an ermine telephone. At one point, Mr. Silvers tries to figure out just *why* the show must go on. I've wondered about that myself from time to time."

—W. G.

•

Have you noticed our classified Advertisements? They are improving in quality and number.

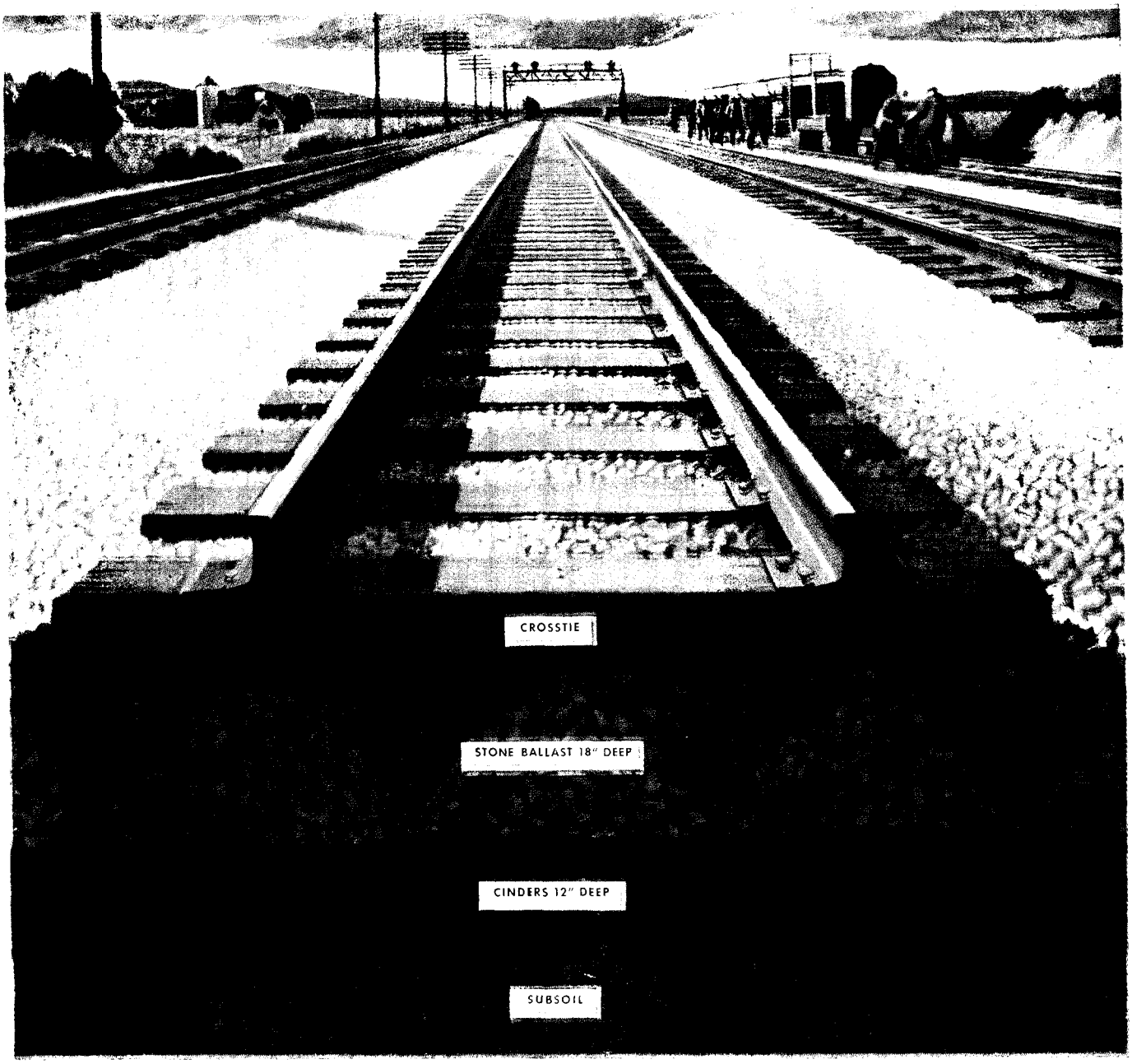
Have you noticed our classified Advertisements? They are improving in quality and number.

—General Douglas MacArthur.

—*Adv. in the Hartsdale (N.Y.) Times.*

To hell with Hartsdale, General. Stick to the Pacific.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Millions will be needed for "Deferred Maintenance"

TODAY'S mighty war loads are riding on foundations like that pictured . . . "highways" into which the railroads have put more than 4 billion dollars for improvements since the last war. This groundwork is the necessary basis for carrying the greatest load in history.

Wear and tear on roadway, bridges, locomotives, cars and equipment have been terrific. And material and labor for needed maintenance are not obtainable now beyond the minimum necessary for safe, continued operation. As a result, much work that should be done has had to be deferred. So the railroads are wearing out 25 per cent faster than they can be restored.

If permitted, railroads would put aside money from current revenues for postwar replacement of things that are worn out in earning that revenue. But the tax law forbids. If money for needed repairs cannot be spent for those repairs as it is earned, it is considered "profit" and practically taxed away.

Money that should be spent for maintenance isn't profit. Actually it is "repair money" that ordinarily would be spent for that purpose. As such, it is the lifeblood of the railroads. To tax it away, simply because it cannot be spent now because of war conditions, threatens the backbone of American transportation.

Congressional amendment of the tax law to permit this money to be put aside for repairs and replacement would mean strong postwar railroads and thousands of jobs for returning fighting men in furnishing materials and restoring the railroads for the needs of tomorrow.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

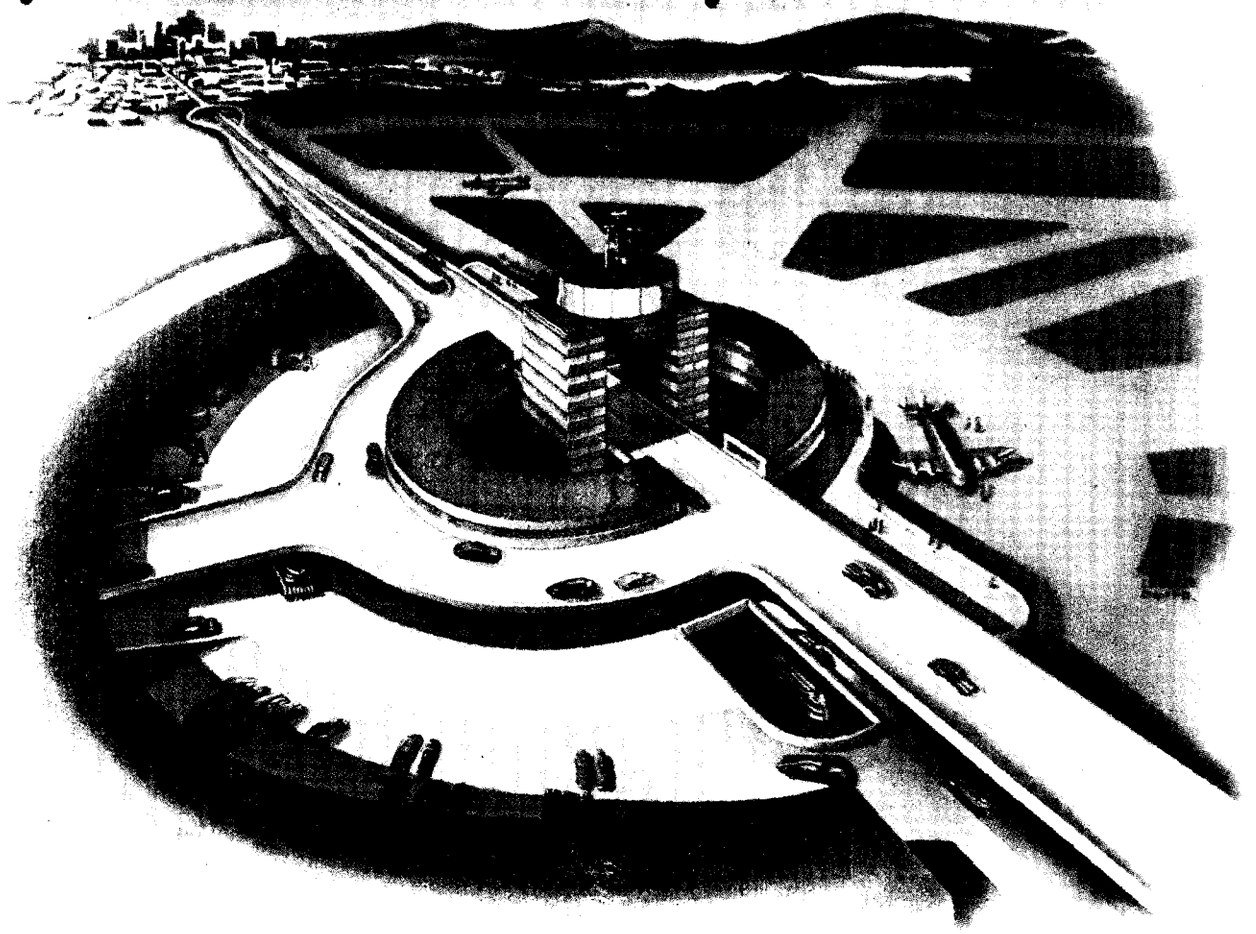
Serving the Nation

★ *51,779 entered the Armed Forces* ☆ *647 have given their lives for their Country*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Integrated Transportation Center by Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow!



PLANNING TODAY FOR TOMORROW'S TRAVEL

Many enterprising communities are planning post-war to concentrate all forms of transportation in one great center at the edge of town... a combined airport, railroad station, bus terminal. Freight will be handled speedily between trains and platforms, where trucks and trailers can load or unload. Ample parking space for private automobiles.

YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE

The youngest whiskies in Seagram's V.O. Canadian, were laid away six years ago... the year Franco won the Spanish Civil War, the year "Gone With The Wind" had its movie premiere in Atlanta, and "Life With Father" started its record run. Today enjoy the mellow lightness of Seagram's V.O. Canadian.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

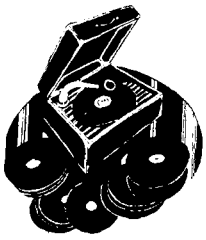
Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



A RECORDING of Igor Stravinsky's new "Scènes de Ballet," played by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of the composer, has just been released by Columbia. It was written last summer for the Alicia Markova-Anton Dolin ballet in "Seven Lively Arts," but, for one reason or another, only segments of the music are used in the show. "Scènes de Ballet" is an ingratiating, modern-sounding score—several brief sections modelled on classic dance forms—and the most interesting thing about it is the originality and variety of the rhythms. It has its share of sentimental tunes, which its harmonic scheme tries hard to disguise. This recording is probably not the definitive performance of the work, since composers are not always their own best interpreters, but both the music and the playing are certainly pleasant enough.

SEVERAL times this season, Bruno Walter has emerged from a self-imposed sabbatical to conduct operas at the Metropolitan or concerts in Carnegie Hall. He has also come out of his temporary retirement to record, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Mozart symphony No. 41, in C-major ("Jupiter"), for Columbia. The discs are now available and, as you might expect, the performance is a fastidious one, almost to the point of fussiness in its detail, and of course a distinguished one. It does, perhaps, fall slightly from grace at one point in the fourth movement when, owing to a very pianissimo pianissimo, the rhythm isn't clear for a few measures. The symphony requires seven twelve-inch sides. The extra side is a sparkling rendering, by the same artists, of the overture to Mozart's opera "Così Fan Tutte."

BRAHMS' fourth symphony, which horrified some of its first hearers because it was in E-minor, an unusual symphonic key then, has just been recorded for Columbia by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy's direction. Even in these days of atonality, twelve-tone systems, and works written in thirty keys at once, Brahms' accomplishment in E-minor is fairly startling. The performance by Mr. Ormandy and his Philadelphians is not quite a delight, largely because of a tentative, uncertain feeling in portions of the first two movements. In the last two movements, the conductor and musicians seem to shake off their lethargy, or whatever it is.

SOME of the best music in Leonard Bernstein's fine score for "On the Town" is in a four-record album (DM 995), an interesting new Victor release. While the music was written to complement the plot structure of the show, a lot of it is fairly ambitious, going in for symphonic theme and development, particularly in the dance and pantomime sequences. There are four items in the album which seem to be something more than popular music. These are performed by the "On the Town" orchestra under Mr. Bernstein's direction—the "Lonely Town" pas de deux, the "Times Square" ballet, and "Dream in a Subway" and "Dance of the Great Lover," which are from the "Dream Sequence." The rest of the pieces are done by the Victor Chorale and several soloists from that group, in addition to the same orchestra. They include "Lonely Town" (with the lyrics this time), "New York, New York," "Lucky to Be Me," and "Some Other Time," all conducted by Robert Shaw and all newly arranged. This album has both freshness and taste.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ has applied his prodigious technique, as well as his other talents, to Czerny's variations on the aria "La Ricordanza," Tchaikovsky's "Dumka," and his own version of the Saint-Saëns "Danse Macabre," which make up a new Victor album. His playing is brilliant and remarkably precise in all of these works, but none of them presents a real challenge to his faculties. The recording is good, especially the Czerny item, in which the tone is unusually rich and substantial.

—R. C. B.

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE LOS ANGELES "TIMES" D'YA READ?

HOLLYWOOD AIR
MARKS OPENING
OF CONFERENCE
—Los Angeles Times, April 26, page 1.

SOBER DIGNITY ATTENDS
OPENING OF CONFERENCE
—Same paper, same day, page 4.

Pearce special napping gives added thickness, softness, warmth without increased weight. Pearce all wool quality remains unchanged even during the scarcities and production difficulties of war. Gorgeous colorings, 5½ in. binding. See Pearce Blankets at your favorite store. Buy sparingly *after you have arranged for that extra war bond.*

Sample swatch and folder on the care of Pearce Blankets upon request.

America's Oldest Blanket Mill

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO., LATROBE, PA.

PROMINENT GOLFER SAYS
"IT'S THE BEST!"

Craig Wood of Winged Foot Golf Club

See how Neatsope cleans renews and preserves leather equipment

Use Neatsope also on shoes, luggage, handbags, upholstery, all leather except suède, to protect against scuffing, soften, bring back color. Penetrates wet or dry leather. Leaves no grease or odor. Does not interfere with use of regular polish. Nothing else quite like it! 25c and $1 at dept. and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold.

NEATSOPE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

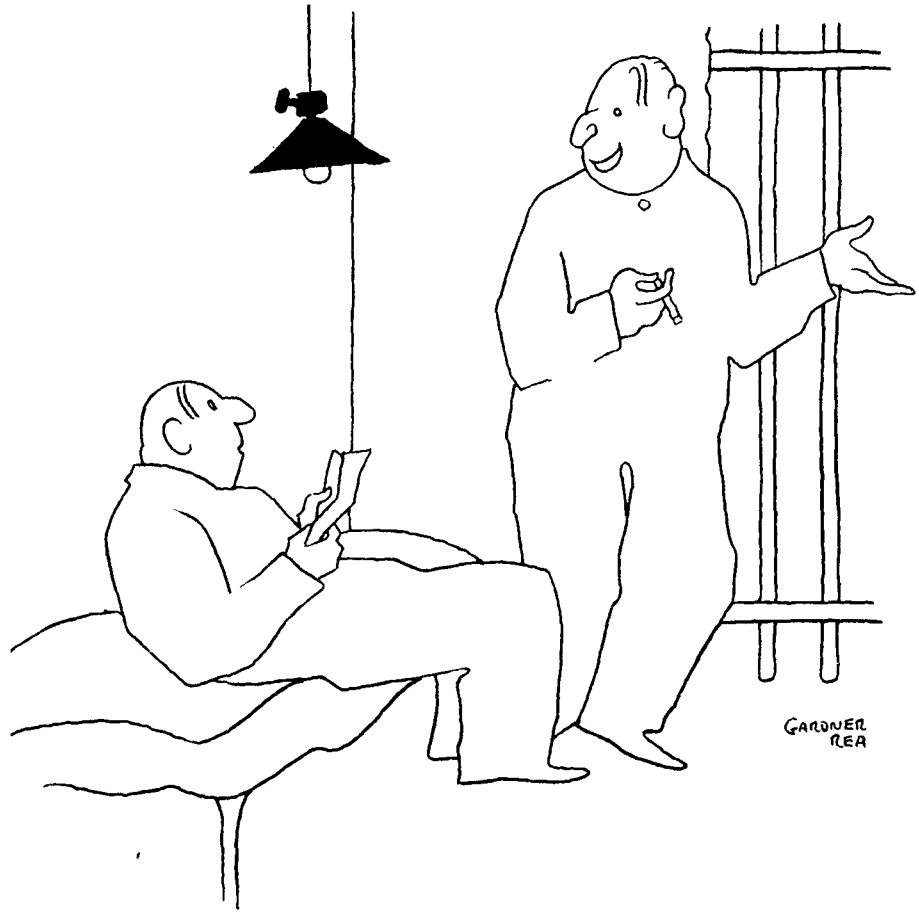
BOOKS

The Long Revolution

GEORGES BIDAULT, former president of the French National Resistance Council and now Minister of Foreign Affairs in the de Gaulle government, said before a gathering in freshly liberated Paris last September that France wanted "a revolution by law." So speaking, he echoed the sentiments of most of the delegates to the Estates General who gathered at Versailles on May 3, 1789, the first date in the useful chronology which J. M. Thompson, once a fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, has appended to his "The French Revolution" (Oxford University). Because the men of 1789-94 rested on a great partial success, the struggle to complete "the revolution by law" has continued ever since, and Mr. Thompson might well have called his book "The French Revolution—First Phase." That he is well aware of this unity of modern French history is clear throughout his narrative of these crucial five years' events. But Thompson allows it to remain implicit, as if he were afraid of arousing British antipathy to a country which at the time he finished his work—January, 1943—was thought of by his compatriots with mingled pity and suspicion. He has spent much of his life trying to reconcile undergraduates to the fact that the French are different. "One who is puzzled by the French character can learn what it is like from a hundred sympathetic observers, from Sterne and Young to Edith Wharton and Gertrude Stein," he instructs his readers in what he calls "A Practical Preface." When he writes of the Revolution, it is sometimes with the manner of a nice young man trying to explain to the family at the vicarage his engagement to a Continental actress. "The greatest obstacle to the understanding of the French Revolution," he warns his public, "is the difficulty of realizing that it was French, and that it was a Revolution. Historians too often assume, as Burke assumed, that because the French Revolution of 1789 did not proceed like the English Revolution of 1688, there must have been something wrong about it." This tone, kindly and mildly patronizing toward revolutionist and reader alike, is a small but frequent irritation throughout a book that Professor Harold J. Laski has called "one of the outstanding historical contributions of our time." It is a defect perhaps inseparable from books by professors. To say, for example, that the National Guardsmen from Marseille and Toulon who first sang the "Marseillaise" in Paris had been "picked for their moral and physical fitness as carefully as Rhodes Scholars" may be an infallible device for recapturing the attention of a dozing boy in a lecture hall, but in print it just looks silly.

When this annoyance has been discounted—you get used to it, as you do to a ship with an awkward roll—it becomes clear that Mr. Thompson has written a concise and perceptive account of one of the great episodes in history. As a historian, he is an exponent of line rather than color. He takes the vast, fleshy corpus of evidence on the five years and makes the bone structure and nerve and muscle show through; he is a physiologist as well as an anatomist, and he makes us understand how the Revolution functioned. He says, "The troubles of the peasantry forced themselves upon the attention of the assembly, and led to a land settlement that left a deep mark on the country. The no less real grievances of the town laborer found little real expression in the *cahiers* [the written complaints prepared for presentation to the King by delegates to the Estates General] of '89, and less sympathy among the deputies. No labor settlement emerged from the Revolution." He also shows why this was almost inevitable. Of a population of twenty-six and a half millions in France in 1789, twenty-three millions were engaged in agriculture. The nobility and clergy, against whom the discontent was directed, numbered four hundred thousand and a hundred and thirty-five thousand respectively. The bourgeoisie, chief beginner of the Revolution, numbered one million, comprising the professional and mercantile classes. There were at most two million non-agricultural workers; they could make their weight felt in only three cities—Paris, Lyon, and Marseille. The bourgeoisie and the peasantry shared the spoils; control of the state and position in society went to the first, the land to the second.

The workers and the out-of-work of



"I got one consolation—they never shook my story."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The materiel: CURTAIN RODS, SODA-POP BOTTLES, PALM TREE SAP

The problem: TO EQUIP AN ARMY

OUT OF CURTAIN rods they made bullets. Out of old soda-pop bottles they made insulators for telegraph wires. Out of palm-tree sap they made gasoline — thus converting into an armored division miscellaneous automobiles that unknown civilians had hidden in the jungle. These included a brand new station wagon and a truck which had "International Coconut Corporation" painted all over it.

"They" were the Filipino guerrillas on Leyte, during the Jap invasion.

The 20th century Daniel Boone who showed them how was 24-year-old "Rich"—more formally known as Lt. I. D. Richardson, U.S.N.R., son of a Methodist minister.

". . . a combination of Daniel Boone and Ernest-Hemingway hero."—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Lt. Richardson was executive officer to Kelly of the "Expendables". After Corregidor he took part in the retreat from the Philippines. He got to Leyte. With eleven AAF pilots, he tried to sail a 90-foot native boat to Australia, was shipwrecked after 200 miles, swam 13 hours to shore.

Again on Leyte, now Jap-infested, he was at first busy just surviving. Then he ran into the native Filipino bands that never stopped harassing the Japs. Little by little he found himself becoming a guerrilla leader. He organized a medical corps, a tax system, a currency system (the bills were printed by hand on wrapping paper, on Grade 3 notebook paper, lined and all) for an underground government whose "capitol" was any hiding place in the jungle, in the night. He became a one-man planning board for the Filipino resistance movement. Finally he constructed the radio intelligence network that furnished the information on which MacArthur based his triumphal landings on Leyte.

* * * *

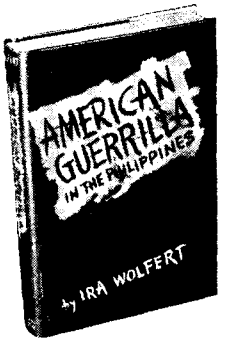
Lt. Richardson's story, told by Ira Wolfert, one of America's greatest foreign correspondents, is called AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES. *It is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May. Here are some first reviews:*

LEWIS GANNETT *in the N. Y. Herald Tribune*: "You read it gulping and gasping, and believe every word of it."

CLIFTON FADIMAN *in the Book-of-the-Month Club News*: "AMERICAN GUERRILLA is a tale of absorbing suspense, genuinely exciting from beginning to end."

ORVILLE PRESCOTT *in the N. Y. Times*: "An engrossing thriller. A highly dramatic and effective account of the hole and corner fighting that is guerrilla warfare."

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Superman, Buck Rogers, and Dick Tracy, go way back and sit down! A swift-paced adventure story with a hero of whom Americans may well be proud. Its popular appeal should be instantaneous."



AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Ira Wolfert

Price $2.75 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Praise for

Sergeant Nelson

OF THE GUARDS

by Gerald Kersh

"Sergeant Nelson is terrific —definitely. There are chuckles, belly-laughs, sometimes horror, and tears for those who wish to shed them. There may have been more vivid accounts written of the British retreat to Dunkirk, but, if so, I have not read them."
— New York Herald Tribune

"No one since Kipling has captured the argot and character of the British Tommy with such fidelity. I laughed and wept."
— Sterling North

"The most blood-&-thunder, swashbuckling, super-patriotic book of World War II."
— Time Magazine

At your bookseller $2.50

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., PHILA. 7, PA.

THE

Doctor's

Job

By CARL BINGER, M. D.

"A popular, well-written account of what has happened to American medicine — which also means the American patient — during the last fifty years... excellent reading, whether you feel ill or well."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

"Wise, witty and entirely human... will increase your confidence in the medical profession."
—Philadelphia Inquirer

THIRD LARGE PRINTING

At all bookstores • $3.00

WINNER OF THE $3,500.00 NORTON Medical AWARD for 1945

W·W·NORTON & CO. • N. Y. 11

Paris had contributed a disproportionate share to the Revolutionists' victory, and they were excluded from the fruits. Because of the very great concentration, even then, of people in Paris, the Parisians were the shock troops of the Revolution; they felt that they had been cheated. If France had remained as it was in 1794, this resentment might never have been able to disturb the settlement that emerged from the Revolution. Eighteenth-century France lagged behind England in industrialization. In 1789, nearly half the people in England already lived in towns, but less than a fifth of the French did, and that fifth, of course, included the bourgeoisie and their domestics. However, in France the proportion of urban to rural and of industrial to agricultural population steadily rose; the new industrial population derived chiefly from the peasantry. Arrived in the city, the ex-peasant again found himself disinherited. Parallel with the increase of industrial population marched the demand for a new "revolution by law." Thompson says, "Perhaps the best guide to the Revolution of 1789 is the history of the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848. Perhaps the Paris Commune of 1871 is the best commentary on the Insurrectional Commune of 1792." This makes sense as far as it goes, but it would make still more if he said that the best guide to the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, the Commune of 1871, the riots of 1934, the Front Populaire election of 1936, and the problems of *épuration* and nationalization in France today is a history of the Revolution of 1789.

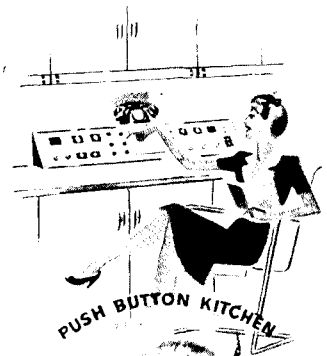
Girondins and Jacobins, Dantonistes and Robespierristes were all both members and representatives of the middle classes, Thompson reminds us. The Jacobin Club was a body that in economic standing might be compared to the Kiwanians or the Lions. Robespierre fell not because he was the leader of a blood-stained mob and so roused the detestation of all right-thinking people —the Brisbane-Hearst version of how things happened—but because he tried to rule without support from *either* right or left. (For one thing, he allowed manufacturers and wholesalers to sell at cost-plus but kept a rigid ceiling on wages. The businessmen were not satisfied with a fifteen-per-cent profit and the workers went on strike because they couldn't buy enough to eat.) Robespierre, in Thompson's opinion, was "consumed by a little man's ambition to play a big part. . . . His solemn air, his carefully composed speeches, his mastery of revolutionary technique, the bourgeois respectability of his conduct, and the touch of aristocracy (always irresistible to the bourgeoisie) that he gave to his dress and manners made him the idol of middle-class Jacobinism. . . . A cold, enigmatic, unattractive man, he repeated within the limits of his small study and of his narrow soul the full-blooded experiments of the Revolution, and extracted nothing from them but gall and wormwood." In the last two months of the Terror, he was executing more workmen than members of any other class, and in the last month he executed no nobles at all: the working class had become the chief victim of "Revolutionary justice." After he fell, his successors in power found in a couple of years that the only way to keep the city crowds from sharing in the social victory was to call in a dictator. The dictator's name was Bonaparte. An album of the political lithographs of Honoré Daumier would make a good sequel to Thompson, who leaves off in 1794. The people of Paris, including the glazier's son, Daumier, made the Revolution of 1830, and got Louis-Philippe and the progenitors of the present *Deux Cent Familles*. They made the Revolution of 1848 to jettison Louis-Philippe, and within three years got Louis Napoleon. They were not bilked in 1871; they were simply beaten. They set up the barricades again in the streets of Paris last August and took their city back from the Germans, but in the light of their history, nobody can blame them for being skeptical, touchy, and anxious about the "revolution by law." They are already beginning to wonder what they got this time. —A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

INTERIM, by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart). There has been a notable decrease of late years in novels in which, very quietly and interestingly, nothing happens and the characters talk intelligently of issues that touch their minds and hearts. "Interim" is such a novel. If you are sick to death of fiction dealing with the growing pains of adolescence or middle-aged indulgence in nostalgia, you will find this book a rewarding experience. The story, which is brief but does not lend itself to recapitulation, is a soldier's vivid recollection of a few days spent with an unusual English family during the war. Mr. Hutchinson not only manages to endow his characters with an interior reality but has a feeling for the subtle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...are these people crazy?

SOME OF THE FANCY postwar dreams you hear about won't come true. We'll still have to shop, cook, cut the grass, take care of things around the house. But those chores and many more will be a lot faster, easier to do because of amazing developments in electronics. With them will come a simpler, less strenuous way of life.

"THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT!"

Sylvania Surveys have been asking people what they would like to have electronically, after the war. Their answers, interesting and practical, point out what is expected from the vast realm of electronics. Write for a copy of this informative booklet! Sylvania Electric Products Inc., Dept. 565, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Do you prefer to do your shopping under the light of fluorescent lamps?

☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Don't know

What features do you want most in your postwar radio?

☐ FM ☐ Television ☐ Record player ☐ Home record-maker

How would you like to have your television pictures projected?

☐ On a wall screen ☐ On a screen that's part of the set

Other (specify) .....

Which of the following do you think will be the greatest benefit of home electronic devices?

☐ Safety ☐ Convenience ☐ Labor saving ☐ Time saving ☐ Health

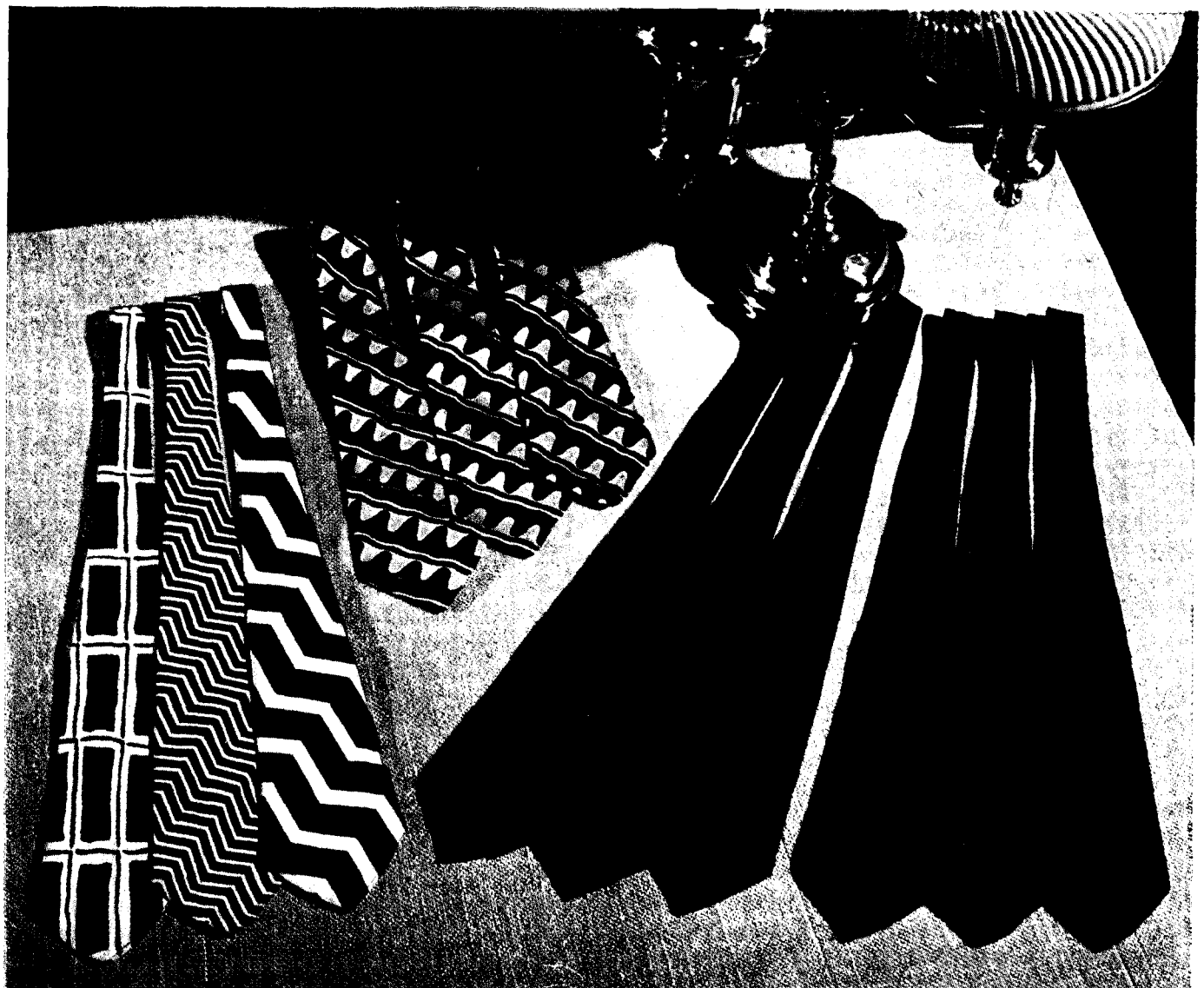
Other (specify) .....

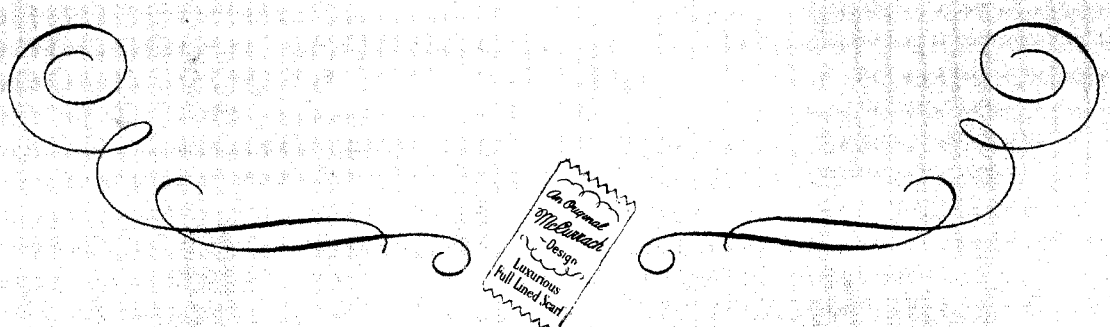
Why not send us <u>your</u> answers to these typical Sylvania Survey questions?

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

Makers of Fluorescent Lamps, Fixtures, Accessories; Incandescent Lamps; Radio Tubes; Electronic Devices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





2.50 & 3.50

Such deep background shades as indigo, onyx, and beetroot, contrasted with the brilliance of scarlet, gold or cornflower, give these ties a fashionable two-color charm all their own. Shown are but a few of the many Deeptone combinations. Ask to see the McCurrach label at better stores everywhere. Write for booklet, "Necktie Notes"—hints on color harmony; how to tie a Windsor and other knots.

McCurrach

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GENTLEMAN'S
The
KNIZE
TEN
AFTER SHAVING LOTION

$3.75
plus tax

THE LOTION MEN LIKE...
AND WOMEN REMEMBER
WHOL. DIS. KNIZE TEN SALES CO., 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Makes all lamb taste Better

Always ask for
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
Mint Sauce

Buy All Books at—
CAMPBELL'S
BOOK STORE
10918 Le Conte Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.
BR 21077 (Westwood Village) AR 39549
OPEN FRIDAYS UNTIL 9:00
Order by Mail. California residents add 2½% Sales Tax.
Postage paid—anywhere in U. S. on books costing $1 or more.
BUY BONDS—GIVE BLOOD

connections binding the members of the family together, all of which gives the book genuine distinction.

THE LITTLE COMPANY, by Eleanor Dark (Macmillan). A grave, unemphatic novel in which Australia is the background. The hero, a middle-aged Left Wing writer involved in a grotesquely unhappy marriage, falls half-heartedly in love with an odd, bloodless girl, and the deception that this affair requires brings about a crisis in his relations with his family. Mrs. Dark draws no more startling conclusions about marriage and adultery than she does about Communist ideology, with which the book is considerably concerned, and the novel meanders, though not uninterestingly, to an unclimactic end. The ordinary, uninformed reader probably won't be able to follow much of the author's talk of Australian politics, of which she takes a gloomy view.

DRINK TO THE HUNTED, by Ellen Marsh (Dutton). An American officer marries a young German girl while he is serving with our army of occupation in the Rhineland after the first World War. The life of the daughter of this union, first in the strict, middle-class household of her German grandparents, then traipsing over Europe with her violent, handsome mother (who has separated from the husband), then visiting her father in New England, then back in the Rhineland in the thick of the Nazi mess, makes the story. Miss Marsh, who is very young, has done the sort of capable job which publishers love to hail as a "remarkable first novel," and she may before long become a competent writer of fiction.

LET US CONSIDER ONE ANOTHER, by Josephine Lawrence (Appleton-Century). The latest of Miss Lawrence's tidy novels, all written in primer style, is about a nice American Catholic girl who marries a fine, upstanding young Jew and runs into unexpected racial discrimination. Miss Lawrence, besides being a novelist, is editor of a woman's department on a newspaper, and she knows all there is to know about how her readers feel about religious clannishness, kitchen color schemes, war work, and the right canapés; it is a pity that her familiarity with the preoccupations of middle-class Americans never adds up to anything more than an honest photograph.

STALLION ROAD, by Stephen Longstreet

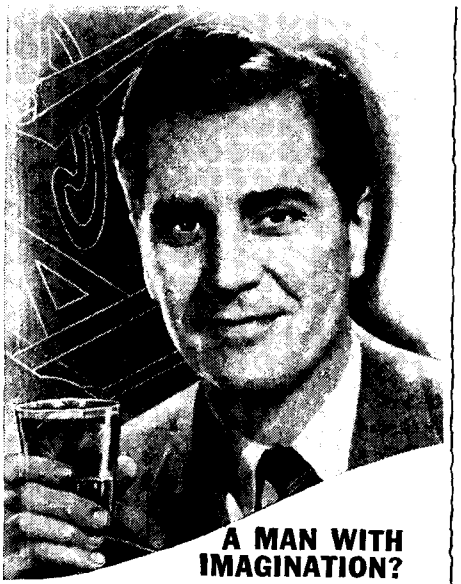
"A masterpiece so individual in its treatment that it will live as one of the finest psychological novels of our era."
—STERLING NORTH, N. Y. Post.

"The most mature, well-rounded portrait Miss Lehmann has ever given us."—ISABELLE MALLET, *N.Y. Times Book Review*.
At all booksellers. $2.75

The BALLAD and the SOURCE
by Rosamond Lehmann
Author of DUSTY ANSWER

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A MAN WITH IMAGINATION?

Plenty of imagination is indicated in the keen, alert gaze, the broad, full forehead of this man. He'd be the first to discover the *smoother blending* . . . the *fuller flavour* of a Rum Old-Fashioned made with . . .

FINE MELLOW JAMAICA 97 PROOF

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

Remember: For that wealth of flavour, the Rum must be Myers's.

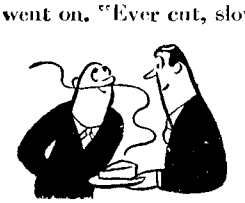
Write for free recipe book to
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
Sole Distributor in the U. S. A.
57 Laight St., Dept. N-5, New York 13

"I'll take popcorn!" he cried

WE RECENTLY found ourself in one of those pleasant, pointless discussions which occur after a fine dinner.

It grew out of a recital of favorite delicacies —the kind you simply couldn't resist, once you had embarked upon their consumption. My friend picked popcorn—*hot, buttered popcorn—as the thing* he couldn't stop eating. Not to save his life.

When he had extolled its virtues, we sat back and said, "Ever happen on a *perfect* wedge of golden, creamy Military Brand Camembert?" He said, "Yes, but—" We went on. "Ever cut, slowly and with relish, through its rich and mellow crust and sniff that heavenly aroma which arises?" Again he said, "Yes—"



"But," we resumed, "did you ever spread this creamy-smooth, gloriously flavorful heart of Camembert on a toasted cracker and nibble it slowly —inhaling as you ate?"

That did it. Memory gripped him in a vise. "Gimme some!", he cried in a dreadful voice. "Gimme some or I'll kill you!"

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

(Julian Messner). Life on a California ranch whose owner, an expert veterinarian, gambles on a grand scale, shows prize horses, does some fancy scientific research, and gets involved in a violent love affair. When Mr. Longstreet writes about horses, he seems about as good as anyone else who writes about horses; when he is examining his tough, hard-drinking characters, he is merely smooth and showy.

GENERAL

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PEACE, by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn (Dial). The authors of "Sabotage!" present another important thesis: the permanent German General Staff has long been preparing, and will continue to prepare after the defeat, another great assault on the rest of the planet, this time to win, not to place. For half the book, the authors construct an imposing indictment, showing by facts and the statements of leading Nazis that behind the seemingly most insensate atrocity there is a cold plan to brutalize, degrade, and dishearten the human spirit in order to soften up the non-German world for the kill. The rest of the book could have been omitted, for it is simply a rehash of what should be well known to anyone intelligent or interested enough to grasp the first part—the Washington sedition trials, the history of the Nazi Party (called "secret" here), Fifth Column activities in America, and other familiar matters. Unfortunately, too, the book is acrawl with annoying inaccuracies that have the effect of weakening the authors' case. Item: Adolf Hitler is not an alias for Adolf Schickelgruber; Hitler was born Hitler. Item: the Hess flight to Britain was made in May, 1941, not June. And so on.

THE BASIS OF LASTING PEACE, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson (Van Nostrand). Although the articles which comprise a part of this little book have been enthusiastically acclaimed in certain quarters, it is not clear just what the enthusiasm is about. In round, singularly unforceful and sometimes sententious periods —"There is nothing rigid or immutable about human affairs"—the authors propose a series of extensions to the Dumbarton Oaks plan which leave the reader breathing quite easily at the end of the recital. Some of the proposed improvements, such as

Gubelin proudly offers these two fine watches for the discriminating man or woman.

Man's handsome 18 kt. yellow gold, 17 jewel watch with black or silver dial. $198.

Lady's beautiful 18 kt. yellow gold, 17 jewel watch with black or silver dial. $222.

Federal Tax Included

GUBELIN INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

1 OUT OF 6 ADULTS DIES OF

CANCER

YOU MAY BE THE ONE

GIVE!

Eminent scientists lack funds for experiment . . . cancer clinics are starved for equipment . . . money is needed to care for advanced cases.

Mail your contribution to

CANCER
% Local Post Office

•

The American Cancer Society
National Headquarters
350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

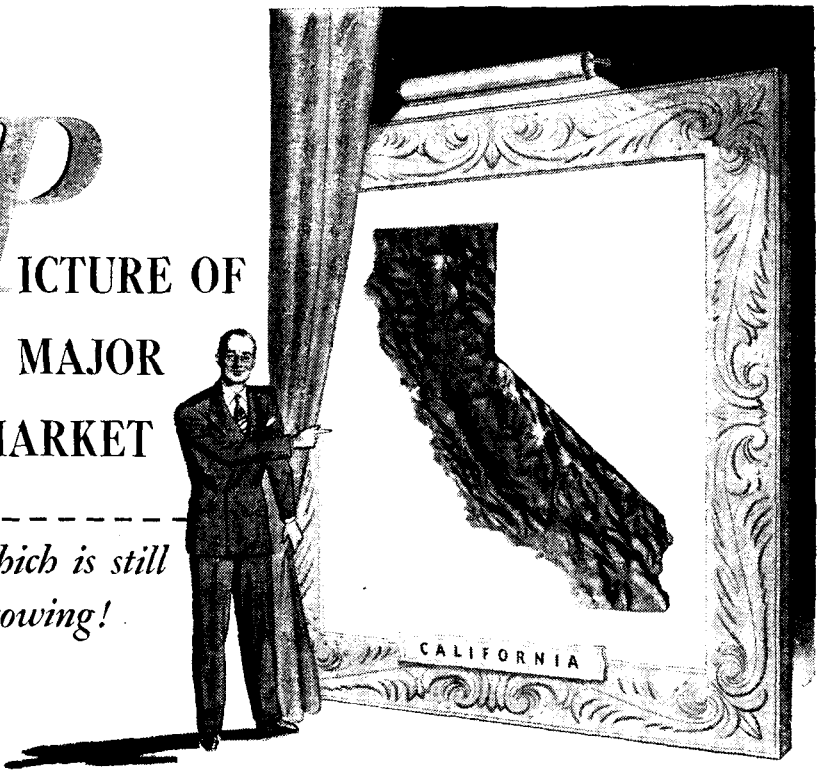
machinery for revision of treaties that have outlived their usefulness. seem reasonable enough, but it is hard to believe that such elementary considerations will not occur to the framers of the coming peace, as they already have occurred to more penetrating writers who have done books on this subject in the past few years.

THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY, by Emil Ludwig (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Ludwig's explicit program for coercing the Germans into behaving like human beings, based largely on a principle he expresses this way: "If you do a German a favor, he at once takes it for granted and asks for twice as much." The author would have the Allied armies of occupation comport themselves "correctly" but arrogantly and follow to the letter the spirit of General Eisenhower's dictum, "We come as conquerors." Conquerors, he says—not friends, or democrats, or educators—are the only authority the Germans will respect and obey. In the long period Mr. Ludwig believes the Allies will have to remain in Germany, their first objective should be to remove from German minds all ideas of militarism and to reinculcate a respect for the forgotten national cultural tradition of Goethe and Beethoven. Only in this way, he says, can we resolve the split personality of the German nation, the dichotomy revealed in, for example, Bismarck's comment upon hearing a Beethoven symphony: "Music to me calls forth two heterogeneous feelings —lust for war and a desire for the idyllic."

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, by Walter Bernstein (Viking). Sergeant Bernstein, during four years of varied and often perilous Army life, has not only obeyed the admonition he makes in the title of his book but also kept his eyes and ears open. Here is a collection of reports of his experiences, from the training camps of the South to the hills of Yugoslavia. Most of the contents of his book was first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, by Margery Allingham (Doubleday, Doran). Albert Campion, back in his London flat after three years overseas, is annoyed at finding the Dowager Marchioness of Carados depositing the corpse of an unknown woman



PICTURE OF A MAJOR MARKET

...which is still growing!

• Population, income, retail sales, and other figures paint an impressive picture of the California of 1945. More important to business and banking executives everywhere is the fact that this market holds promise of continuing development.

If the possibilities of this market are a serious consideration to you, follow the lead of business, industrial, and banking executives everywhere. Direct your inquiries to this bank which serves California through branches in more than 300 cities and towns—a statewide service which offers many unique advantages. Your inquiries will receive prompt attention.

RESOURCES OVER 4½ BILLION DOLLARS

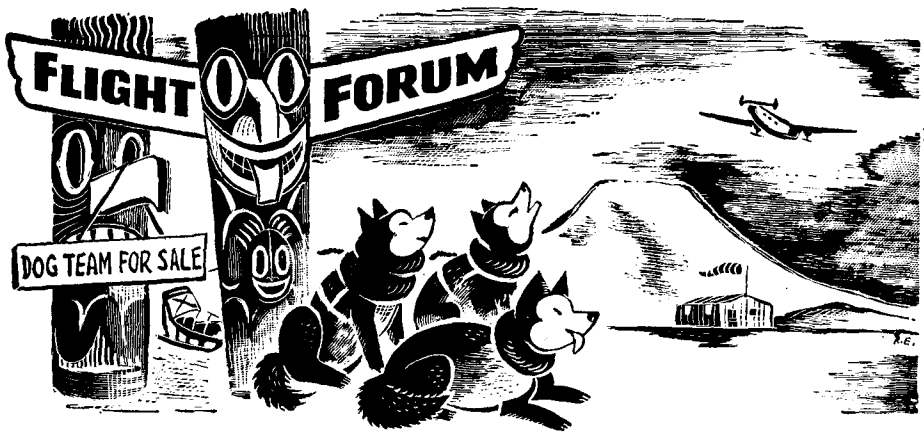
California's statewide bank

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION • MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Main Offices in the two reserve cities of California . . . San Francisco - Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A red-bearded Alaskan sourdough used to spend 30 days and $400 getting from Nome to Fairbanks by dog sled, the only means available, but when planes cut the trip to four hours and $74, he was first in the ticket line. Right behind him was the traveling populace of the area, eager to save some 29 days, $326 and a case of chilblains per trip.

• • •

Late reports show no dog sled routes in the United States for planes to put out of business but there are thousands of spots in sad need of more modern travel facilities. With a ready-made air highway everywhere, Wright Cyclone-powered planes offer an efficient solution to this travel problem, and there are now over 2,000 applications for additional air service just inside the United States.

• • •

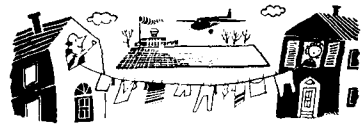
Considerable ground construction is needed, however, before this air service becomes a reality. If you sent a salesman out to cover the nation by air, he could cover only 291 cities in 46 states, for New Jersey and Delaware have no regular passenger service today. Texas, with a lot of both space and persons, has 21 airline stops but needs more. Florida has 12, Maine 6. Yet populous Illinois has but two.

• • •

Since 1900, we have spent over 40 billion dollars on roads and highways, less than a billion on commercial airports. In the next few years, however, airport construction is due to total $1,250,000,000. Then 6,500 different points, not just 291, will be accessible by plane.

• • •

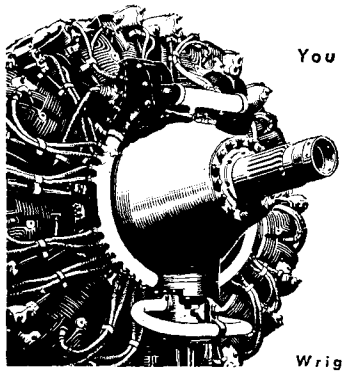
Airport planners point out that one giant field cannot be convenient to all



in a big city. They propose a string of fields circling the city, fields placed in residential areas and landscaped on all but the actual runways. Thus there would be many fields convenient for short-range flights and probably one major airport for long-range planes.

• • •

Suburbanites, fearing airport noise nearby, will find new planes quieter. Here's why: about half of airplane noise is from the propeller, the other half from engine exhaust. Big, slow-moving propellers now reduce noise. As for exhaust noise, air-cooled turbo-superchargers developed by Wright Aeronautical help muffle that. Planes will be quieter for passengers and airport neighbors. And more airports, to make use of these planes, will provide more efficient air travel for all.



You take the trouble out of travel when you go by air

WRIGHT
AIRCRAFT ENGINES
DIVISION OF
CURTISS WRIGHT
FIRST IN FLIGHT

Wright Aeronautical Corporation • Paterson, New Jersey

in his bed. Campion, with the common sense rarely met with in detective fiction, calls in Scotland Yard and is drawn, much against his will, into a difficult case having to do with espionage and murder among what used to be known as London's bright young things. A good, solid story that ought to satisfy almost any reader.

THE RED RIGHT HAND, by Joel Townsley Rogers (Simon & Schuster). A horror story, told in a curiously breathless manner by young Dr. Riddle, a New York surgeon stranded by automobile trouble in a Connecticut town whose population is being rapidly diminished by a homicidal maniac. Riddle, joining in the manhunt, helps the police interpret the clues, some of which seem to point to the Doctor himself. The makings of an excellent story are here, all right, but the reader's hackles would rise a good deal higher if both plot and style were simplified.

THE CASE OF THE GOLDDIGGER'S PURSE, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Some dullish litigation about a tank of rare goldfish leads to a murder case embracing a handsome blonde, a young inventor, a couple of real-estate men, and, of course, Perry Mason. The police, bless them, are out gunning for Mason and for Della Street, who, in accordance with her custom, is concealing a suspect in a hotel room. The twenty-sixth volume in this series, a fact which may or may not prove something.

•

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27 (AP)—Secretary of State Stettinius went into an early morning muddle with the British. —*Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette.*

Don't editorialize, please.

•

She slipped one arm up behind his head and clung to him, trying to forget the time when she would have to let him go, probably not much more than a month from now.—*From "Earth and High Heaven," by Gwethalyn Graham.*

Some clinch, eh, boy?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

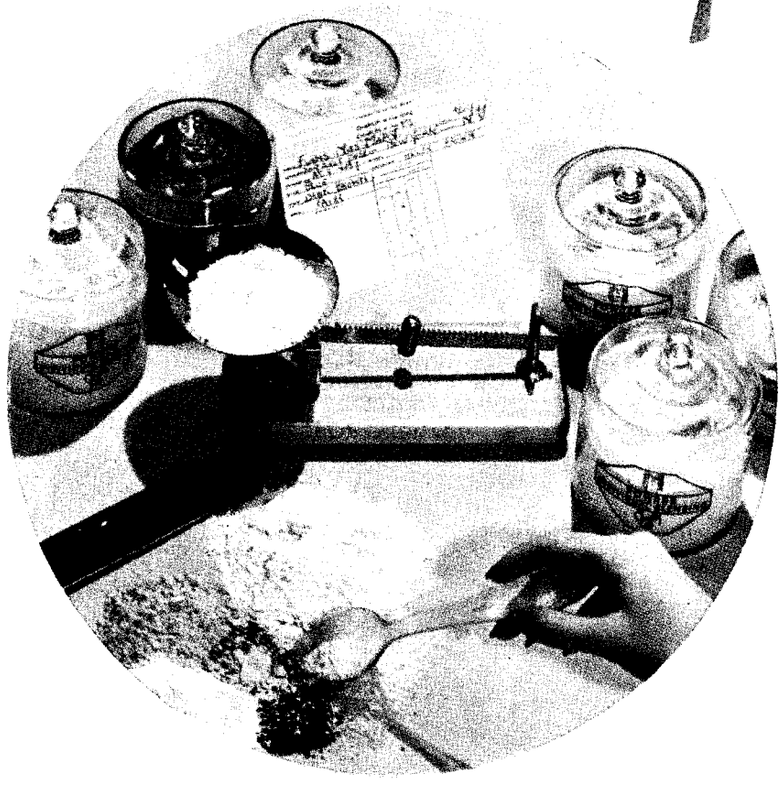
[*From the Worthington Pump and Machinery Co. News*]

In conclusion, this order, for the pumps to drain Holland, again demonstrates what can be done if necessity demands. It can also be repeated in other fields if everyone puts their shoulder to the wheel and their brains in the driver's seat!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FASHION ORIGINALS ARE
DESIGNED FOR INDIVIDUALITY

Charles of the Ritz



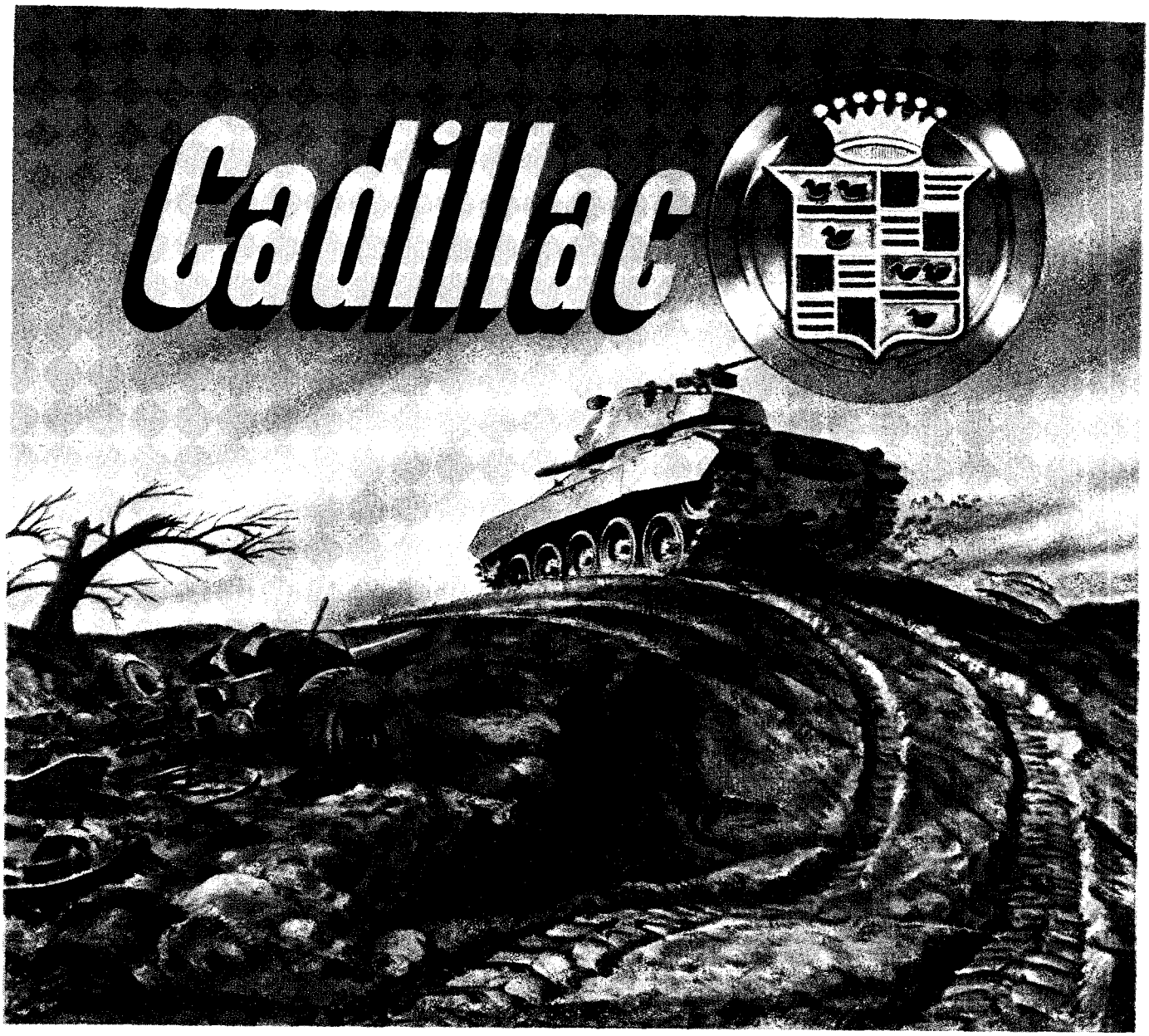
made-to-order

FACE POWDER

is an "original", too . . . created for your individual skintone . . . hand-blended right before your eyes to make you look lovelier.

PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Imprint of Cadillac Power!

Deep in German mud, this M-24 has left its imprint of Cadillac power. For, like more than 10,000 tanks that have gone before it, the M-24 is powered by two Cadillac V-type engines, driving through two Cadillac Hydra-Matic transmissions.

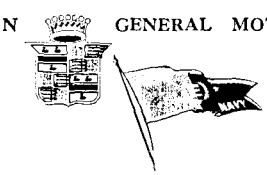
It is no longer a secret that tanks built and powered by Cadillac have long been laying tracks to Victory in every battle sector of the globe. For, with the help of Army Ordnance Engineers, we started building tanks for Army use more than 3 years ago. We have been steadily at it ever since.

The success of the Cadillac V-type engine and Hydra-Matic transmission in powering tanks—the ease with which these power units were adapted to tank use—and their inherent ability to bring a new degree of maneuverability to tank warfare—are all conclusive evidence of their fundamental soundness of design.

Abnormal wartime use has subjected both engine and transmission to tests never encountered in civilian service. As a result, they have been improved in many ways.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED